The Complete Novels of

MR. SAMUEL RICHARDSON

With a Prefatory Note by AUSTIN DOBSON, and

A Life and Introductions by Prof. WM. LYON PHELPS

PAMELA

OR

VIRTUE REWARDED

Illustrated with reproductions of rare contemporary drawings and with plates for the text, by Burney, Stothard, Gravelot and others

COMPLETE IN FOUR VOLUMES

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PREFATORY NOTE.

The first readers of Richardson had privileges which are unknown to their successors. They were more leisured, more tolerant of tedium, less easily wearied. Moreover, when *Pamela* made her bow to them in 1740, her story came as a new thing, entirely different from the mouthy old romances to which they were accustomed,—romances filled with impossible heroes and heroines, engaged in unintelligible enterprises, and entangled in interminable discussions. She, on the contrary, delivered herself like a person of this world, thought the thoughts of those about her, endured the hardships which might fall to the lot of any one, and achieved the successes which were supposed to be open to all. If her chronicler was over-prolix, if he was over-didactic, his didacticism only widened his audience by attracting readers other than readers of fiction, while his prolixity, if it was felt, was not seriously resented. His public were not too surfeited with similar work to be fastidious; they could bear to read him over and over, and they had ample time to do so. What is true of *Pamela* is equally true of *Clarissa* and *Sir Charles Grandison,* with the addition that, whereas the story of Pamela had practically been completed in the two volumes first published, the stories of Clarissa Harlowe and Sir Charles Grandison were spread over volumes issued at intervals of

several months. What the fate of Clarissa would be, whether Grandison would marry Harriet Byron or Clementina—were problems for the solution of which Richardson's earliest admirers had to wait patiently, bombarding the author meanwhile with hysterical suggestions for endings agreeable to their taste and fancy.

All these things,—the fresh mind, the unjaded appetite, the unravelled mystery,—are denied the modern reader, who can (to use Cibber's figure) read to the finish without drawing bit; and probably sets out on his journey with a traditional knowledge of the course of the fable which deprives it of the attraction of the unexpected. On the other hand, he has advantages which his predecessor never enjoyed. He knows what the first reader could not know: that the little printer of Salisbury Court was to become an English classic; that he founded the novel of sentiment and analysis; that he influenced a whole army of writers in this country and on the Continent, and that, although his style was slipshod and his experience of life restricted, he possessed a faculty which has never yet been rivalled, for sounding the recesses of the human, and especially of the female, heart. Probably no students will now read him, with a view, as he fondly hoped, to regulate their course of action in the "more important concerns of life"; they may not even read him for his story; but they will read him for his genius, because if they begin him, he will gradually subjugate them and compel them to go on. And the outcome of their enterprise will be the discovery that, with all his defects of education, of narrow environment, of surplusage, of bad taste, he possessed the supreme gift of minute imagination in a most exceptional and extraordinary degree, and on this account alone must be numbered among the greatest names in English literature.

It is fortunate that the present edition has the benefit of a Life and Prefaces from the practised pen of Professor William Lyon Phelps of Yale University, who has already acquired distinction, both in England and America, by his studies of this particular subject and period.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

EALING, 1902.

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SAMUEL RICHARDSON

I

LIFE

(1689-1761)

It is a curious fact, that our knowledge of Richardson's life and character, abundant and varied as it is, should, in two rather important details, be defective. We do not know, and we may never discover, the exact day, and the exact place of his birth. The reticence of Richardson was unlike that of most men, for the majority of writers are willing enough to furnish biographical data of time and place; what they withhold are the secrets of the soul. Our great novelist, however, resembled his heroines in giving to his correspondents his complete spiritual annals; like Bishop Blougram, he rolled out a mind long crumpled, till creased consciousness lay smooth. But the superficial facts of birth and childhood no man or no woman could draw from him. He was born somewhere in Derbyshire, in the year 1689. His father was a joiner, a peaceful trade, indeed, and yet he managed to get himself suspected of treason. Whether his son's reserve was owing to the obscurity of his birth, or to the suspicion above mentioned, we do not know; best let him speak for himself. In a letter to Dr. Stinstra, he said: "My father was a very honest man, descended of a family of middling note, in the county of Surry, but which having for several generations a large number of children, the not large possessions were split and divid-

ed, so that he and his brothers were put to trades; and the sisters were married to tradesmen. My mother was also a good woman, of a family not ungenteel; but whose father and mother died in her infancy, within half-an-hour of each other, in the London pestilence of 1665.

"My father's business was that of a joiner, then more distinct from that of a carpenter than now it is with us. He was a good draughtsman, and understood architecture. His skill and ingenuity, and an understanding superior to his business, with his remarkable integrity of heart and manners, made him personally beloved by several persons of rank, among whom were the Duke of Monmouth and the first Earl of Shaftsbury, both so noted in our English history; their known favour for him having on the Duke's attempt on the crown, subjected him to be looked upon with a jealous eye, notwithstanding he was noted for a quiet and inoffensive man, he thought proper, on the decollation of the first-named unhappy nobleman, to quit his London business, and to retire to Derbyshire, though to his great detriment; and there I, and three other children out of nine, were born."

The boy's education was fully as commonplace as his birth. His father had intended him for the church, not a bad guess at the youth's talents for religious instruction. But financial embarrassments prohibited a long and expensive education; and when fifteen or sixteen years old, circumstances compelled the diligent and godly Samuel to earn his living at business. Like Shakspere, he had only the book-training of the common school; he knew no language but his own; and although as a printer he had a bowing acquaintance with contemporary literature, he was never, to his bitter and lasting regret, either a learned or a well-read man. The Latin quotations in his books were prompted by his friends.

At school, however, he learned something besides the three R's; even at that tender age, the two things in which he chiefly excelled in later years—the manufacture of moral phrases and the knowledge of the hearts of women—are what he practised and studied with unwearied assiduity. He was a childish anomaly—a wise and prudent prig. The boys called him "Serious and Gravity," but when did Richardson care for the opinion of boys and men, so long as he had their sisters on his side? As Mrs. Barbauld says, "He was fond of two things, which boys have generally an aversion to, letter-writing, and the company of the other sex." The author of *Treasure Island* represented exactly the opposite type; Stevenson was always a boy at heart, while Richardson, whatever he was in his teens, was never a boy.

It is now a commonplace of criticism to say that Richardson excels in his "dissection of the female heart." But after a little reflection, what man would dare to make so bold an assertion? If we dissect this statement of dissection, we find, to our own mortification, that we are colossal egotists. How do I know whether or not Richardson has successfully dissected the female heart? If I affirm that he has, does it not imply that I am a competent judge not only of the process of dissection, but of the female heart as well? Turgenev, one of the world's greatest analytical novelists, said that the heart of a girl was a dark forest, and he knew far more about it than we. The women themselves know best; and for one hundred and fifty years, they have acknowledged the correctness of the little printer's diagnosis. Let us therefore make no rash assertions, but meekly acquiesce in the decision of the final court of appeal.

Surely if it were ever given to any man to know the windings of a woman's heart, it was to Richardson, and he began his

training as a novelist in a way that may be earnestly recommended to all youthful literary aspirants. "I was not more than thirteen, when three * * * young women, unknown to each other, having a high opinion of my taciturnity, revealed to me their love-secrets, in order to induce me to give them copies to write after, or correct, for answers to their lover's letters: nor did any one of them know that I was the secretary to the others. I have been directed to chide, and even repulse, when an offence was either taken or given, at the very time that the heart of the chider or repulser was open before me, overflowing with esteem and affection; and the fair repulser, dreading to be taken at her word, directing *this* word, or *that* expression, to be softened or changed. One highly gratified with her lover's fervour, and vows of everlasting love, has said, when I asked her direction; I cannot tell you what to write; but, (her heart on her lips) you cannot write too kindly; all her fear was only, that she should incur slight for her kindness."

While this last episode has moved many to laughter, it has always seemed to me the essence of pathos. "You cannot write too kindly!" This girlish heart, swelling with inarticulate affection, has long since crumbled into dust. Let us not laugh at its excited beating; there are other things to laugh at. Let us hope that the aged youth who acted as her secretary, made her thoughts into a literary masterpiece, and that her kindness, far from incurring the slight she feared, inspired her boy lover to double devotion.

I have said that the women are agreed on the subject of Richardson's qualifications to analyse their feelings; the best living authority on Richardson, and his latest biographer, is a woman, and a wise woman. Miss Clara Thomson remarks as follows on Richardson's early and unconscious training as a novelist: "It was this early experience that enabled him to

describe with such astonishing accuracy the intricacies of feminine passion, and to realise the fallacy of the prejudice that requires a woman's affections to be passive till roused to activity by the declaration of a lover. He understood that * * * the ordinary heroine of the masculine dramatist or novelist is rather an exposition of what he thinks a woman should be, than an illustration of what she is."

It is interesting to remember that the greatest living English novelist, Thomas Hardy, had early training similar to Richardson's. He acted as amanuensis for the village girls, when he was only a child, and though he did not compose, but only wrote their letters, his impressionable brain, receiving so many warm outpourings of the feminine heart, reproduced them afterwards with the fidelity that Tess and Eustacia show.

When seventeen years old, Richardson was bound as an apprentice to John Wilde, of Stationers' Hall, a printer. He had hoped, in selecting this business, to devote all his spare hours to general reading; but unfortunately he had no spare hours to devote to anything. Mr. Wilde soon discovered that he had a faithful and valuable apprentice; and he forthwith determined to use all the boy's energy and time to his master's profit; rewarding him with well-merited praise, and calling him the pillar of his house. Hard-pressed as Richardson was, his insatiable passion for letter-writing became ungovernable; and he carried on a full correspondence with a gentleman, his superior in rank and fortune. Richardson's similarity in deeds and maxims to Hogarth's faithful apprentice, has naturally impressed many. His only diversion was letter-writing, he was careful never to write when by any possibility he could be serving his master, and the candle whose light flickered o'er his manuscript, was bought by his own money.

The young man's steadiness and industry met with their natural and edifying reward: graduating from the apprentice school, he became a journeyman printer, and finally the foreman. In 1719 he opened business for himself, removing in 1724 to Salisbury Court, now Salisbury Square, identified with Richardson from that day to this. There his warehouse and his city residence remained till his death. We need not follow further his fortunes as a printer. He became one of the best-known men of his class in London; through the Speaker's influence, he printed the Journals of the House of Commons, and acquired a snug fortune; which enabled him to have a pleasant country-house, and to indulge himself in another passion—hospitality—one of his noblest and most delightful characteristics.

Miss Thomson has shown that on 23 November 1721, Richardson was married to Martha Wilde, and that all the circumstances indicate that she was the daughter of his former master, the *Dictionary of National Biography* to the contrary notwithstanding. Could anything carry out more completely the parallel to Hogarth, or could we ever find a better model for the hero of a modern Sunday-school book? The youth's father loses his fortune; the boy leaves school, and becomes an apprentice; by faithful and diligent toil, by a sober, righteous and godly life, he rises steadily in fortune and reputation; he becomes the independent head of a flourishing business; and places the capstone in position by marrying his original employer's daughter!

Richardson was twice married, both times happily. His first wife died in 1731, and the next year he made his second matrimonial venture, marrying Elizabeth Leake, of Bath. She was then thirty-six years old. She survived her husband, dying in 1773. Richardson had just a dozen children, six

by each wife. Martha Wilde bore him five sons and one daughter, and Elizabeth Leake presented him with five daughters and one son. The satisfaction that so exceedingly methodical a man as Richardson must have obtained from so symmetrical branches of offspring, was seriously impaired by the fact that they were so soon blighted by death. All the children of his first wife died practically in infancy, and of the second brood, a son and a daughter died not long after birth. This boy was the third that Richardson called Samuel, the mortality of the sons being equalled only by the immortality of the father—as if Fate had determined to reserve that name for only one individual. Four daughters survived him, cheering his way in the Valley, and showing him constant devotion and love. A busy time they had, writing and copying his long letters, but they seemed in somewhat similar circumstances to exhibit more cheerfulness than the daughters of Milton.

Richardson travelled so seldom, that even his shortest journeys were events in his tranquil career. In the Autumn of 1748, he made his famous visit to Tunbridge Wells, in Kent. It is pleasant to recall Thackeray's imaginary description in *The Virginians:*

" 'Do you see that great big awkward pock-marked, snuff-coloured man, who hardly touches his clumsy beaver in reply. D—— his confounded impudence—do you know who that is?

'No, curse him! Who is it, March?' asks Jack, with an oath.

'It's one Johnson, a Dictionary-maker, about whom my Lord Chesterfield wrote some most capital papers, when his dictionary was coming out, to patronise the fellow. I know they were capital. I've heard Horry Walpole say so, and he

knows all about that kind of thing. Confound the impudent schoolmaster.'

'Hang him, he ought to stand in the pillory!' roars Jack.

'That fat man he's walking with is another of your writing fellows,—a printer,—his name is Richardson; he wrote 'Clarissa', you know.'

'Great Heavens! my Lord, is that the great Richardson? Is that the man who wrote 'Clarissa'?' called out Colonel Wolfe and Mr. Warrington, in a breath.

Harry ran forward to look at the old gentleman toddling along the walk with a train of admiring ladies surrounding him.

'Indeed, my very dear sir,' one was saying, 'you are too great and good to live in such a world; but sure you were sent to teach it virtue!'

'Ah, my Miss Mulso! Who shall teach the teacher?' said the good fat old man, raising a kind round face skyward. 'Even he has his faults and errors! Even his age and experience does not prevent him from stumbl—Heaven bless my soul, Mr. Johnson! I ask your pardon if I have trodden on your corn.'

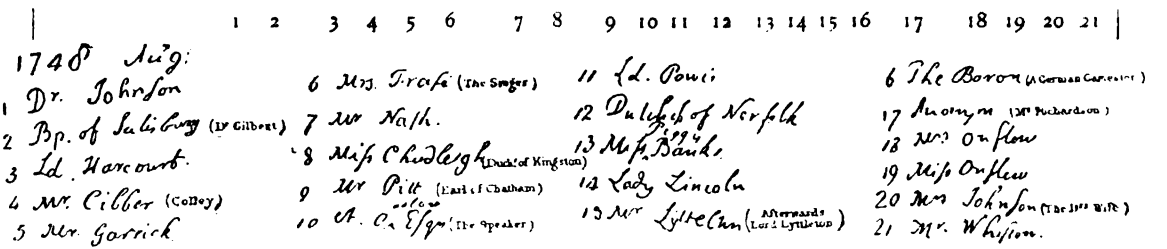
'You have done both, sir. You have trodden on the corn, and received the pardon,' said Mr. Johnson, and went on mumbling some verses, swaying to and fro, his eyes turned toward the ground, his hands behind him, and occasionally endangering with his great stick the honest meek eyes of his companion author.

'They do not see very well, my dear Mulso', he says to the young lady, 'but such as they are, I would keep my *lash* from Mr. Johnson's cudgel. Your servant, sir'. Here he made a low bow, and took off his hat to Mr. Warrington, who shrank back with many blushes, after saluting the great author. The

REMARKABLE CHARACTERS

who were at Tunbridge Wells with Richardson in 1748. From a drawing by Loggan the Dwarf which was in Richardson's possession with the references in his own writing.

Tunbridge Wells, an inland watering place of England, chiefly in Kent but partly in Sussex, is situated in the midst of charming and picturesque scenery. It owes its popularity to its chalyblate spring and its romantic situation. The wells are situated near the Parade (or Pantiles), a walk associated with fashion since the time of their discovery. The houses and shops in the Parade somewhat resemble the Rows at Chester. It was paved with pantiles in the reign of Queen Anne. The town is built in a picturesquely, irregular manner, and a large part of it consists of districts called "parks," occupied by villas and mansions.—Encyclopædia Britannica.



great author was accustomed to be adored. A gentler wind never puffed mortal vanity. Enraptured spinsters flung tea-leaves round him, and incensed him with the coffee-pot. Matrons kissed the slippers they had worked for him. There was a halo of virtue round his night-cap. All Europe had thrilled, panted, admired, trembled, wept over the pages of the immortal little kind honest man with the round paunch. Harry came back quite glowing and proud at having a bow from him. 'Ah!' says he, 'my Lord, I am glad to have seen him!'

'Seen him! why, dammy, you may see him any day in his shop, I suppose?' says Jack, with a laugh.

'My brother declared that he, and Mr. Fielding, I think was the name, were the greatest geniuses in England; and often used to say, that when we came to Europe, his first pilgrimage would be to Mr. Richardson,' cried Harry, always impetuous, honest, and tender when he spoke of the dearest friend.

'Your brother spoke like a man,' cried Mr. Wolfe, his pale face likewise flushing up. 'I would rather be a man of genius, than a peer of the realm * * *.

'I say, Jack, which would you rather be?—a fat old printer, who has written a story about a confounded girl and a fellow that ruins her,—or a Peer of Parliament with ten thousand a year?"

This extract has been given at length, because it accurately represents Richardson's fame and influence in his own day. Thackeray, however, supposes this visit to occur in 1756, while Miss Thomson points out that the 1748 journey is the only one that we have any important information about: and the accompanying picture, drawn by Loggan, was owned by Richardson, and the description of the characters are in his own hand-writing. The reference to Dr. Johnson is puzzling;

it must have been another person than the Lexicographer, for in 1748 the dictionary had not appeared, and he was only plain "Mister," as indeed Thackeray calls him. Richardson died before Johnson got his doctor's degree. Tunbridge Wells shared with Bath the popularity of being a favourite resort and watering-place, though inland; in the middle of the eighteenth century it was crowded with pleasure seekers from London, situated as it was only forty miles away. The health giving properties of its waters were discovered in 1606, and Queen Henrietta Maria used to retire to its delightful seclusion. Queen Anne was fond of it, and after her accession it became widely popular. A quaint and picturesque town it is, with shops in the Parade like the rows and arcades at Chester and Berne. Richardson in a letter to Miss Highmore, gives a pleasant account of the society at Tunbridge, in which the author of *Clarissa* played so prominent a part.

"Do come, and see how your other lover (Colley Cibber) spins away, hunting after new faces at seventy-seven * * * * *. And if you do, I will show you a still more grotesque figure than either—a sly sinner, creeping along the very edges of the walks, getting behind benches, one hand in his bosom, the other held up to his chin, as if to keep it in place, afraid of being seen as a thief of detection. The people of fashion, if he happen to cross a walk, (which he always does with precipitation), unsmiling their faces, as if they thought him in the way: and he as sensible of so being, stealing in and out of the book-seller's shop, as if he had one of their glass cases under his coat. Come and see this odd figure!"

About 1755 Richardson's health became so shattered that he looked forward with quiet composure to a speedy death. One by one his old friends passed away; in 1757 his eldest daughter Mary was married, the only one of his children

wedded before his death. Patty and Sarah took husbands not long after their father's funeral, and Nancy, who always suffered from ill-health, survived them all, dying a spinster in 1803. Richardson loved his daughters, but they were always afraid of him, as is commonly the case where too much formality obtains between children and parents. His stiffness, arising partly from shyness, partly from self-consciousness, and partly from vanity, made it difficult for him ever to put anyone, even his own children, entirely at ease in his presence. Furthermore, he solemnly believed that the *Pater-familias* was the Head of the House; and should never be treated by his woman kind on terms of exact equality.

In 1761 his increasing infirmities showed that the last catastrophe was nigh. On the fourth of July in that year he died, and was buried in the centre aisle of St. Bride's church, London, close by his home in Salisbury Court. An epitaph on the floor above his dust, sets forth his many virtues. The gallant cavalier poet, Lovelace, had been buried in the same church; and his noble and dashing qualities had suggested to the novelist the name of his most famous hero, by merit raised to a bad eminence.

Richardson's personal appearance, owing to our fortunate possession of a number of portraits, is as familiar to us as it was to his contemporaries. We have him in his habit as he lived. The best portrait of him was by the artist Highmore, whose daughter Susannah was one of Richardson's most intimate friends. This picture now hangs in Stationers' Hall, off Ludgate Hill, and is reproduced in this edition of the novels. It represents him standing, his right hand thrust within the breast of his coat, and his left hand holding an open book, presumably one of his own compositions. The inevitable quill is within easy reach, and it was with this inspired

instrument that he sketched a portrait of himself, far more animated than even Highmore's talent could portray. In a letter to his favourite correspondent, Lady Bradshaigh, he thus gives a picture by which she is to recognise him in the Park.

"Short; rather plump than emaciated * * * about five foot five inches: fair wig; * * * one hand generally in his bosom, the other a cane in it, which he leans upon under the skirts of his coat usually, that it may imperceptibly serve him as a support, when attacked by sudden tremors or startlings, and dizziness, which too frequently attack him, but, thank God, not so often as formerly: looking directly foreright, as passers-by would imagine; but observing all that stirs on either hand of him without moving his short neck; hardly ever turning back: of a light-brown complexion; teeth not yet failing him; smoothish faced and ruddy cheeked: at sometimes looking to be about sixty-five, at other times much younger: a regular even pace, stealing away ground, rather than seeming to rid it: a gray eye, too often overclouded by mistinesses from the head: by chance lively; very lively it will be, if he have hope of seeing a lady whom he loves and honours: his eye always on the ladies".

II

CHARACTER

It was by no accident that the genius of Richardson is most evident in his portrayal of women. They were his chosen companions and confidants; though in the matter of confidences, Richardson felt that it was more blessed to receive than to give. He was not a ladies' man, though he knew them well, anymore than he was a man-of-the-town, though he knew that well: he was something quite different—a woman's man. Were he living to-day he would be the hero of Women's Sewing Circles, of the W. C. T. U. and Foreign Missionary

Bands, and the incense that would arise from the thousands of Women's Clubs may best be left to the imagination. During the years of his fame, women clung to his coat-tails with passionate devotion. It is curious, by way of contrast to remember that as the young wits of the seventeenth century loved to call themselves the Sons of old Ben Jonson, so the young women of the next century gloried in the appellation of Richardson's "Daughters:" and the novelist loved to drink tea and talk sentiment with them, even as Ben loved to sit in the tavern, tankard in hand, surrounded by his beloved Sons. This difference in hero-worshippers illustrates sufficiently the contrast in temperament between a robust nature like Jonson's, and a delicate one like Richardson's. "My acquaintance lies chiefly among the ladies," he writes, "I care not who knows it." It was not merely because he understood them sympathetically that the women opened their hearts to the great novelist; it was largely because of his goodness, his purity, his discretion, and the absolute safety of even the closest and most confidential relations with the little man. He was no avantour; secrets were safe in his hands. So resplendent a genius united with a moral character so lofty was a rather unusual combination in the social conditions of eighteenth century life; and it drew the hearts of idolatrous women with irresistible power. They felt too, that in Pamela and Clarissa he had glorified women, and had given a final and immortal answer to the gibes on female virtue and constancy, which were the staple of satirical literature and polite conversation. And yet Richardson accepted the worship of the fair without disguising his opinion that men were the lords of creation. A strong minded woman, or what we call today, a "new" woman, Richardson would not have admitted to the circle of his "Daughters." Lady

Bradshaigh, in her charming correspondence with him, said she disliked learned women. "I hate to hear Latin out of a woman's mouth. There is something in it to me, masculine." In a half bantering way, Richardson gently rebuked her for this utterance, but it is evident that he thought the chief duty of a married woman was to please her husband, and attend to domestic affairs. Furthermore, he shocked his fair correspondent, as he does his admirers today, by theoretically advocating polygamy. He declared that he would not openly support it as an institution, or practise it, because the laws of England forbade it, but in theory he argued with considerable warmth, that it was never forbidden by God, and that it was a natural and proper condition of life. "I do say," he writes to Lady Bradshaigh, "that the law of nature, and the first command (increase and multiply) more than allow of it; and the law of God nowhere forbids it." He continued to press similar arguments upon his horrified friend, who finally tried to close the controversy by writing to him, "I remember how you terrified poor Pamela with Mr. B's argument for polygamy. The deuse take these polygamy notions!"

Richardson's shyness in company, previously spoken of, caused him, as well as his associates, many unhappy hours, and upon casual acquaintances produced a false impression of his character. No one knew this better than he, as is shown in a letter to Miss Mulso, dated 15 August 1755. "Never was there so bashful, so sheepish a creature as was, till advanced years, your paternal friend; and what remained so long in the habit could hardly fail of showing itself in stiffness and shyness, on particular occasions, where frankness of heart would otherwise have shown forth to the advantage of general character." That Richardson was by nature both frank and sincere, is fully shown in the long list of his letters.

The constitutional seriousness of his mind was deepened

by the frequent deaths in his family, and his health, never robust, and undermined by hard work, was sadly shaken by these misfortunes. He writes,

"Thus have I lost six sons (all my sons) and two daughters, every one of which, to answer your question, I parted with with the utmost regret. Other heavy deprivations of friends, very near, and very dear, have I also suffered. I am very susceptible, I will venture to say, of impressions of this nature. A father, an honest, a worthy father, I lost by the accident of a broken thigh, snapped by a sudden jirk, endeavouring to recover a slip passing through his own yard. My father, whom I attended in every stage of his last illness, I long mourned for. Two brothers, very dear to me, I lost abroad. A friend, more valuable than most brothers, was taken from me. No less than eleven affecting deaths in two years! My nerves were so affected with these repeated blows, that I have been forced, after trying the whole *materia medica,* and consulting many physicians, as the only palliative (not a remedy to be expected) to go into a regimen; and, for seven years past have I forborne wine and flesh and fish; and, at this time, I and all my family are in mourning for a good sister, with whom neither would I have parted, could I have had my choice. From these affecting dispensations, will you not allow me, Madam, to remind an unthinking world, immersed in pleasures, what a life this is that they are so fond of, and to arm them against the affecting changes of it?"

It is certainly natural that a man, over whose family circle the King of Terrors so frequently presided, should have been both grave and didactic in temper; and if careless readers criticise him for lacking the ease and gaiety of Fielding's disposition, it is well to remember the grim facts in the printer's career. Nor can we withhold admiration for

Richardson's constancy, self-control, and evenness of disposition, under misfortunes so crushing that many another man would have been changed into a sour misanthrope. His courage was neither showy nor spasmodic; it was the highest courage humanity can exhibit; for the heaviest blows of circumstance always found and left him upright, composed, and calm. He faced the future, "breast and back as either should be." He feared only two realities: God, whom he adored, and Sin, which he hated.

One of the noblest traits in his character was Generosity. As a master, he did not forget that he had been an apprentice; he was encouraging and kind-hearted, and often gave financial assistance to the hands he employed. All sorts and conditions of men constantly wrote begging letters to him, and the number who were unostentatiously aided by him was remarkable. The poetaster, Aaron Hill, repeatedly shared his bounty; he never seemed to grow weary of this particular well-doing. The famous adventuress, Laetitia Pilkington, whose correspondence with Colley Cibber forms some of the most amusing portions of Mrs. Barbauld's volumes, was materially helped by Richardson. Here is an example of one of her letters to him: "I believe it will not greatly surprise you to hear that I am quite broke; indeed, it was what I might naturally expect, having undertaken trade without any fund to carry it on; and whether I had business or not, quarter-day came." The relations between this clever and corrupt woman and the pious, respectable printer, make delightful reading. Each perfectly understood the other. In entreating Richardson to spare Clarissa from violation, she writes, "Consider, if this wounds both Mr. Cibber and me (who neither of us set up for immaculate chastity) what must it do with those who possess that inestimable treasure?"

At every hour in every season, the door of Richardson's house was open to all, either to entertain his friends or to relieve the needy. His hospitality knew no bounds, and we cannot be sure that his wife, on whom the burdens of household management fell, always approved of his indiscriminate invitations. The worthy Thomas Edwards spent his last days in Richardson's house, and his dying hours were cheered by his friend's loving care. Innumerable women frequented the place, and wrote rapturous epistles of its delectable atmosphere. A neighbour's house suffered by fire; Richardson immediately suggested that he move into his own first floor, and stay as long as he wished; once hearing of a repentant Magdalen, he wrote: "Let her come to us; she shall do just what she can, and stay till she is otherwise provided for." This astonishing hospitality, always courteously and tactfully proffered, attracted wide attention. "I think I see you," a friend writes, "sitting at your door like an old patriarch, and inviting all who pass by to come in." A clear view of the domestic circle may be obtained by reading a letter written by a foreign visitor, Mr. Reich of Leipsic.

"I arrived at London the eighth of August, and had not much difficulty in finding Mr. Richardson in this great city. He gave me a reception worthy of the author of Pamela, Clarissa, and Grandison; that is, with the same heart which appears throughout his works * * * *. Sunday following, I was with him at his country house, where his family was, with some ladies, acquaintances of his four daughters, who, with his lady, compose his family. It was there that I saw beauties without affection; wit without vanity; and thought myself transported to an enchanted land * * *.

"Everything I saw, everything I tasted, recalled to me the idea of the golden age. Here are to be seen no counterfeits,

such as are the offsprings of vanity, and the delight of fools. A noble simplicity reigns throughout, and elevates the soul * * . In the middle of the garden, over against the house, we came to a kind of grotto, where we rested ourselves. It was in this seat * * * that Pamela, Clarissa, and Grandison, received their birth; I kissed the ink-horn on the side of it * * . Mr. Richardson observed to me, that the ladies in company were all his adopted daughters. * * * It was necessary, at last, to quit that divine man * * *. He embraced me, and a mutual tenderness deprived us of speech. He accompanied me with his eyes as far as he could: I shed tears."

More intimate friends noticed at times a certain amount of irritability in Richardson's manners, but this was largely excusable on account of his constant ill health. He suffered keenly from cruel nervous disorders, so that often he could not raise a glass to his lips, nor hold a pen, nor endure annoyances with his customary cheerfulness. A man compelled to live on a rigid diet, omitting everything liquid and solid that the stomach craves, can easily be forgiven occasional petulance and a lack of boisterous joviality. His vanity is by no means pleasant to contemplate, and it is harder to forget; but a man living in perpetual flattery will sooner or later come to agree with his worshippers. Furthermore, Richardson had, by his own efforts, reached fame and fortune from an obscure origin; and when his praises resounded through all England and Europe, he would have been more than mortal if he had refrained from regarding his edifying career with considerable complacency. He was so admirable an illustration of his own maxims, that he could not help seeing it himself.

All his biographers and critics have condemned his hostility to Fielding and Sterne, but although in the case of the former, jealousy and pride fanned the flames of hatred, he inevitably

would have despised both men had he never written a line. Sterne simply disgusted him; and the natures of Fielding and Richardson were as wide asunder as the poles. Each had a thorough and wholly natural contempt for the other. The righteous indignation that Richardson felt toward the flippant author of *Joseph Andrews and Tom Jones* totally blinded him to the man's splendid genius; and when we reflect that Fielding's books represented to Richardson exactly the vicious influence that he had spent his whole power and pains to fight, and that the success of *Joseph Andrews* was gained at his expense, we cease to wonder that the virtuous printer failed to see the bright side of his brilliant contemporary. Let him who has always rejoiced at a rival's success, cast the first stone at Richardson. It was gall and wormwood to the good man to find even his friends admiring Fielding. "The girls are certainly fond of *Tom Jones*," cheerfully writes Lady Bradshaigh, and she was grieved that she could not persuade Richardson to read the book. He contented himself with the epigram, "The virtues of Tom Jones are the vices of good men," which was well said, but only half true. What we must condemn is the fact that Richardson spoke with brutal harshness of his enemy to Fielding's own sister; outraged vanity, jealousy, and zeal for morality, getting the better for once of his natural courtesy. She seems indeed to have accepted this opinion as final, and she probably devoutly wished that her talented brother had written a *Pamela* instead of a parody; for she never wavered in her devotion to the printer. Some things are apparently thicker than blood. We smile at Richardson's calmly assigning Fielding's great works to oblivion, and speaking of their popularity as only ephemeral; but he forced himself to believe that such was the truth.

In summing up his character, we find in his favour, Pru-

dence, Honesty, Chastity, Generosity, Hospitality, Courage, and many of the fruits of the Spirit; against him we find Vanity, Jealousy, Formality, and occasional Irritability. This balance sheet exhibits as creditable a moral showing, as did his accounts at Salisbury Court from the financial point of view. Let us take another look at his household, with the eyes of a frequent feminine visitor:

"My first recollection of him is in his house in the center of Salisbury-square, or Salisbury-court, as it was then called; and of being admitted, as a playful child, into his study, where I have often seen Dr. Young, and others; and where I was generally caressed, and rewarded with biscuits or *bonbons* of some kind or other, and sometimes with books, for which he, and some more of my friends, kindly encouraged a taste, even at that early age, which has adhered to me all my life long, and continues to be the solace of many a painful hour * * * * * *.

"The piety, order, decorum, and strict regularity, that prevailed in his family, were of infinite use to train the mind to good habits, and to depend upon its own resources. It has been one of the means, which, under the blessing of God, has enabled me to dispense with the enjoyment of what the world calls pleasures, such as are found in crowds; and actually to relish and prefer the calm delights of retirement and books. As soon as Mrs. Richardson arose, the beautiful Psalms in Smith's Devotions were read responsively in the nursery, by herself, and daughters, standing in a circle: only the two eldest were allowed to breakfast with her, and whatever company happened to be in the house, for they were seldom without. After breakfast the younger ones read to her in turns the Psalms, and lessons for the day. * * * * These are childish and trifling anecdotes, and savour, perhaps you

may think, too much of egotism. They certainly can be of no further use to you, than as they mark the extreme benevolence, condescension, and kindness, of this exalted genius, toward young people; for, in general society, I know that he has been accused of being of few words, and of a particularly reserved turn. He was, however, all his life-time, the patron and protector of the female sex * * * * * *. Most of the ladies that resided much at his house, acquired a certain degree of fastidiousness and delicate refinement, which, though amiable in itself, rather disqualified them from appearing in general society, to the advantage that might have been expected, and rendered an intercourse with the world uneasy to themselves, giving a peculiar shiness and reserve to their whole address, of which habits his own daughters partook, in a degree that has been thought by some, a little to obscure those really valuable qualifications and talents they undoubtedly possessed. Yet, this was supposed to be owing more to Mrs. Richardson than to him; who, though a truly good woman, had high and Harlowean notions of parental authority, and kept the ladies in such order, and at such a distance, that he often lamented, as I have been told by my mother, that they were not more open and conversable with him * * * *. His benevolence was unbounded, as his manner of diffusing it was delicate and refined."

Surely no one can deny to Richardson the highest of all titles—a good man.

III.

DWELLING-PLACES

Three houses shared the honour of being the dwelling-places of the great novelist. In 1724, as has been said, he

settled in Salisbury Court, off Fleet Street. There his place of business and his city residence remained until the day of his death. In 1755, owing to his fears that the warehouse was in a dangerous condition, he determined to build another, which made it necessary also to renovate the house nearby. As the new dwelling was less commodious than the old, his wife was not wholly pleased, and Richardson mentions her objections with a shade of impatience. Extracts from two letters, one to Lady Echlin, 15 December 1755, and the other to Lady Bradshaigh, describe this commotion in the novelist's household affairs.

"Will it be sufficient to plead for my long silence to the last favour of my dear and good Lady Echlin, that I have been wholly engrossed by builders? The house I live in, in Salisbury Court, has been adjudged to have stood near its time: and my very great printing weights at the top of it, have made it too hazardous for me to renew an expiring lease. I have taken a building lease of a court of houses, eight in number, which were ready to fall; have pulled them down, and on new foundations, have built a most commodious printing office; and fitted up an adjoining house, which I before used as a warehouse, for the dwelling house. An impolitic step at my advanced time of life, had I a more advantageous view of my family, than that of having my business carried on after my demise, for its benefit."

To Lady Bradshaigh:

"Everybody is more pleased with what I have done than my wife. But that, I flatter myself, is because she has not seen either the office or the house she is to live in, since the former were little better than a heap of rubbish (eight houses being

demolished to make room for them) and the latter was a dirty warehouse. The necessity of removing being absolute, let me tell your ladyship, that I shall be both grieved and disappointed if my wife is not pleased with them both on her coming to town, which will be next Tuesday. But having three-quarters of a year to come of the lease of my present house, she insists on passing one more winter in it. And I must comply, though to my inconvenience, and though the surveyors have hinted that the house has stood its time."

Most of Richardson's literary work was done at his suburban home at North End, Hammersmith. The exact date when he leased this house is not certain, but it was, of course, after he had prospered in business. He seems to have been living there and entertaining his friends as early as 1736, as we know from a letter to him by Aaron Hill, dated that year; and yet, in a letter to Thomas Edwards in 1754, he mentions having paid rent for sixteen years, which would imply, though not prove, that he had begun to live at North End in 1738. This house, as may be seen from the engraving, was very large, and it is not positively known whether Richardson occupied the whole or only a part of it. Mrs. Barbauld said, "the half of this mansion which is nearest the eye, was occupied by Mr. Richardson, and the other half by Mr. Vanderplank." Possibly he acquired the whole of it at a later date, for he entertained on so large a scale, that a spacious house must be assumed as necessary. It was in the favourite summer-house at North End, that he spent most of his time, and where he loved to read his compositions in manuscript to a circle of devoted friends. A spirited drawing of this familiar scene was made by Miss Highmore, and is fortunately preserved. Hester Mulso, writ-

ing to Miss Highmore on 20 July 1751, says, "yet is my fancy never so well pleased as when it places me amongst the dear circle at North End, which your pencil so prettily described. You do not know how much pleasure I take in surveying that sketch, nor how often I contemplate every figure in it, and recall the delights of that day." Austin Dobson pleasantly describes the picture in these words: "She has probably exaggerated the size of the grotto, which looks exceptionally spacious; but it must have been large enough to hold seven people, since, as shown in the picture, there are seven in it. It is as bare of ornament as the cabinet of M. de Buffon, a table and chairs being the only furniture. To the left, Richardson, in his habitual velvet cap and morning gown, is reading the MS. of 'Grandison'; Miss Mulso (afterwards the celebrated Mrs. Chapone), a handsome young woman, is in the middle; the others are her father and brother, her brother's future wife, Miss Prescott, Miss Highmore, and Miss Highmore's lover, Mr. Duncombe. The ladies in their Pamela hats, are dignified and decorously attentive, while the attitudes of the gentlemen rise easily to the occasion. Their management of their legs in particular, is beyond all praise. For the rest, Mr. Mulso the elder is feeling for his handkerchief; Mr. Mulso junior has his hands in his bosom; and the Rev. John Duncombe is taking snuff with an air which would do credit to the *vieille cour,* or even to the irreproachable Sir Charles himself."

This famous country-house at North End is still standing, with the same iron gates: it is No. 49 North End Road, Fulham. The real brick suffers the shame of a stucco mask; some windows have been walled up, and a balcony patched on. The splendid trees and the country environment are both missing to-day. It was for many years once more honoured

MR. EDW. MULSO

MISS MULSO
afterwards Mrs. Chapone

MISS PRESCOTT
afterwards Mrs. Mulso

MR. MULSO

MR. RICHARDSON

REV. MR. DUNCOMBE

MISS HIGHMORE
afterwards Mrs. Duncombe

Mr. Richardson in his usual morning dress reading the manuscript of Sir Charles Grandison in 1751, to his friends in the grotto of his house at Hammersmith. From a drawing made at the time by Miss Highmore, and engraved by Stadler (1804).

Pencil drawing by Miss Hughmore

in being the residence of the distinguished artist, Sir Edward Burne-Jones.

In 1754, Richardson moved from North End to a house on Parson's Green, between Chelsea and Fulham. A new landlord at North End had raised the rent to a high figure, and all attempts at a compromise failing, the prudent printer vacated the scene of his literary toil and glory with natural regret, but with external cheerfulness. Writing to Mr. Duncombe, 24 August 1754, he says, "On Parson's Green, between Chelsea and Fulham (propitious be the name of the place!) on the side of the King's Road to Fulham, Putney, Kew, Richmond, &c., have I pitched, at last, my tent. There is a porch at the door (an old monastery-like house) in which my friends, such even as will not come on purpose, will find it difficult, as they pass by, to avoid seeing the old man, who, if he lives, proposes often in it to reconnoitre the Green, and watch for them."

IV

FRIENDS

If a man be known by the company he keeps, our knowledge of Richardson by this test would be too general to have any value, for he kept all kinds. It is often said, especially by those who have never read his books, that Richardson was a narrow-minded man, as if any great novelist who makes a universal appeal to human nature, could possibly be narrow! The real width of his sympathies is shown by the kaleidoscopic variety of character displayed by the guests at North End. From the pious godly author of *Night Thoughts,* to the irrepressible *Weltkind* Colley Cibber—these limits exhibit the generous size of Richardson's mantle of charity. Fielding he had

every reason to hate; and doubtless he hated him; yet more in sorrow than in anger. It is sometimes remarked, that Richardson's attitude toward Fielding was hypocritical, for while affecting to despise Fielding's character, he allowed Cibber to enter within his gates. It should be remembered that he regarded the books of Fielding as dangerously immoral in their influence; while Cibber, though an unblushing sinner himself, had laboured long, with powerful effect, toward the moral elevation of the stage.

As it was the ungovernable passion for pen, ink, and paper, that has preserved to us the thoughts of Pamela and Clarissa, so the story of Richardson's friendships is simply the story of his correspondence. In letter-writing he practised what he preached, and as he himself remarked, he wrote so much, he scarcely had any time to read. One of his early correspondents was Aaron Hill, a well known figure in the dynasty of Pope, who hated the reigning sovereign as only an unsuccessful man can hate the popular idol. He tried to persuade himself and others, that Posterity, the friend of all unrecognised literary merit, would judge aright between the author of the *Dunciad* and his victim; and that to the men of the twentieth century, Pope would be a forgotten name, while the works of Aaron Hill would embellish every anthology. Meanwhile, this neglected genius had to live, as Posterity's name at the foot of a check has no commercial value; and Richardson's cash must have been even more welcome to the struggling poet than his sympathy, and Richardson was ever free with both. The printer even forgave Hill's surprising attempt to rewrite *Clarissa* more briefly, an undertaking which Hill jauntily began, and speedily abandoned, for as Mrs. Barbauld sagely observes, "he soon found that he should take a great deal of pains only to spoil it, and the author found

it still sooner than he did." The pangs of literary failure in Hill's case were edged by his loss of health, and the final exit from the planet of this colossal bore was pathetic in the extreme. It is pleasant to remember that Richardson, who had nothing to gain from Hill's friendship, and much to lose, should have stood by him as faithfully as though the poor fellow were really all he claimed to be.

There was another struggling genius in London in those days who had all of Hill's energy, all of Hill's misfortunes of early neglect and bad health, but who finally forced from the age the recognition he was bound to have, and whom Posterity has treated with constantly increasing favour. This was Samuel Johnson. When Richardson first met him, the future Doctor, Dictionary-maker, and heir to Pope's throne, was more obscure than Hill, cursed by ill-health, and often too poor to secure a night's lodging except in jail. As Miss Thomson says, "The days of his fame were still to come, and Richardson's attitude toward him at first was that of a generous and successful man of letters to a younger aspirant for literary fame." Johnson's *Rambler* appeared in March 1750, and was by no means wildly popular. Richardson, however, greeted it with warm approbation, and Number 97, the issue for Tuesday, 19 February 1751, appeared with the following introduction by Johnson:

"The Reader is indebted for this Day's Entertainment, to an author from whom the Age has received greater Favours, who has enlarged the Knowledge of human Nature, and taught the Passions to move at the Command of Virtue."

The author thus pleasantly mentioned was of course Richardson, and his solitary contribution to the *Rambler* greatly extended its circulation for that one day. In 1756, Richardson gave even more tangible proof of his friendship

by assisting financially the debt-embarrassed hero, or as Mrs. Barbauld happily remarks, "he had the honour to bail Dr. Johnson." In return for the six guineas advanced by the author of *Clarissa Harlowe* to the author of the *Dictionary,* the following letter was written:

"Dear Sir

I return you my sincerest thanks for the favour which you were pleased to do me two nights ago.

Be pleased to accept of this little book, which is all that I have published this winter. The inflammation is come again into my eye, so that I can write very little.

I am
Sir,
Your most obliged
and
most humble Servant
Sam Johnson
Tuesday

Johnson brought Mrs. Williams, one of his household menagerie, to call on Richardson at North End, and Miss Mulso wrote pleasantly of Johnson's kindness to the poor creature. That a man of Johnson's sturdy sincerity and robust virility so highly admired and respected Richardson, is additional proof of the solid qualities in the character of the great novelist.

The poet Young was for many years an intimate friend of Richardson, as we see by their correspondence, which began about 1750. Young's letters are as solemn as his verses, and are largely taken up with predicting his own speedy death, which, however, Richardson awaited in vain, as the aged

TO MR RICHARDSON.

Tuesday, Feb. 19, 1756.

Dear Sir:

I return you my sincerest thanks for the favour which you were pleased to do me two nights ago.

Be pleased to accept of this little book, which is all that I have published this winter. The inflammation is come again into my eye, so that I can write very little.

I am, Sir,

Your most obliged

and most humble servant

Sam Johnson.

Note:—This letter was written in consequence of Mr. Richardson's having given bail for Dr. Johnson, when arrested for debt.

Dr. Johnson to Mr. Richardson:
after his Arrest.

Dear Sir

Your most obliged
and
most humble servant
Sam. Johnson
Mondays

poet finally survived him. Death seemed unwilling to take from the world a man who so vividly portrayed his terrors to others. Young's remarks on Richardson's novels, particularly *Clarissa,* form the most interesting and valuable part of the correspondence.

It is small matter for wonder that Richardson tolerated the company of Colley Cibber, for no one can read the delightful autobiography of the latter without feeling the charm of the author's personality. Even his egregious vanity is irresistibly attractive, and his wonderful flow of spirits and vivacious cheerfulness must have made him a welcome visitor at many fire-sides. Cibber went wild with excitement over the stories of Richardson, and such enthusiastic appreciation from the Laureate undoubtedly affected the vanity of the novelist. No reader of Stevenson's great essay, *Aes Triplex,* can possibly withhold his admiration from Colley Cibber, who, in his eightieth year, laughed heartily at his success in baffling the approaches of Death. The unabashed old profligate celebrated the Christmas Day of his eightieth year by writing the following letter to the apostle of domestic virtue:

"Sir,

Though Death has been cooling his heels at my door these three weeks, I have not had time to see him. The daily conversation of my friends has kept me so agreeably alive, that I have not passed my time better a great while. If you have a mind to make one of us, I will order Death to come another day. To be serious, I long to see you, and hope you will take the first opportunity: and so with as merry a Christmas, as merry a new year, as your heart can hope for, I am,

Your real Friend and Servant,

C. Cibber."

Who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him? He lasted seven years longer, and was apparently in excellent health three hours before his death, which came finally without a warning; as though weary of trying to frighten his victim by faces, Death had at last suddenly seized him from behind.

Quite the opposite in temperament was the worthy sonnetteer Thomas Edwards, the author of *Canons of Criticism*, a grave, rather melancholy man. His letters contain many interesting literary allusions, especially to the poems of Spenser, which he warmly admired. He was one of the early apostles of Spenser in the beginnings of the romantic movement in England, and is interesting also in connection with the revival of the Sonnet as a literary form. Since 1660 practically no English sonnets were written until the fourth decade of the next century. Edwards, however, from 1748 to 1754, made the sonnet his chief form of poetical expression, and thus unconsciously earned for himself a much more important place in English literary history, than he obtained by his learned *Canons*. He was a sad and lonely man, devout and deeply religious, and his friendship with the novelist was perhaps the brightest part of his life. He died, as has been mentioned, at Richardson's house.

Another of the printer's friends was Mr. John Duncombe, who married the artist Susannah Highmore, the maker of the delightful sketch of the summer-house. Mr. Duncombe was a university man, fellow of Corpus Christi, Cambridge, and a respectable clergyman, with considerable reputation as a pulpit orator. He amused himself by composing verses, among them a well-known parody on Gray's *Elegy—An Evening Contemplation in a College*, published in 1753. For many reasons, the courtship between the poet preacher

MR. RICHARDSON TO MR. DUNCOMBE.

Reverend and Dear Sir,

I take this opportunity (by the Hands of your worthy Father) to attempt to thank you with a staggering Pen, for the Letter of the excellent Lady who subscribes to it the name of Sylvia. I am charmed with every Line of it. A time there was, that I could have written Sheets upon the Contents. But now I am unhappy with these violent Tremors: At times they quite unnerve me, and will not suffer me to hold a Pen.

My best Respects to this unworthily-afflicted, this prudent, this magnanimous, this pious *Lady. She has my Praises and my Prayers. She has greatly interested me in her sad Story and future Destiny. Will she not allow me to be acquainted with her Progress to Perfection— to be told in what manner she is able to contend with her Difficulties should they continue and maintain her noble Resolution? I hope she will allow me this Favour.*

What a glorious, tho' painful, Situation is Hers! The Godlike Power of Forgiveness is all her own. Her Supplications to the Throne of Grace for herself (who that lives has not some Failings?) must *succeed: She has let me boldly say, a* Clarissa *to be forgiven. Since she can forgive the Trespasses of one, who forgetting his Vows of deserved Love and Honour, can be guilty of premeditated Trespass against her: and higher still, resolve almost against all Hopes of Redress & Earthly Reward, to return Good for Evil?*

Poor Dorastus! what a Figure makes he, placed in the Eye of even mitigated Justice, with his admirable Wife! Poor (Indeed *Poor*) *Dorastus! - - - O that thou wert to read, that thou wert able to reflect duly upon, the following noble Sentiments of thy exalted Lady!———*

Here my Friend, my Pen staggering in my Fingers, I was about to dedicate to a faithful Friend the Passages from the Lady's Letter, which I so deservedly admire. But finding that to do her Justice, I must transcribe ye greatest Part of her Letter, I forbere.

Adieu, my dear Mr. Duncombe!

S. Richardson.

London, July 14. 1757.

attempt to thank you
ribs to it the Name of
s, that I could have
violent Tremors. At time

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e in her Soul Strong and future
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ey continue and maintain

ower of Forgiveness is all
o that lives has not some
forgiven. Since she can forgive
Honour, can be guilty of pro-
ainst all Hopes of Redress by

ven mitigated Justice, with
not to read, that then were
called Lady! —
L to dissate to a faithful
nce. But finding that
Letter, I forbore.

Richardson.

and the charming woman-artist progressed with difficulty, and Richardson felt a strong sympathy for the young lovers, which appears especially in his letters to the girl. The couple were finally happily married in 1763. An excellent example of both Richardson's epistolary style and his penmanship is preserved in a letter to Mr. Duncombe, dated 14 July 1757, reproduced in this edition in facsimile.

But while the novelist was admired and respected by many worthy men of the day, his adorers were chiefly among women, and to them he naturally unlocked his heart. The letters to his feminine admirers, fortunately preserved, partly in Mrs. Barbauld's admirable volumes and partly in manuscript, some of which have been printed for the first time by Miss Thomson, show all sides of the novelist's character, and the reasons for his close intimacy with so many intelligent women. His correspondence with Miss Highmore has already been mentioned; also the highly amusing letters he received from the wicked and witty Lætitia Pilkington. The letters to and from Sarah Fielding are particularly interesting; she was often entertained at his house, and, as has been seen, bore with meekness Richardson's wholesale condemnation of her brother.

The most brilliant and clever woman whom Richardson knew was Lady Bradshaigh, and the frankness with which the two friends argued on all kinds of vital themes, makes interesting reading. This correspondence began in a way that is rather remarkable. After perusing the first four volumes of *Clarissa,* this lady was horrified at the rumor that the story was to end tragically; she therefore, labouring under great excitement, wrote to Richardson under the assumed name of Belfour, beseeching him to spare his heroine and to answer her letter by printing a few lines in the *Whitehall*

Evening Post. This being done, a correspondence began, which continued for years; but it was a long time before Richardson met his fair critic, or knew her real name. It was to her that Richardson wrote the famous pen-portrait of himself, that she might be able to recognise him while walking in the Park. With true feminine waywardness, she made the great man trace and retrace many steps before she granted him the pleasure of an interview; and he finally obtained a clew to her name only by accident. They did not meet in mutual recognition until March 1750.

Their intimacy had much of the excitement of an intrigue, without any of its guilt; for though she treated the respectable printer with charming coquetry, she loved her husband dearly, and her spirited description of her home life and duties, show her to have been a womanly woman and a model wife. Her shrewd insight into Richardson's peculiar characteristics is repeatedly evident; she knew he did not like to hear certain authors praised, even when he stoutly affirmed that he did. The long discussions the two friends had about subjects so abstract as polygamy, and so concrete as rakes, are well worth reading; and her remark that rakes are often more popular than good men, not because of their wickedness, but because of their superior appearance in society, has more truth than unpopular good men will sometimes allow.

When she first wrote to the great novelist, she was about forty years old, and later she described her personal appearance as follows, in order that he might recognise the original should he happen to meet her on the street. "Middle-aged, middle-sized, a degree above plump, brown as an oak wainscot, a good deal of country red in her cheeks, altogether a plain woman, but nothing remarkably forbidding," a de-

LADY BRADSHAIGH

Engraved by Caroline Watson from an original portrait (1804).

C. Watson sculp.

scription that if we may judge by her portrait, rather underestimates her charms.

The most beautiful letters that Richardson ever received came from a woman whom he never saw. This was Mrs. Klopstock, the young wife of the famous German author of the *Messiah*. In the most naive and intimate language, its charm heightened by her imperfect English, this child of God told Richardson the whole story of her love for Klopstock, and the overwhelming happiness of her married life:

"After having seen him two hours, I was obliged to pass the evening in company, which never had been so wearisome to me. I could not speak, I could not play, I thought I saw nothing but Klopstock. I saw him the next day and the following, and we were very seriously friends. But the fourth day he departed. It was an strong hour, the hour of his departure! He wrote soon after, and from that time on, our correspondence began to be a very diligent one. I sincerely believed my love to be friendship. I spoke with my friends of nothing but Klopstock, and showed his letters. They raillied at me, and said I was in love. I raillied them again and said that they must have a very friendshipless heart, if they had no idea of friendship to a man as well as to a woman. Thus it continued eight months, in which time my friends found as much love in Klopstock's letters as in me. I perceived it likewise, but I would not believe. At the last, Klopstock said plainly, that he loved; and I startled as for a wrong thing. I answered, that it was no love, but friendship, as it was what I felt for him; we had not seen one another enough to love (as if love must have more time than friendship!) This was sincerely my meaning, and I had this meaning till Klopstock came again to Hamburg. This he did a year after we had seen one another the first

time. We saw, we were friends, we loved; and we believed that we loved; and a short time after I could even tell Klopstock that I loved. [In two years they were married]. I am the happiest wife in the world. In some few months it will be four years that I am so happy, and still I dote upon Klopstock as if he was my bridegroom.

"If you knew my husband, you would not wonder * * * *. But I dare not to speak of my husband; I am all raptures when I do it !"

And in view of the tragic outcome of her hopes, can we find anywhere in the annals of domestic life a letter that makes so irresistible, because so unconscious an appeal to our hearts?

"Have you not guessed that I, summing up all my happinesses, and not speaking of children, had none? Yes, Sir, this has been my only wish ungratified for these four years. I have been more than once unhappy with disappointments, but yet, thanks, thanks to God! I am in full hope to be mother in the month of November. The little preparations for my child and child-bed (and they are so dear to me!) have taken so much time, that I could not answer your letter * * * *. My husband has been obliged to make a little voyage alone to Copenhagen. He is yet absent—a cloud over my happiness! He will soon return * * * *. But what does that help? He is yet equally absent! We write to each other every post * * * *. But what are letters to presence?—But I will speak no more of this little cloud; I will only tell my happiness! But I cannot tell how I rejoice! A son of my dear Klopstock! Oh, when shall I have him!—It is long since that I have made the remark, that geniuses do not engender geniuses. No children at all, bad sons, or, at the most, lovely daughters, like you and Milton. But a daughter

or a son, only with a good heart, without genius, I will nevertheless love dearly * * * * *. When I have my husband and my child, I will write you more (if God gives me health and life). You will think that I shall be not a mother only, but nurse also; though the latter (thank God! that the former is not so too) is quite against fashion and good-breeding, and though nobody can think it *possible* to be always with the child at home!"

The next letter Richardson received was by another hand, and began, "As perhaps you do not yet know that one of your fair correspondents, Mrs. Klopstock, died in a very dreadful manner in child-bed, I think myself obliged to acquaint you with this most melancholy accident."

As we read the artless English of this young wife, the interval of one hundred and fifty years is nothing, and we stand by her grave as though it were freshly made. "Except ye become as little children, ye shall in no wise enter into the kingdom of heaven."

"Everywhere
I see in the world the intellect of man,
That sword, the energy his subtle spear,
The knowledge which defends him like a shield—
Everywhere; but they make not up, I think,
The marvel of a soul like thine, earth's flower
She holds up to the softened gaze of God!"

V

"PAMELA"

Maturity in years and experience seems to be as necessary to the successful novelist as it is superfluous to the poet.

The great poets may not always lisp in numbers, but while still in nonage, they commonly write great poems. If a man reaches the age of twenty-five, and has never written remarkable poetry, the chances are ten to one that he never will; but to the aspirant for distinction in the art of fiction, we may simply repeat the trite, yet encouraging remark. "While there's life, there's hope." Defoe was fifty-eight when he wrote *Robinson Crusoe,* and it was his first important novel. Richardson had passed the half century mark, not only with no prospect of a literary reputation, but without having made an attempt to secure one. He had spent his life printing the thoughts and language of other minds. In his fifty-first year, he turned for a moment his attention from the outside of literature to the inside. In 1739, the publishers Rivington and Osborne, requested him to compose a book of familiar letters. It was to be a kind of manual of epistolary etiquette, showing the proper forms for all circumstances and emergencies, seasoned with Richardson's inevitable homiletics. Could a respectable man possibly begin his literary career more humbly? Miss Thomson describes this little book, as it finally appeared, as follows: "the title-page sets forth its advantage in 'directing not only the requisite style and forms to be observed in writing familiar letters, but how to think and act justly and prudently in the common concerns of human life.' This purpose is further emphasised in the preface, which tells us that the author has endeavoured to point out the duties of masters, servants, fathers, children, and young men entering the world. But especially—and this is characteristic of the future novelist—he has given much attention to the subject of courtship * * * * Love is his predominant theme, but he treats it always as a passion to be sternly controlled and kept within bounds." This book,

interrupted by the composition of *Pamela*, he completed later, and it was published anonymously: not till after his death, if an Irish bull may be permitted, did Richardson allow his name to formally sanction it. That it fully accomplished its purpose is evident from its great popularity below stairs; it was hungrily read by house-maids and footmen, and according to Mrs. Barbauld, it "not infrequently detained the eyes of the mistress."

Today, however, it is a forgotten work, and instead of being read by the class of people for whom it was designed, it is known only to students of fiction, and interests them only because it was the stalking-horse to *Pamela*. For it was while writing this useful but unpretentious book, that a fortunate idea occurred to the author. Doubtless surprised at his own readiness in invention, and facility in composition, Richardson conceived the plan of creating, with materials all ready at hand, an original work of art. "In the progress of it, writing two or three letters to instruct handsome girls, who were obliged to go out to service, as we phrase it, how to avoid the snares that might be laid against their virtue; the above story [see below] recurred to my thoughts: And hence sprung Pamela."

As Richardson has given with such obliging fullness of detail the source and manner of composition of his first novel, we cannot do better than transcribe his own words in full, from a letter to Aaron Hill.

"I will now write to you your question—Whether there was any original groundwork of fact, for the general foundation of Pamela's story.

"About twenty-five years ago, a gentleman, with whom I was intimately acquainted (but who, alas! is now no more!) met with such a story as that of Pamela, in one of the summer

tours which he used to take * * * * he asked who was the owner of a fine house, * * * * which he had passed by * * * *. It was a fine house, the landlord said. The owner was Mr. B., a gentleman of large estate in more counties than one. That his and his lady's history engaged the attention of everyone who came that way, and put a stop to all other enquiries, though the house and gardens were well worth seeing, the lady, he said, was one of the greatest beauties in England; but the qualities of her mind had no equal: beneficent, prudent, and equally beloved and admired by high and low. That she had been taken at twelve years of age, for the sweetness of her manners and modesty, and for an understanding above her years, by Mr. B's mother, a truly worthy lady, to wait on her person. Her parents, ruined by suretiships, were remarkably honest and pious, and had instilled into their daughter's mind, the best principles. When their misfortunes happened first, they attempted a little school, in their village, where they were much beloved, he teaching writing and the first rules of arithmetic to boys; his wife, plain needle-work to girls, and to knit and spin; but that it answered not: and, when the lady took their child, the industrious man earned his bread by day labour, and the lowest kind of husbandry.

"That the girl, improving daily in beauty, modesty, and genteel and good behaviour, by the time she was fifteen, engaged the attention of her lady's son, a young gentleman of free principles, who, on her lady's death, attempted, by all manner of temptations and devices to seduce her. That she had recourse to as many innocent stratagems to escape the snares laid for her virtue; once, however, in despair, having been near drowning; that, at last, her noble resistance, watchfulness, and excellent qualities, subdued him, and he thought

fit to make her his wife. That she behaved herself with so much dignity, sweetness, and humility, that she made herself beloved of everybody, and even by his relations, who, at first, despised her, and now had the blessings both of rich and poor, and the love of her husband.

"The gentleman who told me this, added, that he had the curiosity to stay in the neighbourhood from Friday to Sunday, that he might see this happy couple at church, from which they never absented themselves; that, in short, he did see them; that her deportment was all sweetness, ease, and dignity mingled; that he never saw a lovelier woman: that her husband was as fine a man, and seemed even proud of his choice: and that she attracted the respects of the persons of rank present, and had the blessings of the poor.—The relater of the story told me all this with transport.

"This, Sir, was the foundation of Pamela's story; but little did I think to make a story of it for the press. That was owing to this occasion.

"Mr. Rivington and Mr. Osborne, whose names are on the title-page, had long been urging me to give them a little book (which, they said, they were often asked after) of familiar letters on the useful concerns in common life; and, at last, I yielded to their importunity, and began to recollect such subjects as I thought would be useful in such a design, and formed several letters accordingly. And, among the rest, I thought of giving one or two as cautions to young folks circumstanced as Pamela was. Little did I think, at first, of making one, much less two volumes of it. But, when I began to recollect what had, so many years before, been told me by my friend, I thought the story, if written in an easy and natural manner, suitably to the simplicity of it, might possibly introduce a new species of writing, that might

possibly turn young people into a course of reading different from the pomp and parade of romance-writing, and dismissing the improbable and marvellous, with which novels generally abound, might tend to promote the cause of religion and virtue. I therefore gave way to enlargement and so Pamela became as you see her. But so little did I hope for the approbation of judges, that I had not the courage to send the two volumes to your ladies, until I found the books were well received by the public.

"While I was writing the two volumes, my worthy-hearted wife, and the young lady who is with us, when I had read them some part of the story, which I had begun without their knowing it, used to come into my little closet every night, with—'Have you any more of Pamela, Mr. R.? We are come to hear a little more of Pamela,' &c. This encouraged me to prosecute it, which I did so diligently, through all my other business, that, by a memorandum on my copy, I began it Nov. 10, 1739, and finished it Jan. 10, 1739-40 * * * *. If justly low were my thoughts of this little history, you will wonder how it came by such an assuming and very impudent preface. It was thus:—The approbation of these two female friends, who were so kind as to give me prefaces for it, but which were much too long and circumstantial, as I thought, made me resolve myself on writing a preface: I, therefore, spirited by the good opinion of these four, and knowing that the judgments of nine parts of ten readers were but in hanging-sleeves, struck a bold stroke in the preface you see, having the umbrage of the editor's character to screen myself behind—And thus, Sir, all is out."

With no author's name on the title-page, and unheralded by the puffery of publishers, *Pamela* appeared, in two modest volumes, in November 1740. The surprisingly short time in

which it was written—two months—is a sufficient illustration of Richardson's speed in composition. His genius, kindled so late in life, blazed with all the brilliance of youth; and the fact that in sixty days so extraordinary a work, wholly original in method, could be begun and completed, makes us wonder at the long, silent, unillumined years of patient mechanical industry, which preceded his first essay at literature. The success of the book was instantaneous. Like Byron, he awoke one morning, and found himself famous. Society women were compelled to read it, as it was "the book everyone was talking of." It formed the chief staple of conversation at all the popular resorts. Old and young, grave and gay, united in a shout of universal applause. The reverend divine, Dr. Slocock, of the old church of St. Saviour's, Southwark, publicly indorsed it from his pulpit. This gave the final seal of approval to all who had hoped, but hardly dared, to discuss a work of fiction in public. Anxious mothers then allowed their daughters to read the new book. Pope got the better for once of his habitual jealousy, and spoke highly of *Pamela's* powerful moral influence. We may give an illustration of the keen joy with which the happy *dénouement* was greeted. "At Slough, near Windsor, the inhabitants used to gather around the village forge while the blacksmith read the story aloud. As soon as he came to the place where the fate of the heroine is decided by a happy marriage, his hearers were so excited that they cheered for joy, ran for the church keys, and rang the bells to give expression to their gladness."

In publishing the book, Richardson had assumed to be only the editor; but his authorship became known almost immediately. He was overwhelmed with letters of congratulation and inquiry. One enthusiast remarked, "If all other books were to be burnt, this book, next to the Bible, ought to be pre-

served." Another determined to bring up his son in the paths of virtue by giving him *Pamela* just as soon as he should be able to read, "a choice of books for a youth", comments Mrs. Barbauld, "which we, at present, [1804] should be very much surprised at." And another worthy, made a positive, though unintentional contribution to the gaiety of nations, by writing, that as Richardson was the author of the best book ever published, he thought it only a piece of common justice, in order to show his regard, to offer him a volume of sermons which he was about to publish!

Pamela caused even the babes and sucklings to lisp in laudatory verse. "A young miss, not twelve years old," after reading the work, "broke out" (*sic*) as follows:

"O Pamela, thy virtuous mind
Riches and honour has resigned;
Riches were but dross to thee,
Compared with thy modesty.

But since the case is altered thus,
With thankfulness thou may'st rehearse
The many combats thou hast made,
And think with joy thou'rt fully paid.

Praise God for all his mercies past,
Beg that his favours still may last,
And in obedience due express
Thy highest love and thankfulness."

Aaron Hill told of an experience almost as startling. Eighteenth century children must have been remarkably susceptible. A lively little boy, lying unnoticed in a room while *Pamela* was being read aloud, and apparently asleep,—"on a sudden we heard a succession of heart-heaving sobs, which, while he strove to conceal from our notice, his little sides

swelled as if they would burst, with the throbbing restraint of his sorrow. I turned his innocent face to look towards me, but his eyes were quite lost in his tears; which, running down from his cheeks in free currents, had formed two sincere little fountains on that part of the carpet he hung over."

Nor were these things revealed only to babes; they were not hidden, like an older gospel, from the wise and prudent. All sorts of confidential letters of inquiry proceeding from serious-minded men and women, followed hard upon the thunders of applause. The burden of these epistles is the familiar cry at the end of a startling tale. Is it true? Was there ever a Pamela in real life, and did Mr. Richardson have the honour of her acquaintance? People immediately began to point out among their contemporaries the correct original of the portrait, until Richardson finally gave the real source of the story in the long letter to Hill, quoted above.

That Richardson did not draw Pamela from any person of his acquaintance, we learn from a letter to Thomas Edwards, in 1753. "I am charmed, my dear Mr. Edwards, with your sweet story of a second Pamela. Had I drawn mine from the very life, I should have made a much more perfect piece of my first favourite—first, I mean, as to time." In view of this statement, it is rather singular that Richardson accused Fielding of having little or no invention, because his characters were all drawn from life.

Pamela speedily went into a second edition, and by 1771 ten editions of this separate work had appeared. It was translated into French and Dutch, and it was dramatised in both English and Italian. Imitations naturally followed. A book purporting to be a genuine continuation, called *Pamela in High Life,* surreptitiously appeared. This unfortunately drove Richardson to the composition and publication of an

authentic sequel, giving in two additional volumes, the social triumphs of Pamela, as the amiable consort of Mr. B. Though these volumes are now necessarily included in every complete edition of the novel, they are, as someone has remarked, well worth skipping. Overloaded with moral platitudes, the only episode that approaches human interest is Mr. B's temptation to renew his vicious habits. For once, and with just the opposite intention, Richardson made vice more attractive than virtue.

But a greater sequel, and one that pleased Richardson even less than the spurious book above mentioned, was Fielding's *Joseph Andrews,* which appeared in 1742. For stirring up this particular enemy, even the best friends of Richardson to-day must be thankful. With the keen eye of the humourist, Fielding saw clearly the vulnerable points in Richardson's armour, and had Mr. B. really been alive, even his complacency would have been ruffled by Fielding's Mr. Booby.

In 1741 there had been published a parody on Richardson's style in the following work, which Miss Thomson thinks may have been written by Fielding. "An Apology for the Life of Mrs. Shamela Andrews, in which the many notorious falsehoods and misrepresentations of a book called 'Pamela' are exposed and refuted, and all the matchless arts of that young politician set in a true and just light." Miss Thomson describes this book at length. It ridiculed the pretended virtuous motives of Pamela, ridiculed her epistolary style, and ridiculed Richardson's egotistical preface.

Pamela has many striking defects, both in artistic and moral values. The frankly-told scenes of attempted outrage are narrated with ill-concealed gusto. It is an interesting comment on the age, that what was then regarded as an

ideal "Sunday-school" book, would never be allowed to-day to enter the precincts of a sacred edifice. The spectacle of a man attempting a girl's virtue by every subtlety that art and nature can suggest, and the keen-witted girl, harmless as a dove, but wise as a serpent, finally checkmating him by marriage, does not, to our notions, wholly make for righteousness. Mrs. Barbauld indignantly declares that certain scenes are "wholly indefensible". At heart, however, Richardson was an uncompromising realist, and his genius for detail did not allow him to omit any episode that he considered vital to the story.

In our democratic days, many readers are incensed with Pamela's agreeing even to marry Mr. B., and her gushing gratitude for his condescension grates harshly on ears that love to hear the scream of the eagle. We should remember, that though Mr. B. before his marriage was unquestionably a black-hearted villain, and that Richardson represents him as such, the social gulf that separated him from his handmaid was enormous; to an eighteenth century mind, practically impassable. He was the head of the house, and she one of the many humble servants. The question looked at from the standpoint of the housemaid, is not—Did Pamela act rightly in expressing gratitude to a would-be ravisher for marrying her? The question is—Would an eighteenth century Pamela really have felt and expressed gratitude under similar circumstances? To this second and only admissible question, we must unhesitatingly give an affirmative answer, which destroys at once all adverse criticism on Pamela's final attitude. If Richardson has represented her emotions true to life, we cannot blame him for making her real.

Nor do I share a common opinion that it would have been impossible for Pamela to feel anything but disgust toward

her pursuing villain. Mrs. Barbauld says: "Is it quite natural that a girl, who had such a genuine love for virtue, should feel her heart attracted to a man who was endeavouring to destroy that virtue? Does not pious love to assimilate with pious, and pure with pure?" To this serious question we may reply that if love were a matter of judgment instead of instinct, thousands of marriages would never happen at all, and many wives would hate their husbands. Pamela unquestionably *ought* to hate Mr. B. and after she preceived his n-tentions ought never to think tenderly of him again. She does try to hate him. Why does she not succeed? Because she loves him. There lies the whole truth of the matter, and if we ask further, Why should So-and-So love So-and-So, we get at once into insuperable difficulties. Miss Thomson says, "No woman will forgive her for * * * the passion supposed to be aroused in her by her unworthy lover". Perhaps not; women find it hard to forgive other women for many things. But the fact remains, that thousands of dead and living women, wholly virtuous in character and conduct, have loved evil-minded men, and the growth of Pamela's passion has been sketched by Richardson with consummate art. Depend upon it, he knew what he was about; and he has shown to those who see with their eyes and not with their prejudices, that the only reason why Pamela in her heart of hearts did not hate Mr B., was because in her heart of hearts she loved him.

My real objection to the book is not directed against its fidelity to life, but at its final moral application. The secondary title, *Virtue Rewarded*, has a false ring. Pamela is praised for her skill and perseverance in preserving her virtue; she is rewarded by finally disposing of her person in marriage at the highest possible figure. The moral seems to

be, that if only comely girls will hold their would-be seducers at arm's length for a sufficiently long time, they may succeed in marrying the men, and incidentally securing worldly fortune and social position. Such a moral standard is not any too high. This method of payment for virtue is both vulgar and immoral; and in so far, the novel is surely defective. No such accusation can be brought against that wonderful masterpiece, *Clarissa Harlowe.*

Yet *Pamela,* with all its defects, is a great book, and the work of a great genius. The heroine is absolutely real, both in the tragic and comic scenes. An extraordinary fascination accompanies this girl; she is as attractive to-day as she was one hundred and sixty years ago, simply because she is an incarnation of the eternally feminine. Many may wonder why she loved Mr. B. No one has ever wondered why Mr. B. loved her. Her girlish beauty, her demure manner, her charming prattling—even her vanity and self-righteousness combine to make her irresistible. Her vivacity is the lovely vivacity of youth in radiant health, joined to the pleasing consciousness of possessing both internal virtue and external charms.

Mr. B. is unfortunately not so convincing. He is as impeccable in appearance and about as interesting as a well-executed fashion-plate. Mrs. Jewkes is a monster rather than a woman, but it must be admitted, a terribly impressive monster. Her horrid exterior, rum-soaked soul, and filthy speech are as loathsome as they were meant to be: and the contrast between the graceful and lovely Pamela and this unspeakable dragon, is as striking as that between the white Andromeda and the hideous snake of the sea. Mr. Williams is by no means so great a character as Parson Adams, but he is an addition to our acquaintance, and supplies exactly the

touch of jealousy needed to bring Pamela's affairs to a crisis. Goodman Andrews, the girl's father, is admirable if only we remember that he lived in the eighteenth and not in the twentieth century. Once more we must not ask, Do we approve? but, Is he true to life? As for Lady Davers, her manners are surely not Christlike, and they lack, it must be confessed, something of the repose that we love to associate with good-breeding; and Richardson has been condemned for making her so cruel and so coarse. But I am inclined to think that high society in that age knew her only too well, and that her coarseness of speech was not natural vulgarity, but sprang from the assurance of her social position. One is often taken for the other, when we read the annals of fashionable society in the days before the French Revolution.

In making a final estimate of this extraordinary book, let us remember that it is really the first analytical novel in the language; that its style, plan and aim were wholly original; that it is a study of a section of real life that had been neglected; that it produced a powerful effect on English literature, founding a whole school of fiction, and spurred even a greater novelist to activity; that with painstaking and delicate art, its author presented one great character to the world, whom no reader of the book can by any chance forget; that the novel has been read with enthusiasm by judicious readers, for one hundred and sixty years, and that it is impossible to imagine any age when it will not be read and admired. Such a book is a great book, and was written by a great man.

WM. LYON PHELPS.

PAMELA:

OR,

VIRTUE Rewarded.

In a SERIES of

FAMILIAR LETTERS

From a Beautiful

Young DAMSEL to her PARENTS:

And afterwards,

In her EXALTED CONDITION,

BETWEEN

HER, and Persons of *Figure* and *Quality*,

UPON THE

Most Important and Entertaining SUBJECTS,
In GENTEEL LIFE.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

Publish'd in order to cultivate the Principles of VIRTUE and RELIGION in the Minds of the YOUTH of BOTH SEXES.

The SIXTH EDITION, Corrected.
And Embellish'd with COPPER PLATES, Design'd and Engrav'd by Mr. HAYMAN, and Mr. GRAVELOT.

VOL. I.

To which is prefixed, An Ample TABLE of CONTENTS; Being, An EPITOME of the *Work*.

LONDON:
Printed for S. RICHARDSON;
And Sold by J. OSBORN, in *Pater-noster Row*; and JOHN RIVINGTON, in *St. Paul's Church-Yard*.

M.DCC.XLII.

PREFACE
BY THE
EDITOR.

IF to Divert *and* Entertain, *and at the ſame time to* Inſtruct *and* Improve *the Minds of the* YOUTH *of* both Sexes:

IF to inculcate Religion *and* Morality *in ſo eaſy and agreeable a manner, as ſhall render them equally* delightful *and* profitable:

IF to ſet forth in the moſt exemplary Lights, the Parental, *the* Filial, *and the* Social *Duties:*

IF to paint VICE *in its proper Colours, to make it* deſervedly Odious; *and to ſet* VIRTUE *in its own amiable Light, to make it look* Lovely:

IF to draw Characters with Justness, and to support them distinctly:

IF to raise a Distress from natural *Causes, and excite a Compassion from* just *ones:*

IF to teach the Man of Fortune *how to* use *it; the Man of* Passion *how to* subdue *it; and the Man of* Intrigue, *how, gracefully, and with Honour to himself, to* reclaim:

IF to give practical *Examples, worthy to be follow'd in the most* critical *and* affecting *Cases, by the* Virgin, *the* Bride, *and the* Wife:

IF to effect all these good Ends, in so probable, so natural, so lively *a manner, as shall engage the Passions of every sensible Reader, and attach their Regard to the Story:*

AND all without raising a single Idea *throughout the Whole, that shall shock the exactest Purity, even in the warmest of those Instances where Purity would be most apprehensive:*

If

IF these be laudable or worthy Recommendations, the Editor of the following Letters, which have their Foundation both in Truth *and in* Nature, *ventures to assert, that all these Ends are obtained here, together.*

CONFIDENT therefore of the favourable Reception which he ventures to bespeak for this little Work, he thinks any Apology *for it unnecessary: And the rather for two Reasons, 1st, Because he can appeal from his* own *Passions, (which have been uncommonly* moved *in perusing it) to the Passions of* Every one *who shall read with Attention: And, in the next place, because an* Editor *can judge with an Impartiality which is rarely to be found in an* Author.

THE foregoing is the Editor's Preface to the Two first Volumes of this Piece, in Twelves: And there were, moreover, prefix'd to them, Two Recommendatory Letters; *as also to the* Four *latter Impressions, an* Introductory Preface, *by an ingenious Gentleman, who kindly undertook to answer some Objections, made by well-meaning*

meaning Persons, to a few Passages in the Work. But it has been thought adviseable to omit These, in the present Edition; because the kind Reception which these Volumes have met with, renders the Recommendatory Letters *unnecessary; and because the most material of the Objections answer'd in the* Introductory Preface, *are taken notice of and obviated in the Third Volume, in Letters from the fair Writer to Lady* Davers, *and others of her Correspondents. And their Place is supply'd, not unusefully, it is presum'd, by the following Epitome of the Work.*

THE Editor has been much press'd with Importunities and Conjectures in relation to the Person and Family of the incomparable Lady, who is the Subject of these Volumes: All that he thinks himself at Liberty to say, or is necessary to be said, is only to repeat what has been already hinted, That the Story has its Foundation in Truth: And that there was a Necessity, for obvious Reasons, to vary and disguise some Facts and Circumstances, as also the Names of Persons, Places, &c.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

(The first part of this Bibliography is taken from Miss Thomson's Life of Richardson.)

PART I.

The Forster Manuscript.

This manuscript is contained in the Forster Library at the South Kensington Museum. It consists of more than eight hundred letters written by Richardson and various correspondents, the chief of whom are Lady Bradshaigh; Mrs Chapone, senior; Aaron Hill; Thomas Edwards; Mrs Scudamore; and Eusebius Sylvester. There are also many anonymous compliments on Richardson's novels, and various poems and sonnets by T. Edwards, Miss Mulso, Miss Highmore, John Duncombe, and John Chapone. The majority of the letters in this collection were not printed in Mrs Barbauld's edition of the Correspondence, which, however, contains many letters absent from the Forster Manuscript, the most remarkable being those between Richardson and Lady Bradshaigh before she made herself known to him, and the correspondence with Miss Mulso.

Many of the letters in the Forster Manuscript are autographs, while others are transcripts made by Richardson's daughters. They are nearly all carefully docketed, in his own hand, with their date and subject-matter. They are contained in six folio volumes, as under:

Folio XI.—

Correspondence with Lady Bradshaigh, beginning May 10, 1748, ending with a letter to Miss Patty Richardson (afterwards Mrs Bridgen), dated April 25, 1762.

Folio XII.—

(1) Correspondence with T. Edwards, Dec. 2, 1748—July 30, 1756.

(2) Correspondence with Mrs Chapone, senior, April 23, 1751—Nov. 26, 1753.

Folio XIII.—

(1) Correspondence with Mrs. Chapone, senior, (continued), Nov. 26, 1753—June 20, 1759.

(2) Correspondence with Aaron Hill, March 6, 1735—Aug. 11, 1749, (also contains letters from Astræa and Minerva Hill and Urania Johnson).

Folio XIV.—

(1) Correspondence with Mrs Urania Johnson, July 23, 1750—Sept. 9, 1758.

(2) Correspondence with Mrs Scudamore (Miss Westcomb), Miss Righton and others.

(3) Correspondence with Miss Westcomb (afterwards Mrs Scudamore), April 14, 1748—Oct. 1, 1754.

(4) Correspondence with Eusebius Sylvester, Aug. 22, 1754—July 26, 1756.

Folio XV.—

(1) Correspondence with Eusebius Sylvester (continued), Aug. 10, 1756—Aug. 21, 1759.

(2) Correspondence *re* Clarissa Harlowe by various writers.

(3) Correspondence *re* Clarissa Harlowe and Sir Charles Grandison by various writers.

Folio XVI.—

(1) Correspondence *re* Pamela by various writers.

(2) Miscellaneous correspondence, chiefly consisting of poetical pieces.

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PART IV.

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* The first number in these references refers to the volume, the second to the page. The magazine references are all taken from Miss Thomson.

SYNOPTICAL
TABLE OF CONTENTS

PAMELA, VOL. I.

"It is thought proper to prefix to this Edition the following ample Table of CONTENTS, which may serve to revive the Memory of the principal Matters in the Minds of those who *have* read them, and to give an easy and clear View of what they contain, to those who have *not*, nor perhaps have Leisure to peruse them; at least, so carefully as may be necessary to answer the End of their Publication: And which, at the same time, will serve as a copious INDEX to direct the reader where to find the most material Passages, as well as give an Idea of the entertaining and instructive Variety to be found in the Work".—(*Richardson's Introduction to Table of Contents in Edition of 1742*).

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had heard all: upbraids Mrs. Jervis upon it, and repeats her wishes to be safe with her parents. . . . . 75—82

LETTER XXX.

Pamela, to her Parents.—Her master, contrary to what she feared, when she next sees him, treats her kindly. Bespeaks her confidence in him. Avows his love to her. Intimates that he will make all her family happy. Protests he has no view to her dishonour in it. Particularises those parts of her conduct and behaviour which had moved him in her favour; and tells her, that if she will stay but a fortnight longer, she shall find her account in it. Her distress and difficulties upon these favourable appearances. He gives her a short time to consider of his proposal, and retires. The different agitations of her mind on this occasion, yet at last resolves to insist upon going away. . . . 82—87

LETTER XXXI.

Pamela, to her Parents.—She declares her determination to go. He offers her a sum of money for her father. She refuses it till she knows what he is to do for it, and what is to become of herself. He then intimates, that he will find her a husband, who shall make her a gentlewoman. She dissembles her resentment of his base designs, till she gets from him; and then, by writing, signifies to him her resolution to go to her parents. He threatens her by Mrs. Jervis; but says she may go where she will. Gives leave for his travelling chariot and Lincolnshire coachman to carry her, and sends her five guineas. Her verses on her departure. . . . 87—93

The Editor's account of what happened after she set out. Of her being carried to her master's seat in Lincolnshire, instead of to her father's. Of John's treacherous baseness, in delivering all her letters to his master, before he carried them to her parents. The copy of a letter from the 'squire to her father, containing his pretended reasons for not permitting her to go to them. Her parents' grief. Her father, travelling all night, arrives in the morning at the 'squire's. What passed between Mrs. Jervis, the 'squire, and the old man on that occasion. Copy of Pamela's letter to Mrs. Jervis, which, as it afterwards appears, she was induced to write by a prescribed form, lest her parents' grief should be fatal to them. . 93—100

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LETTER XXXII.

Pamela, to her Parents.—Bewails her wretched condition, and the vile trick put upon her. Writes the particulars of it, though she knows not how to convey it to them. Her strategems on the road to escape, when she found herself betrayed, all frustrated by her master's precautions. She is met by Mrs. Jewkes, and conducted to the Lincolnshire seat. That woman's vile behaviour and wickedness. Her reproaches of the coachman. Tampers, but to no purpose, with Mrs. Jewkes. . . . . 101—115

HER JOURNAL,

Begun for her amusement, and in hopes to find some opportunity to send it to them. Describes the servants there. All her hopes centre in moving Mr. Williams to assist her escape. . . . . 115—118

Sunday.—Mrs. Jewkes's insolence to Mr. Williams; and still greater to her, ordering her shoes to be taken from her. Describes the person of the bad woman. John arrives with a letter from her master to her, requiring her to copy a prescribed form of a letter to her parents, to make them easy. She complies, for their sakes; and writes a moving one to her master. . . . . 118—124

Monday.—John's excessive concern, on reflecting upon his own baseness, causes Mrs. Jewkes to suspect that he loves Pamela: she closely watches him; notwithstanding which, he drops a letter, unperceived by her, which Pamela takes up, in which he confesses his villainy to her. Her surprise at it. All the clothes which her lady and master had given her brought down to her, but locked up from her by Mrs. Jewkes. . . . . 125—128

Tuesday, Wednesday.—Her contrivance to correspond with Mr. Williams, and to keep from Mrs. Jewkes the knowledge of her little stores of pens, ink, and papers. The contents of her first letter to him, reciting her dangers, and begging him to assist her to escape. Suggests several methods, and hopes much from his key of the back-door. . . . . 128—132

Thursday.—Further instances of Mrs. Jewkes's insolence to her. Pamela resents her profligate talk, and is struck by her.

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Forced to put up with this insolent treatment, lest the correspondence with Mr. Williams should be frustrated. A letter from that gentleman, 'declaring his readiness to assist 'her. Gives her an account of the gentry in the neighbour-'hood; and that he will try, if she pleases, to move Lady 'Darnford to protect her. Praises her beauty and virtue.' Her answer; 'desiring a key may be made by his, to the 'back-door. Hopes by his means to be enabled to send a 'packet to her parents. Has a stock of five or six guineas, 'and desires to put the half of them in his hands, to defray 'incidental expenses.' She exults to her father and mother in the success of her plot. Is permitted to angle; and hooks a carp, which, moved by a reflection upon her own case, she throws into the water again. . . . 132—140

Friday, Saturday.—Mrs. Jewkes tricks her out of her little stock of money. She receives a letter from her master, signifying, 'That if she will invite him to come, her generous confidence 'in him shall not be thrown away upon him; and he will put 'Mrs. Jewkes into her power; and permit Mrs. Jervis to at-'tend her,' &c. A second letter from Mr. Williams, acquainting her, 'That he has been repulsed by every one to whom he 'has applied in her favour. That he shall soon procure the 'key she desires, and a man and horse to carry her to one of 'the distant villages; so begs her not to be discomforted.' Her answer: 'Fears her master's coming may be sudden; that 'therefore no time is to be lost. Acquaints him with Mrs. 'Jewkes's trick to get her money. Her moving letter to her 'master, in answer to his; in which she absolutely denies her 'consent to his coming down.' . . . . . 140—149

Sunday.—Is concerned she has not the key. Turns the cxxxviith psalm to her own case. . . . . 149—151

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday.—Is pleased that Mr. Williams has got a large parcel of her papers to send away to her parents. He has procured the key for her: and now only waits for the horse. Mrs. Jewkes suspects, by his looks, that he is in love with Pamela, and pretends to wish it to be a match between them. His third letter, intimating, 'That she has but one 'way honourably to avoid the danger she is in; and that is, 'by marrying. Modestly tenders himself.' Her observations upon it to her parents. In her answer to Mr. Williams, intimates 'her gratitude for his generous offer; but that noth-'ing, but to avoid her utter ruin, can make her think of a

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'change of condition; and that therefore he must expect 'nothing from her but everlasting gratitude.' . . 151—154

Thursday, Friday, Saturday.—Lays a trap to come at Mrs. Jewkes's instructions; but fails in it. Mr. Williams promises to assist her to the utmost of his power, though she has not so readily come into his proposals as he wished. . 155

Sunday.—Has a strange turn to acquaint her parents with, in the contents of two letters from her master; one to Mr. Williams, the other to Mrs. Jewkes. In the former he acquaints Mr. Williams, 'That, by the death of the late incumbent, he 'has an opportunity to make him doubly happy—in a lovely 'wife, and a fine living: That he will account for his odd 'conduct in this affair to him, when he sees him: That he 'only desires he will let him know whether Pamela approves 'of him, and he of her.' Mrs. Jewkes communicates *her* letter, which confirms the contents of the other. She upbraids Pamela with her past mistrusts of the designs of so good a master. But she, still suspecting a strategem, cautions Mr. Williams upon his honest joy, and open-hearted declaration; of which Mrs. Jewkes takes advantage: but yet is so civil to them both, that she hopes now for a happy deliverance, and to be soon with her parents. . . . . 155—159

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Further instances of Mrs. Jewkes's civility to her, who presses her to encourage Mr. Williams's addresses; and, upon her refusal, supposes she has some pre-engagement. Mr. Williams goes home to write a letter on his own account to her parents. She begs they will not encourage his addresses. 159, 160

Monday morning.—Mr. Williams is attacked by supposed robbers, on his return to the village. His woful letter to Mrs. Jewkes, giving an account of the disaster. Mrs. Jewkes, ridicules the misfortune. Pamela's mistrusts increase. Refuses to accompany Mrs. Jewkes to make him a visit. In her absence has great temptations to make her escape; but is frightened at her own apprehensive fancies, and unable to resolve. . . . . 160—165

Monday afternoon.—Mrs. Jewkes returns from visiting Mr. Williams. Rallies Pamela, and makes a jest of his fright. Declares that she had got out of him all that was plotting be-

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tween him and her. Advises her to send a letter of thanks to her master, for his favour to her in relation to Mr. Williams. On her refusal, declares her to be quite unfathomable. Pamela apprehends mischief hatching. . . . 165—167

Tuesday, Wednesday.—Mrs. Jewkes's change of temper to Mr. Williams. He is surprised at it. Pamela writes to him, blaming his openness. Desires to know what he said to Mrs. Jewkes, and proposes to resume the project of escaping. . 168

Thursday.—His answer. 'Thinks Mr. B—— neither can nor dare 'deceive him in so black a manner; that John Arnold ac-'quaints him, that his master is preparing for his London 'journey; after which he will come into Lincolnshire; that 'John refers to a letter he had sent before, but which is not 'come to hand; yet hopes there is no treachery. Owns that 'he was too free in talk with Mrs. Jewkes: but said not a 'word of the back-door key,' &c. Her reply, expressing her great uneasiness and doubts; and impatiently wishes for the horse. . . . . 169—171

Friday.—Mr. Williams's answer. 'He thinks her too apprehen-'sive. Doubts not that things *must* be better than she ap-'hends.' Sends her a letter from her father; signifying 'his 'and her mother's grateful hopes that their prayers for her 'are at least heard; and their pleasure to find her virtue in 'view of its reward. Thinks she cannot do better than to 'marry Mr. Williams: but refers to her own prudence.' Her dutiful joy upon receipt of this letter. . . . 171—173

Saturday, Sunday.—Mrs. Jewkes quarrels with Mr. Williams. Pamela is more and more convinced that there is mischief in agitation. 173, 174

Monday, Tuesday.—All is now out! Two letters brought from Mr. B——; one to Pamela, the other to Mrs. Jewkes; but being folded and sealed alike, that to Pamela was addressed to Mrs. Jewkes, and Mrs. Jewkes's to her. Is quite confounded at the mistake; but more at the contents; in which he declares to Mrs. Jewkes—'the utmost resentment against her, 'on Mr. Williams's account. Sends down a Swiss, who is to 'assist in preventing her escape: That John Arnold has 'proved a villain, and shall meet with his reward: That he 'has ordered his attorney to arrest Mr. Williams in an action 'of debt, and will utterly ruin him: That he hates her per-

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'fectly now, and on his return from London will decide her 'fate.' Her affliction and despair excite pity to her even in Mrs. Jewkes, who gives her the letter which was intended for her, which is full of violent upbraidings and threatenings. Pamela's reflections upon her hard fortune; begs Mrs. Jewkes to let Mr. Williams know her master's resentment, that he may fly the country. Mrs. Jewkes glories in her wicked fidelity, and threatens to be more circumspect over her than ever. Pamela's apprehensions of Colbrand the Swiss, whose odd person and dress she describes. . 174—181

Wednesday.—Mr. Williams actually arrested. Pamela forms a new stratagem for her escape, resolving to get out of the window into the garden, when Mrs. Jewkes is asleep; and to throw some of her clothes into the great pond, to induce the belief that she had drowned herself, in order to gain more time for escaping by the back-door; and trust the rest to providence. Overhears Mrs. Jewkes owning to monsieur Colbrand, in her cups, that the robbery of Mr. Williams was owing to a contrivance of her own, to come at his letters. . . . . 181—183

Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday.—That everything has been worse and worse, and all her contrivances ruined. She recounts the particulars of her fruitless attempt. Her sufferings and bruises. Being quite desperate, is tempted to drown herself. Her soliloquy by the pond side. Has the grace to escape the temptation, and limps away to the wood-house, and, half dead with her bruises and distresses, creeps behind a pile of firewood. Mrs. Jewkes's fright on missing her: she raises the house; and at last, finding some of her clothes in the pond, they conclude that she had drowned herself. Their lamentations; fearing their master's resentment. Nan at last finds her in the wood-house, unable to stir. Mrs. Jewkes's cruelty to her. . . . . 184—194

Sunday afternoon.—That health is hardly to be coveted in her circumstances. Dreads the coming of her master: yet having heard, that he had been near drowning in the pursuit of his game, she could not help rejoicing in his safety. Is surprised that she cannot hate him for his ill usage of her. Hears that John Arnold is turned away; and that Mr. Longman, Mr. Jonathan, and Mrs. Jervis, are in danger, for offering to intercede for her, knowing now where she is. 194, 195

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Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday.—Mrs. Jewkes is more and more insolent to her. Talks filthily to her, and ridicules her notions of virtue. 195

Thursday.—Apprehends, from some particular dispositions, that her master will soon come. Her moving reflection on his pretended love to her, and his promise not to see her without her own consent. Believes that he perfectly hates her; else, that he would not leave her thus to the mercy of this bad woman. 196

Friday.—Mrs. Jewkes apprehends that she designs another escape. Her violence to Pamela upon it. She locks her up without shoes in the day, and makes her lie between herself and the maid at night. She is weary of her life. Mrs. Jewkes restores her shoes to her, and lays her commands upon her to dress herself in one of the suits which she had locked up from her, against three or four o'clock, telling her that she would have a visit from Lady Darnford's two daughters. Pamela will not obey her, resolving not to be made a show of. 196, 197

Five o'clock is come, and no young ladies. She thinks that she hears their coach. Resolves not to go down to them. Steps to the window; and, to her utmost surprise and terror, beholds her master, who has just arrived. . . 197, 198

Seven o'clock is come, and she has not yet seen him. Doubts not that something is resolving against her. Is full of trembling confusion and grief. 198

Saturday morning.—Relates, that at half an hour after seven, the preceeding night, her master came up to her. His stern behaviour, and violent reproaches. Withdraws threatening, and leaves her ready to die with grief and apprehension. Mrs. Jewkes's impertinent soothings, and detestable hint, that she may make up all by the morning. Her master orders her down to attend him at supper. His harsh treatment of her, as she waits upon him. Mrs. Jewkes's officious stories against her. On her knees she begs that he'll hear her tell of that woman's usage of her. He cruelly interrupts her, and justifies Mrs. Jewkes: and after many reproaches and threatenings on his side, and vile instigations on Mrs. Jewkes's, he bids the latter take her up stairs, and he will send her a few lines to consider of; her answer to which shall fix her doom. . . . . 198—204

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Saturday noon.—Sends proposals to her in writing, to live with him as his mistress, offering her very high terms for herself and friends; and assures her, that if she refuses them, he will put his designs in execution, and she shall have no benefit from them. Her noble and resolute answer, absolutely refusing all his offers with disdain. He storms against her to Mrs. Jewkes upon it, who most impudently instigates him to execute all his purposes. . . 204—211

Saturday night.—He sends Mrs. Jewkes for her. She is going down; but finding Mrs. Jewkes lead to his chamber, she turns back, notwithstanding his menaces. Mrs. Jewkes ridicules her fears, and upbraids her with the appeal she would have made to her master against her. . . . 211—213

Sunday.—Her master, being from home, sends a letter to Mrs. Jewkes, signifying, 'That he is going to Stamford on Mr. 'Williams's account, and shall not be back till the next 'evening, if then: That she must not trust Pamela without 'another person lying with her, as well as herself.' She sees this letter, through Mrs. Jewkes's pretended carelessness, and rejoices at this further reprieve. . . 213—216

Tuesday night.—She gives the particulars of the worst attempt that he had yet made, and of Mrs. Jewkes's wicked assistance, and her narrow escape by falling into fits. On her recovery he gives her hopes, that he will never offer to compel her again. Desires, for her own sake, that she will not attempt to get away for a fortnight to come, and that she will forgive Mrs. Jewkes. Is pleased with her answer. Seems to be all kindness. Talks of love without reserve; which, with other liberties that he calls innocent, makes her very uneasy. . . . . 216—227

Wednesday morning.—Sends for her to walk with him in the garden. Likes not him, nor his ways. And why. He resents an expression which his free usage provoked from her. She expostulates with him on his proceedings. . . 227—230

Wednesday night.—His great kindness and favour to her before Mrs. Jewkes. Mrs. Jewkes's respectful behaviour to her upon it, and apprehensions of her resenting her past baseness. His goodness to her, and admiration of her prudence, fill her with hopes of his honourable designs. But, on a sudden, he damps all again, and leaves her in a state of uncertainty. . . . . 231—240

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Thursday morning.—Mr. B—— being to go to Stamford, acquaints her, that either Mrs. Jervis or Mr. Longman, whom, with Jonathan, he has discharged, will attempt to convey a letter to her in his absence: That he will take it kindly, if she will confine herself pretty much to her chamber till he returns. She promises not to stir anywhere without Mrs. Jewkes. . . . . 241—243

Friday night.—A gipsy, under pretence of telling Mrs. Jewkes and Pamela their fortunes, finds means to drop a letter for the latter, the contents of which alarm her with the intimation of a stratagem of a sham marriage designed. Her passionate reflections upon him and his designs on this occasion. . . . . 243—246

Saturday, noon.—Her master returns. Mrs. Jewkes, coming upon her by surprise, seizes a parcel of her papers, and carries them to him. Her apprehensions on this account. . 246—249

Saturday, six o'clock.—Entreats him to return her papers unread. He refuses. Her sharp expressions hereupon make him angry with her. She endeavours to pacify him. Having read the papers, he sends for her, and insnaringly discovers, that she has papers of a later date than these, and insists upon seeing them. She refuses; but he frightens her into a compliance. . . . . 249—260

Sunday morning.—On reading her last papers, which contain her temptations at the pond, he is greatly moved. His kind behaviour to her; yet, apprehending that this kindness is but consistent with the sham marriage she dreads, she still insists upon going to her parents. He falls into a violent rage hereupon, will not suffer her to speak, and bids her begone from his presence. . . . 260—265

Sunday, three o'clock.—Her reflections upon the haughtiness of people in a high condition. Is surprised by a message from Mrs. Jewkes, that she must instantly leave the house. Prepares to go, but cannot help being grieved. The travelling chariot is drawn out. Colbrand is getting on horseback. Wonders where all this will end. 265, 266

Monday.—Mrs. Jewkes insults her on her departure. Her wicked hints to her master in her hearing. He rebukes her for them. Pamela blesses him on her knees for it. Wonders she

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could be so loath to leave the house. The chariot drives away with her. She can hardly think but she is in a dream all the time. A copy of her master's letter to her, delivered at a certain distance, 'full of tenderness and respect, de-'claring his honourable intentions to her, had she not un-'seasonably, in the midst of his kindness to her, preferred 'going to her parents.' She laments that she gave credit to the gipsy-story. Accuses her heart of treachery to her. . . . . 267—273

Monday morning, eleven o'clock.—More surprising things still, as she says. Thomas, the groom, overtakes her with a second letter from her master, declaring, 'That he finds he cannot 'live without her. That if she will return, it will lay him 'under the highest obligation.' Her reasonings with herself, whether to go back, or to proceed. At last, resolves to oblige him. . . . . 274—280

NAMES OF
THE PRINCIPAL PERSONS

MEN.

Mr. B——.
Mr. Andrews, father to Pamela.
Lord Davers, brother-in-law to Mr. B——.
Mr. H——, nephew to Lord Davers.
Sir Jacob Swynford, uncle to Mr. B——.
Sir Simon Darnford.
Rev. Mr. Peters.
Rev Mr. Williams.
Rev. Mr. Adams.
Earl of D——.
Mr. Martin.
Mr. Dormer.
Sir Thomas Atkins.
Mr. Brooks.
Mr. Arthur.
Mr. Chapman.
The Dean of ——.
Mr. Turner.
Mr. Longman, steward to Mr. B——.
Mr. Jonathan, butler to Mr. B——.
Mr. Colbrand, a Swiss, valet to Mr. B——.

WOMEN.

PAMELA.
Mrs. Andrews, mother to Pamela.
Lady Davers, sister to Mr. B——.
Miss Sally Godfrey, a young lady seduced by Mr. B——.
Miss Goodwin, the fictitious name of Mr. B——'s natural daughter.
Lady Darnford.
Miss Darnford.
Miss Nancy Darnford.
Mrs. Peters.
Countess of C——.
Mrs. Arthur.
Mrs. Brooks.
Lady Towers.
Miss L——, daughter to the Dean of L——.
Countess of D——.
Mrs. Chapman.
The Dowager Countess of——.
The Viscountess——.
Mrs. Jervis, housekeeper of Mr. B——'s Bedfordshire house.
Mrs. Jewkes, housekeeper of Mr. B——'s Lincolnshire house.
Mrs. Worden, waiting-woman to Lady Davers.

PAMELA;

or,

VIRTUE REWARDED.

LETTER I.

Dear Father and Mother,—I have great trouble, and some comfort, to acquaint you with. The trouble is, that my good lady died of the illness I mentioned to you, and left us all much grieved for the loss of her; for she was a dear good lady, and kind to all us her servants. Much I feared, that as I was taken by her ladyship to wait upon her person, I should be quite destitute again, and forced to return to you and my poor mother, who have enough to do to maintain yourselves; and, as my lady's goodness had put me to write and cast accounts, and made me a litfle expert at my needle, and otherwise qualified above my degree, it was not every family that could have found a place that your poor Pamela was fit for: but God, whose graciousness to us we have so often experienced at a pinch, put it into my good lady's heart, on her death-bed, just an hour before she expired, to recommend to my young master all her servants, one by one; and when it came to my turn to be recommended (for I was sobbing and crying at her pillow), she could only say, My dear son!—and so broke off a little; and then recovering—Remember my poor Pamela—And these were some of her last words! Oh how my eyes run—don't wonder to see the paper so blotted.

Well, but God's will must be done!—And so comes the comfort, that I shall not be obliged to return back to be a clog upon my dear parents! For my master said, I will take care

of you all, my good maidens; and for you, Pamela (and took me by the hand; yes, he took my hand before them all), for my dear mother's sake, I will be a friend to you, and you shall take care of my linen. God bless him! and pray with me, my dear father and mother, for a blessing upon him, for he has given mourning and a year's wages to all my lady's servants; and I having no wages as yet, my lady having said that she should do for me as I deserved, ordered the housekeeper to give me mourning with the rest; and gave me with his own hand four golden guineas, and some silver, which were in my old lady's pocket when she died; and said, if I was a good girl, and faithful and diligent, he would be a friend to me, for his mother's sake. And so I send you these four guineas for your comfort; for Providence will not let me want: And so you may pay some old debt with part, and keep the other part to comfort you both. If I get more, I am sure it is my duty, and it shall be my care, to love and cherish you both; for you have loved and cherished me, when I could do nothing for myself. I send them by John, our footman, who goes your way: but he does not know what he carries; because I seal them up in one of the little pill-boxes, which my lady had, wrapt close in paper, that they mayn't clink; and be sure don't open it before him.

I know, dear father and mother, I must give you both grief and pleasure; and so I will only say, Pray for your Pamela; who will ever be

Your most dutiful DAUGHTER.

I have been scared out of my senses; for just now, as I was folding up this letter in my late lady's dressing-room, in comes my young master! Good sirs! how was I frightened! I went to hide the letter in my bosom; and he, seeing me tremble, said, smiling, To whom have you been writing, Pamela?—I said, in my confusion, Pray your honour forgive me!—Only to my father and mother. He said, Well then, let me see how you are come on in your writing! Oh how ashamed I was!—He took it, without saying more, and read it quite through, and then gave

it me again;—and I said, Pray your honour forgive me!—Yet I know not for what: for he was always dutiful to *his* parents; and why should he be angry that I was so to *mine?* And indeed he was not angry; for he took me by the hand, and said, You are a good girl, Pamela, to be kind to your aged father and mother. I am not angry with you for writing such innocent matters as these: though you ought to be wary what tales you send out of a family.—Be faithful and diligent; and do as you should do, and I like you better for this. And then he said, Why, Pamela, you write a very pretty hand, and spell tolerably too. I see my good mother's care in your learning has not been thrown away upon you. She used to say you loved reading; you may look into any of her books to improve yourself, so you take care of them. To be sure I did nothing but courtesy and cry, and was all in confusion, at his goodness. Indeed he is the best of gentlemen, I think! But I am making another long letter: So will only add to it, that I shall ever be

Your dutiful daughter,
PAMELA ANDREWS.

LETTER II.

[In answer to the preceding.]

DEAR PAMELA,—Your letter was indeed a great trouble, and some comfort, to me and your poor mother. We are troubled, to be sure, for your good lady's death, who took such care of you, and gave you learning, and, for three or four years past, has always been giving you clothes and linen, and everything that a gentlewoman need not be ashamed to appear in. But our chief trouble is, and indeed a very great one, for fear you should be brought to anything dishonest or wicked, by being set so above yourself. Everybody talks how you have come on, and what a genteel girl you are; and some say you are very pretty; and, indeed, six months since, when I saw you last, I should have thought so myself, if you was

not our child. But what avails all this, if you are to be ruined and undone!—Indeed, my dear Pamela, we begin to be in great fear for you; for what signify all the riches in the world, with a bad conscience, and to be dishonest! We are, 'tis true, very poor, and find it hard enough to live; though once, as you know, it was better with us. But we would sooner live upon the water, and, if possible, the clay of the ditches I contentedly dig, than live better at the price of our child's ruin.

I hope the good 'squire has no design: but when he has given you so much money, and speaks so kindly to you, and praises your coming on; and, oh, that fatal word! that he would be kind to you, if you would do *as you should do,* almost kills us with fears.

I have spoken to good old widow Mumford about it, who, you know, has formerly lived in good families; and she puts us in some comfort; for she says, it is not unusual, when a lady dies, to give what she has about her person to her waiting-maid, and to such as sit up with her in her illness. But, then, why should he smile so kindly upon you? Why should he take such a poor girl as you by the hand, as your letter says he has done twice? Why should he stoop to read your letter to us, and commend your writing and spelling? And why should he give you leave to read his mother's books?—Indeed, indeed, my dearest child, our hearts ache for you; and then you seem so full of *joy* at his goodness, so *taken* with his kind expressions (which, truly, are very great favours, if he means well), that we *fear*—yes, my dear child, we *fear*—you should be *too* grateful,—and reward him with that jewel, your virtue, which no riches, nor favour, nor anything in this life, can make up to you.

I, too, have written a long letter, but will say one thing more; and that is, that, in the midst of our poverty and misfortunes, we have trusted in God's goodness, and been honest, and doubt not to be happy hereafter, if we continue to be good, though our lot is hard here; but the loss of our dear child's virtue would be a grief that we could not bear, and would bring our grey hairs to the grave at once.

If, then, you love us, if you wish for God's blessing, and your own future happiness, we both charge you to stand upon your guard: and, if you find the least attempt made upon your virtue, be sure you leave everything behind you, and come away to us; for we had rather see you all covered with rags, and even follow you to the churchyard, than have it said, a child of ours preferred any worldly conveniences to her virtue.

We accept kindly of your dutiful present; but, till we are out of pain, cannot make use of it, for fear we should partake of the price of our poor daughter's shame: so have laid it up in a rag among the thatch, over the window, for a while, lest we should be robbed. With our blessings, and our hearty prayers for you, we remain,

Your careful, but loving Father and Mother,
JOHN AND ELIZABETH ANDREWS.

LETTER III.

DEAR FATHER,—I must needs say, your letter has filled me with trouble, for it has made my heart, which was overflowing with gratitude for my master's goodness, suspicious and fearful; and yet I hope I shall never find him to act unworthy of his character; for what could he get by ruining such a poor young creature as me? But that which gives me most trouble is, that you seem to mistrust the honesty of your child. No, my dear father and mother, be assured that, by God's grace, I never will do anything that shall bring your grey hairs with sorrow to the grave. I will die a thousand deaths, rather than be dishonest any way. Of that be assured, and set your hearts at rest; for although I have lived above myself for some time past, yet I can be content with rags and poverty, and bread and water, and will embrace them, rather than forfeit my good name, let who will be the tempter. And of this pray rest satisfied, and think better of

Your dutiful DAUGHTER till death.

My master continues to be very affable to me. As yet I see no cause to fear anything. Mrs. Jervis, the housekeeper, too, is very civil to me, and I have the love of everybody. Sure they can't *all* have designs against me, because they are civil! I hope I shall always behave so as to be respected by every one; and that nobody would do me more hurt than I am sure I would do them. Our John so often goes your way, that I will always get him to call, that you may hear from me, either by writing (for it brings my hand in), or by word of mouth.

LETTER IV.

Dear Mother,—For the last was to my father, in answer to his letter; and so I will now write to you; though I have nothing to say, but what will make me look more like a vain hussy, than anything else: However, I hope I shan't be so proud as to forget myself. Yet there is a secret pleasure one has to hear one's self praised. You must know, then, that my Lady Davers, who, I need not tell you, is my master's sister, has been a month at our house, and has taken great notice of me, and given me good advice to keep myself to myself. She told me I was a pretty wench, and that everybody gave me a very good character, and loved me; and bid me take care to keep the fellows at a distance; and said, *that* I might do, and be more valued for it, even by themselves.

But what pleased me much, was what I am going to tell you; for at table, as Mrs. Jervis says, my master and her ladyship talking of me, she told him, she thought me the prettiest wench she ever saw in her life; and that I was too pretty to live in a bachelor's house; since no lady he might marry would care to continue me with her. He said, I was vastly improved, and had a good share of prudence, and sense above my years; and that it would be pity, that what was my merit should be my misfortune.—No, says my good lady, Pamela shall come and live with me, I think. He said, with

all his heart; he should be glad to have me so well provided for. Well, said she, I'll consult my lord about it. She asked how old I was; and Mrs. Jervis said, I was fifteen last February. Oh! says she, if the wench (for so she calls all us maiden servants) takes care of herself, she'll improve yet more and more, as well in her person as mind.

Now, my dear father and mother, though this may look too vain to be repeated by me; yet are you not rejoiced, as well as I, to see my master so willing to part with me?—This shews that he has nothing bad in his heart. But John is just going away; and so I have only to say, that I am, and will always be,

Your honest as well as dutiful DAUGHTER.

Pray make use of the money. You may now do it safely.

LETTER V.

MY DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,—John being to go your way, I am willing to write, because he is so willing to carry anything for me. He says it does him good at his heart to see you both, and to hear you talk. He says you are both so sensible, and so honest, that he always learns something from you to the purpose. It is a thousand pities, he says, that such worthy hearts should not have better luck in the world! and wonders that you, my father, who are so well able to teach, and write so good a hand, succeeded no better in the school you attempted to set up; but was forced to go to such hard labour. But this is more pride to me, that I am come of such honest parents, than if I had been born a lady.

I hear nothing yet of going to Lady Davers; and I am very easy at present here: for Mrs. Jervis uses me as if I were her own daughter, and is a very good woman, and makes my master's interest her own. She is always giving me good counsel, and I love her next to you two, I think, best of anybody. She keeps so good rule and order, she is mightily re-

spected by us all; and takes delight to hear me read to her; and all she loves to hear read is good books, which we read whenever we are alone; so that I think I am at home with you. She heard one of our men, Harry, who is no better than he should be, speak freely to me; I think he called me his pretty Pamela, and took hold of me, as if he would have kissed me; for which, you may be sure, I was very angry: and she took him to task, and was as angry at him as could be; and told me she was very well pleased to see my prudence and modesty, and that I kept all the fellows at a distance. And indeed I am sure I am not proud, and carry it civilly to everybody; but yet, methinks, I cannot bear to be looked upon by these men servants; for they seem as if they would look one through; and, as I generally breakfast, dine, and sup with Mrs. Jervis (so good she is to me), I am very easy that I have so little to say to them. Not but they are very civil to me in the main, for Mrs. Jervis's sake, who they see loves me; and they stand in awe of her, knowing her to be a gentlewoman born, though she has had misfortunes.

I am going on again with a long letter; for I love writing, and shall tire you. But, when I began, I only intended to say, that I am quite fearless of any danger now: and, indeed, cannot but wonder at myself (though your caution to me was your watchful love), that I should be so foolish as to be so uneasy as I have been: for I am sure my master would not demean himself, so as to think upon such a poor girl as I, for my harm. For such a thing would ruin his credit, as well as mine, you know: who, to be sure, may expect one of the best ladies in the land. So no more at present, but that I am

Your ever dutiful DAUGHTER.

LETTER VI.

DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,—My master has been very kind since my last; for he has given me a suit of my late lady's clothes, and half a dozen of her shifts, and six fine handker-

chiefs, and three of her cambric aprons, and four holland ones. The clothes are fine silk, and too rich and too good for me, to be sure. I wish it was no affront to him to make money of them, and send it to you: it would do me more good.

You will be full of fears, I warrant now, of some design upon me, till I tell you, that he was with Mrs. Jervis when he gave them me; and he gave her a mort of good things, at the same time, and bid her wear them in remembrance of her good friend, my lady, his mother. And when he gave me these fine things, he said, These, Pamela, are for you; have them made fit for you, when your mourning is laid by, and wear them for your good mistress's sake. Mrs. Jervis gives you a very good word; and I would have you continue to behave as prudently as you have done hitherto, and everybody will be your friend.

I was so surprised at his goodness, that I could not tell what to say. I courtesied to him, and to Mrs. Jervis for her good word; and said, I wished I might be deserving of his favour and her kindness: and nothing should be wanting in me, to the best of my knowledge.

Oh how amiable a thing is doing good!—It is all I envy great folks for.

I always thought my young master a fine gentleman, as everybody says he is: but he gave these good things to us both with such a graciousness, as I thought he looked like an angel.

Mrs. Jervis says, he asked her, if I kept the men at a distance? for, he said, I was very pretty: and to be drawn in to have any of them, might be my ruin, and make me poor and miserable betimes. She never is wanting to give me a good word, and took occasion to lanch out in my praise, she says. But I hope she has said no more than I shall try to deserve, though I mayn't at present. I am sure I will always love her, next to you and my dear mother. So I rest

Your ever dutiful DAUGHTER.

LETTER VII.

Dear Father,—Since my last, my master gave me more fine things. He called me up to my late lady's closet, and, pulling out her drawers, he gave me two suits of fine Flanders laced head-clothes, three pair of fine silk shoes, two hardly the worse, and just fit for me (for my lady had a very little foot), and the other with wrought silver buckles in them; and several ribands and top-knots of all colours; four pair of white fine cotton stockings, and three pair of fine silk ones; and two pair of rich stays. I was quite astonished, and unable to speak for a while; but yet I was inwardly ashamed to take the stockings; for Mrs. Jervis was not there: If she had, it would have been nothing. I believe I received them very awkwardly; for he smiled at my awkwardness, and said, Don't blush, Pamela: dost think I don't know pretty maids should wear shoes and stockings?

I was so confounded at these words, you might have beat me down with a feather. For you must think, there was no answer to be made to this: So, like a fool, I was ready to cry; and went away courtesying and blushing, I am sure, up to the ears; for, though there was no harm in what he said, yet I did not know how to take it. But I went and told all to Mrs. Jervis, who said, God put it into his heart to be good to me; and I must double my diligence. It looked to her, she said, as if he would fit me in dress for a waiting-maid's place on Lady Davers's own person.

But still your kind fatherly cautions came into my head, and made all these gifts nothing near to me what they would have been. But yet, I hope, there is no reason; for what good could it do him to harm such a simple maiden as me? Besides, to be sure no lady would look upon him, if he should so disgrace himself. So I will make myself easy; and, indeed, I should never have been otherwise, if you had not put it into my head; for my good, I know very well. But, may be, without these uneasinesses to mingle with these benefits, I might be too much puffed up: So I will conclude, all that

happens is for our good; and God bless you, my dear father and mother; and I know you constantly pray for a blessing upon me; who am, and shall always be,

Your dutiful DAUGHTER.

LETTER VIII.

DEAR PAMELA,—I cannot but renew my cautions on your master's kindness, and his free expression to you about the stockings. Yet there may not be, and I hope there is not, anything in it. But when I reflect, that there *possibly* may, and that if there should, no less depends upon it than my child's everlasting happiness in this world and the next; it is enough to make one fearful for you. Arm yourself, my dear child, for the worst; and resolve to lose your life sooner than your virtue. What though the doubts I filled you with, lessen the pleasure you would have had in your master's kindness; yet what signify the delights that arise from a few paltry fine clothes, in comparison with a good conscience?

These are, indeed, very great favours that he heaps upon you, but so much the more to be suspected; and when you say he looked so amiably, and like an angel, how afraid I am, that they should make too great an impression upon you! For, though you are blessed with sense and prudence above your years, yet I tremble to think, what a sad hazard a poor maiden of little more than fifteen years of age stands against the temptations of this world, and a designing young gentleman, if he should prove so, who has so much *power* to oblige, and has a kind of *authority* to command, as your master.

I charge you, my dear child, on both our blessings, poor as we are, to be on your guard; there can be no harm in that. And since Mrs. Jervis is so good a gentlewoman, and so kind to you, I am the easier a great deal, and so is your mother; and we hope you will hide nothing from her, and take her

counsel in everything. So, with our blessings, and assured prayers for you, more than for ourselves, we remain

Your loving FATHER and MOTHER.

Be sure don't let people's telling you, you are pretty, puff you up; for you did not make yourself, and so can have no praise due to you for it. It is virtue and goodness only that make the true beauty. Remember that, Pamela.

LETTER IX.

DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,—I am sorry to write you word, that the hopes I had of going to wait on Lady Davers are quite over. My lady would have had me; but my master, as I heard by the by, would not consent to it. He said her nephew might be taken with me, and I might draw him in, or be drawn in by him; and he thought, as his mother loved me, and committed me to his care, he ought to continue me with him; and Mrs. Jervis would be a mother to me. Mrs. Jervis tells me the lady shook her head, and said, *Ah! brother!* and that was all. And as you have made me fearful by your cautions, my heart at times misgives me. But I say nothing yet of your caution, or my own uneasiness, to Mrs. Jervis; not that I mistrust her, but for fear she should think me presumptuous, and vain and conceited, to have any fears about the matter, from the great distance between such a gentleman and so poor a girl. But yet Mrs. Jervis seemed to build something upon Lady Davers's shaking her head, and saying, *Ah! brother!* and no more. God, I hope, will give me His grace; and so I will not, if I can help it, make myself too uneasy; for I hope there is no occasion. But every little matter that happens, I will acquaint you with, that you may continue to me your good advice, and pray for

Your sad-hearted

PAMELA.

LETTER X.

DEAR MOTHER,—You and my good father may wonder you have not had a letter from me in so many weeks; but a sad, sad scene, has been the occasion of it. For to be sure, now it is too plain, that all your cautions were well grounded. Oh my dear mother! I am miserable, truly miserable!—But yet, don't be frightened, I am honest!—God, of His goodness, keep me so!

Oh this angel of a master! this fine gentleman! this gracious benefactor to your poor Pamela! who was to take care of me at the prayer of his good dying mother; who was so apprehensive for me, lest I should be drawn in by Lord Davers's nephew, that he would not let me go to Lady Davers's: This very gentleman (yes, I *must* call him gentleman, though he has fallen from the merit of that title) has degraded himself to offer freedoms to his poor servant! He has now showed himself in his true colours; and, to *me*, nothing appear so black, and so frightful.

I have not been idle; but had writ from time to time, how he, by sly mean degrees, exposed his wicked views; but somebody stole my letter, and I know not what has become of it. It was a very long one. I fear, he that was mean enough to do bad things, in one respect, did not stick at *this*. But be it as it will, all the use he can make of it will be, that he may be ashamed of *his* part; I not of *mine:* for he will see I was resolved to be virtuous, and gloried in the honesty of my poor parents.

I will tell you all, the next opportunity, for I am watched very narrowly; and he says to Mrs. Jervis, This girl is always scribbling; I think she may be better employed. And yet I work all hours with my needle, upon his linen, and the fine linen of the family; and am, besides, about flowering him a waistcoat.—But, oh! my heart's broke almost; for what am I likely to have for my reward, but shame and disgrace, or else

ill words, and hard treatment! I'll tell you all soon, and hope I shall find my long letter.

Your most afflicted DAUGHTER.

May be, I *he* and *him,* too much: but it is his own fault if I do. For why did he lose all his dignity with me?

LETTER XI.

DEAR MOTHER,—Well, I can't find my letter, and so I'll try to recollect it all, and be as brief as I can. All went well enough in the main for some time after my letter but one. At last, I saw some reason to *suspect;* for he would look upon me, whenever he saw me, in such a manner as showed not well; and one day he came to me, as I was in the summer-house in the little garden, at work with my needle, and Mrs. Jervis was just gone from me; and I would have gone out, but he said, No, don't go, Pamela; I have something to say to you; and you always fly me when I come near you, as if you were afraid of me.

I was much out of countenance, you may well think; but said, at last, It does not become your poor servant to stay in your presence, sir, without your business required it; and I hope I shall always know my place.

Well, says he, my business does require it sometimes; and I have a mind you should stay to hear what I have to say to you.

I stood still confounded, and began to tremble, and the more when he took me by the hand; for now no soul was near us.

My sister Davers, said he (and seemed, I thought, to be as much at a loss for words as I), would have had you live with *her;* but she would not do for you what I am resolved to do, if you continue faithful and obliging. What say'st thou, my girl? said he with some eagerness; had'st thou not rather

stay with me, than go to my sister Davers? He looked so, as filled me with affrightment; I don't know how; wildly, I thought.

I said, when I could speak, Your honour will forgive me; but as you have no lady for me to wait upon, and my good lady has been now dead this twelvemonth, I had rather, if it would not displease you, wait upon Lady Davers, *because*——

I was proceeding, and he said, a little hastily—*Because* you are a little fool, and know not what's good for yourself. I tell you I will make a gentlewoman of you, if you be obliging, and don't stand in your own light; and so saying, he put his arm about me, and kissed me!

Now, you will say, all his wickedness appeared plainly. I struggled and trembled, and was so benumbed with terror, that I sunk down, not in a fit, and yet not myself; and I found myself in his arms, quite void of strength; and he kissed me two or three times, with frightful eagerness.—At last I burst from him, and was getting out of the summer-house; but he held me back, and shut the door.

I would have given my life for a farthing. And he said, I'll do you no harm, Pamela; don't be afraid of me. I said, I won't stay. You won't, hussy! said he: do you know whom you speak to? I lost all fear, and all respect, and said, Yes, I do, sir, too well!—Well may I forget that I am your servant, when you forget what belongs to a master.

I sobbed and cried most sadly. What a foolish hussy you are! said he: have I done you any harm?—Yes, sir, said I, the greatest harm in the world: You have taught me to forget myself and what belongs to me, and have lessened the distance that fortune has made between us, by demeaning yourself to be so free to a poor servant. Yet, sir, I will be bold to say, I am honest, though poor: and if you was a prince, I would not be otherwise.

He was angry, and said, Who would have you otherwise, you foolish slut! Cease your blubbering. I own I have demeaned myself; but it was only to try you: If you can keep this matter secret, you'll give me the better opinion of your

prudence; and here's something, said he, putting some gold in my hand, to make you amends for the fright I put you in. Go, take a walk in the garden, and don't go in till your blubbering is over: and I charge you say nothing of what is past, and all shall be well, and I'll forgive you.

I won't take the money, indeed, sir, said I, poor as I am: I won't take it. For, to say truth, I thought it looked like taking earnest, and so I put it upon the bench; and as he seemed vexed and confused at what he had done, I took the opportunity to open the door, and went out of the summer-house.

He called to me, and said, Be secret, I charge you, Pamela; and don't go in yet, as I told you.

Oh how poor and mean must those actions be, and how little must they make the best of gentlemen look, when they offer such things as are unworthy of themselves, and put it into the power of their inferiors to be greater than they!

I took a turn or two in the garden, but in sight of the house, for fear of the worst; and breathed upon my hand to dry my eyes, because I would not be too disobedient. My next shall tell you more.

Pray for me, my dear father and mother; and don't be angry I have not yet run away from this house, so late my comfort and delight, but now my terror and anguish. I am forced to break off hastily.

Your dutiful and honest DAUGHTER.

LETTER XII.

DEAR MOTHER,—Well, I will now proceed with my sad story. And so, after I had dried my eyes, I went in, and began to ruminate with myself what I had best to do. Sometimes I thought I would leave the house and go to the next town, and wait an opportunity to get to you; but then I was at a loss to resolve whether to take away the things he had given me or no, and how to take them away: Sometimes I

thought to leave them behind me, and only go with the clothes on my back, but then I had two miles and a half, and a by-way, to the town; and being pretty well dressed, I might come to some harm, almost as bad as what I would run away from; and then may be, thought I, it will be reported, I have stolen something, and so was forced to run away; and to carry a bad name back with me to my dear parents, would be a sad thing indeed!—Oh how I wished for my grey russet again, and my poor honest dress, with which you fitted me out (and hard enough too it was for you to do it!) for going to this place, when I was not twelve years old, in my good lady's days! Sometimes I thought of telling Mrs. Jervis, and taking her advice, and only feared his command to be secret; for, thought I, he may be ashamed of his actions, and never attempt the like again: And as poor Mrs. Jervis depended upon him, through misfortunes, that had attended her, I thought it would be a sad thing to bring his displeasure upon her for my sake.

In this quandary, now considering, now crying, and not knowing what to do, I passed the time in my chamber till evening; when desiring to be excused going to supper, Mrs. Jervis came up to me, and said, Why must I sup without you, Pamela? Come, I see you are troubled at something; tell me what is the matter.

I begged I might be permitted to lie with her on nights; for I was afraid of spirits, and they would not hurt such a good person as she. That was a silly excuse, she said; for why was not you afraid of spirits before?—(Indeed I did not think of that.) But you shall be my bed-fellow with all my heart, added she, let your reason be what it will; only come down to supper. I begged to be excused; for, said I, I have been crying so, that it will be taken notice of by my fellow-servants; and I will hide nothing from you, Mrs. Jervis, when we are alone.

She was so good to indulge me; but made haste to come up to bed; and told the servants, that I should lie with her, because she could not rest well, and would get me to read her to sleep; for she knew I loved reading, she said.

When we were alone, I told her all that had passed; for I thought, though he had bid me not, yet if he should come to know I had told, it would be no worse; for to keep a secret of such a nature, would be, as I apprehended, to deprive myself of the good advice which I never wanted more; and might encourage him to think I did not resent it as I ought, and would keep worse secrets, and so make him do worse by me. Was I right, my dear mother?

Mrs. Jervis could not help mingling tears with my tears; for I cried all the time I was telling her the story, and begged her to advise me what to do; and I showed her my dear father's two letters, and she praised the honesty and inditing of them, and said pleasing things to me of you both. But she begged I would not think of leaving my service; for, said she, in all likelihood, you behaved so virtuously, that he will be ashamed of what he has done, and never offer the like to you again: though, my dear Pamela, said she, I feel more for your prettiness than for anything else; because the best man in the land might love you: so she was pleased to say. She wished it was in her power to live independent; then she would take a little private house, and I should live with her like her daughter.

And so, as you ordered me to take her advice, I resolved to tarry to see how things went, except he was to turn me away; although, in your first letter, you ordered me to come away the moment I had any reason to be apprehensive. So, dear father and mother, it is not disobedience, I hope, that I stay; for I could not expect a blessing, or the good fruits of your prayers for me, if I was disobedient.

All the next day I was very sad, and began my long letter. He saw me writing, and said (as I mentioned) to Mrs. Jervis, That girl is always scribbling; methinks she might find something else to do, or to that purpose. And when I had finished my letter, I put it under the toilet in my late lady's dressing-room, whither nobody comes but myself and Mrs. Jervis, besides my master; but when I came up again to seal it, to my great concern, it was gone; and Mrs. Jervis knew nothing of it; and nobody knew of my master's having been

near the place in the time; so I have been sadly troubled about it: But Mrs. Jervis, as well as I, thinks he has it, somehow or other; and he appears cross and angry, and seems to shun me, as much as he said I did him. It had better be so than worse!

But he has ordered Mrs. Jervis to bid me not pass so much time in writing; which is a poor matter for such a gentleman as he to take notice of, as I am not idle other ways, if he did not resent what he thought I wrote upon. And this has no very good look.

But I am a good deal easier since I lie with Mrs. Jervis; though, after all, the fears I live in on one side, and his frowning and displeasure at what I do on the other, make me more miserable than enough.

Oh that I had never left my little bed in the loft, to be thus exposed to temptations on one hand, or disgusts on the other! How happy was I awhile ago! How contrary now!—Pity and pray for

Your afflicted

PAMELA.

LETTER XIII.

MY DEAREST CHILD,—Our hearts bleed for your distress, and the temptations you are exposed to. You have our hourly prayers; and we would have you flee this evil great house and man, if you find he renews his attempts. You ought to have done it at first, had you not had Mrs. Jervis to advise with. We can find no fault in your conduct hitherto: But it makes our hearts ache for fear of the worst. Oh my child! temptations are sore things; but yet, without them, we know not ourselves, nor what we are able to do.

Your danger is very great; for you have riches, youth, and a fine gentleman, as the world reckons him, to withstand; but how great will be your honour to withstand them! And when we consider your past conduct, and your virtuous edu-

cation, and that you have been bred to be more ashamed of dishonesty than poverty, we trust in God, that He will enable you to overcome. Yet, as we can't see but your life must be a burthen to you, through the great apprehensions always upon you; and that it may be presumptuous to trust too much to your own strength; and that you are but very young; and the devil may put into his heart to use some stratagem, of which great men are full, to decoy you; I think you had better come home to share our poverty with safety, than live with so much discontent in a plenty, that itself may be dangerous. God direct you for the best! While you have Mrs. Jervis for an adviser, and bed-fellow (and oh, my dear child! that was prudently done of you), we are easier than we should be; and so committing you to the divine protection, remain

Your truly loving, but careful,

FATHER AND MOTHER.

LETTER XIV.

DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,—Mrs. Jervis and I have lived very comfortably together for this fortnight past; for my master was all that time at his Lincolnshire estate, and at his sister's, the Lady Davers. But he came home yesterday. He had some talk with Mrs. Jervis soon after, and mostly about me. He said to her, it seems, Well, Mrs. Jervis, I know Pamela has your good word; but do you think her of any use in the family? She told me she was surprised at the question, but said, That I was one of the most virtuous and industrious young creatures that ever she knew. Why that word *virtuous,* said he, I pray you? Was there any reason to suppose her otherwise? Or has anyone taken it into his head to *try* her?—I wonder, sir, says she, you ask such a question! Who dare offer anything to her in such an orderly and well-governed house as yours, and under a master of so good a character for virtue and honour? Your servant, Mrs. Jervis, says he, for your good opinion; but pray, if anybody *did,* do

you think Pamela would let *you* know it? Why, sir, said she, she is a poor innocent young creature, and I believe has so much confidence in me, that she would take my advice as soon as she would her mother's. *Innocent!* again, and *virtuous,* I warrant! Well, Mrs. Jervis, you abound with your epithets; but I take her to be an artful young baggage; and had I a young handsome butler or steward, she'd soon make her market of one of them, if she thought it worth while to snap at him for a husband. Alack-a-day, sir, said she, it is early days with Pamela; and she does not yet think of a husband, I daresay: and your steward and butler are both men in years, and think nothing of the matter. No, said he, if they were younger, they'd have more wit than to think of such a girl; I'll tell you my mind of her, Mrs. Jervis: I don't think this same favourite of yours so very artless a girl as you imagine. I am not to dispute with your honour, said Mrs. Jervis; but I daresay, if the men will let her alone she'll never trouble herself about them. Why, Mrs. Jervis, said he, are there any men that will not let her alone, that you know of? No, indeed, sir, said she; she keeps herself so much to herself, and yet behaves so prudently, that they all esteem her, and show her as great a respect as if she was a gentlewoman born.

Ay, says he, that's her art, that I was speaking of: but, let me tell you, the girl has vanity and conceit, and pride too, or I am mistaken; and, perhaps, I could give you an instance of it. Sir, said she, you can see farther than such a poor silly woman as I am; but I never saw anything but innocence in her.—And *virtue* too, I'll warrant ye! said he. But suppose I could give you an instance, where she has talked a little too freely of the kindnesses that have been shown her from a *certain quarter;* and has had the vanity to impute a few kind words, uttered in mere compassion to her youth and circumstances, into a design upon her, and even dared to make free with names that she ought never to mention but with reverence and gratitude; what would you say to that?—Say, sir! said she, I cannot tell what to say. But I hope Pamela incapable of such ingratitude.

Well, no more of this silly girl, says he; you may only advise her, as you are her friend, not to give herself too much licence upon the favours she meets with; and if she stays here, that she will not write the affairs of my family purely for an exercise to her pen, and her invention. I tell you she is a subtle, artful gipsy, and time will show it you.

Was ever the like heard, my dear father and mother? It is plain he did not expect to meet with such a repulse, and mistrusts that I have told Mrs. Jervis, and has my long letter too, that I intended for you; and so is vexed to the heart. But I can't help it. I had better be thought artful and subtle, than be so, in *his* sense; and, as light as he makes of the words *virtue* and *innocence* in me, he would have made a less angry construction, had I less deserved that he should do so; for then, may be, my *crime* should have been my *virtue* with him; naughty gentleman as he is!

I will soon write again; but must now end with saying, that I am, and shall always be,

Your honest DAUGHTER.

LETTER XV.

DEAR MOTHER,—I broke off abruptly my last letter for I feared he was coming; and so it happened. I put the letter in my bosom, and took up my work, which lay by me; but I had so little of the *artful,* as he called it, that I looked as confused as if I had been doing some great harm.

Sit still, Pamela, said he, mind your work, for all me. You don't tell me I am welcome home, after my journey to Lincolnshire.—It would be hard, sir, said I, if you was not always welcome to your honour's own house.

I would have gone; but he said, Don't run away, I tell you. I have a word or two to say to you. Good sirs, how my heart went pit-a-pat! When I was a *little kind* to you, said he, in the summer-house, and you carried yourself so *foolishly* upon it, as if I had intended to do you great harm, did I

not tell you you should take no notice of what passed to any creature? and yet you have made a common talk of the matter, not considering either my reputation, or your own.—I made a common talk of it, sir! said I: I have nobody to talk to, hardly.

He interrupted me, and said, *Hardly!* you little equivocator! what do you mean by *hardly?* Let me ask you, have not you told Mrs. Jervis for one? Pray your honour, said I, all in agitation, let me go down; for it is not for me to hold an argument with your honour. Equivocator, again! said he, and took my hand, what do you talk of an *argument?* Is it holding an argument with me to answer a plain question? Answer me what I asked. Oh, good sir, said I, let me beg you will not urge me farther, for fear I forget myself again, and be saucy.

Answer me then, I bid you, says he, have you not told Mrs. Jervis? It will be saucy in you if you don't answer me directly to what I ask. Sir, said I, and fain would have pulled my hand away, perhaps I should be for answering you by another question, and that would not become me. What is it you would say? replies he; speak out.

Then, sir, said I, why should your honour be so angry I should tell Mrs. Jervis, or anybody else, what passed, if you intended no harm?

Well said, pretty *innocent* and *artless!* as Mrs. Jervis calls you, said he; and is it thus you taunt and retort upon me, insolent as you are! But still I will be answered directly to my question. Why then, sir, said I, I will not tell a lie for the world: I *did* tell Mrs. Jervis; for my heart was almost broken; but I opened not my mouth to any other. Very well, bold-face, said he, and equivocator again! You did not open your *mouth* to any other; but did not you write to some other? Why now, and please your honour, said I (for I was quite courageous just then), you could not have asked me this question, if you had not taken from me my letter to my father and mother, in which I own I had broken my mind freely to them, and asked their advice, and poured forth my griefs!

And so I am to be exposed, am I, said he, *in* my own house,

and *out* of my house, to the whole world, by such a saucebox as you? No, good sir, said I, and I hope your honour won't be angry with me; it is not I that expose you, if I say nothing but the truth. So, taunting again! Assurance as you are! said he: I will not be thus talked to!

Pray, sir, said I, of whom can a poor girl take advice, if it must not be of her father and mother, and such a good woman as Mrs. Jervis, who, for her sex-sake, should give it me when asked? Insolence! said he, and stamped with his foot, am I to be questioned thus by such a one as you? I fell down on my knees, and said, For Heaven's sake, your honour, pity a poor creature, that knows nothing of her duty, but how to cherish her virtue and good name: I have nothing else to trust to; and, though poor and friendless here, yet I have always been taught to value honesty above my life. Here's ado with your honesty, said he, foolish girl! Is it not one part of honesty to be dutiful and grateful to your master, do you think? Indeed, sir, said I, it is impossible I should be ungrateful to your honour, or disobedient, or deserve the names of bold-face and insolent, which you call me, but when your commands are contrary to that first duty which shall ever be the principle of my life!

He seemed to be moved, and rose up, and walked into the great chamber two or three turns, leaving me on my knees; and I threw my apron over my face, and laid my head on a chair, and cried as if my heart would break, having no power to stir.

At last he came in again, but, alas! with mischief in his heart! and raising me up, he said, Rise, Pamela, rise; you are your own enemy. Your perverse folly will be your ruin: I tell you this, that I am very much displeased with the freedoms you have taken with my name to my housekeeper, as also to your father and mother; and you may as well have *real* cause to take these freedoms with me, as to make my name suffer for *imaginary* ones. And saying so, he offered to take me on his knee, with some force. Oh how I was terrified! I said, like as I had read in a book a night or two before, Angels and saints, and all the host of heaven, defend

me! And may I never survive, one moment, that fatal one in which I shall forfeit my innocence! Pretty fool! said he, how will you forfeit your innocence, if you are obliged to yield to a force you cannot withstand? Be easy, said he; for let the worst happen that can, *you* will have the merit, and *I* the blame; and it will be a good subject for letters to your father and mother, and a tale into the bargain for Mrs. Jervis.

He by force kissed my neck and lips; and said, Whoever blamed *Lucretia?* All the shame lay on the ravisher only: and I am content to take all the blame upon me, as I have already borne too great a share for what I have not deserved. May I, said I, *Lucretia* like, justify myself with my death, if I am used barbarously! Oh, my good girl, said he tauntingly, you are well read, I see; and we shall make out between us, before we have done, a pretty story in romance, I warrant ye.

He then put his hand in my bosom, and indignation gave me double strength, and I got loose from him by a sudden spring, and ran out of the room! and the next chamber being open, I made shift to get into it, and threw to the door, and it locked after me; but he followed me so close, he got hold of my gown, and tore a piece off, which hung without the door; for the key was on the inside.

I just remember I got into the room; for I knew nothing further of the matter till afterwards; for I fell into a fit with my terror, and there I lay, till he, as I suppose, looking through the key-hole, 'spyed me upon the floor, stretched out at length, on my face; and then he called Mrs. Jervis to me, who, by his assistance, bursting open the door, he went away, seeing me coming to myself; and bid her say nothing of the matter, if she was wise.

Poor Mrs. Jervis thought it was worse, and cried over me like as if she was my mother; and I was two hours before I came to myself; and just as I got a little up on my feet, he coming in, I fainted away again with the terror; and so he withdrew: but he stayed in the next room to let nobody come near us, that his foul proceedings might not be known.

Mrs. Jervis gave me her smelling-bottle, and had cut my laces, and set me in a great chair, and he called her to him: How is the girl? said he: I never saw such a fool in my life. I did nothing at all to her. Mrs. Jervis could not speak for crying. So he said, She has told you, it seems, that I was kind to her in the summer-house, though, I'll assure you, I was quite innocent then as well as now; and I desire you to keep this matter to yourself, and let *me* not be named in it.

Oh, sir, said she, for your honour's sake, and for Christ's sake!—But he would not hear her, and said—For *your own* sake, I tell you, Mrs. Jervis, say not a word more. I have done her no harm. And I won't have her stay in my house; prating, perverse fool, as she is! But since she is so apt to fall into fits, or at least pretend to do so, prepare her to see me to-morrow after dinner, in my mother's closet, and do you be with her, and you shall hear what passes between us.

And so he went out in a pet, and ordered his chariot and four to be got ready, and went a visiting somewhere.

Mrs. Jervis then came to me, and I told her all that had happened, and said, I was resolved not to stay in the house: And she replying, He seemed to threaten as much; I said, I am glad of that; then I shall be easy. So she told me all he had said to her, as above.

Mrs. Jervis is very loath I should go; and yet, poor woman! she begins to be afraid for herself; but would not have me ruined for the world. She says to be sure he means no good; but may be, now he sees me so resolute, he will give over all attempts: and that I shall better know what to do after to-morrow, when I am to appear before a very bad judge, I doubt.

Oh how I dread this to-morrow's appearance! But be as assured, my dear parents, of the honesty of your poor child, as I am of your prayers for

Your dutiful DAUGHTER.

Oh this frightful to-morrow; how I dread it!

LETTER XVI.

My dear Parents,—I know you longed to hear from me soon; and I send you as soon as I could.

Well, you may believe how uneasily I passed the time, till his appointed hour came. Every minute, as it grew nearer, my terrors increased; and sometimes I had great courage, and sometimes none at all; and I thought I should faint when it came to the time my master had dined. I could neither eat nor drink, for my part; and do what I could, my eyes were swelled with crying.

At last he went up to the closet, which was my good lady's dressing-room; a room I once loved, but then as much hated.

Don't your heart ache for me?—I am sure mine fluttered about like a new-caught bird in a cage. O Pamela! said I to myself, why art thou so foolish and fearful? Thou hast done no harm! What, if thou fearest an unjust judge, when thou art innocent, would'st thou do before a just one, if thou wert guilty? Have courage, Pamela, thou knowest the worst! And how easy a choice poverty and honesty is, rather than plenty and wickedness.

So I cheered myself; but yet my poor heart sunk, and my spirits were quite broken. Everything that stirred, I thought was to call me to my account. I dreaded it, and yet I wished it to come.

Well, at last he rung the bell: Oh, thought I, that it was my passing-bell! Mrs. Jervis went up, with a full heart enough, poor good woman! He said, Where's Pamela? Let her come up, and do you come with her. She came to me: I was ready to go with my feet; but my heart was with my dear father and mother, wishing to share your poverty and happiness. I went up, however.

Oh how can wicked men seem so steady and untouched with such black hearts, while poor innocents stand like malefactors before them!

He looked so stern, that my heart failed me, and I wished myself anywhere but there, though I had before been summoning up all my courage. Good Heaven, said I to myself,

give me courage to stand before this naughty master! Oh soften him, or harden me!

Come in, fool, said he angrily, as soon as he saw me (and snatched my hand with a pull); you may well be ashamed to see me, after your noise and nonsense, and exposing me as you have done. I ashamed to see *you!* thought I: Very pretty indeed!—But I said nothing.

Mrs. Jervis, said he, here you are both together. Do you sit down; but let her stand, if she will. Ay, thought I, if I *can;* for my knees beat one against the other. Did you not think, when you saw the girl in the way you found her in, that I had given her the greatest occasion for complaint, that could possibly be given to a woman? And that I had actually ruined her, as she calls it? Tell me, *could* you think anything less? Indeed, said she, I feared so at first. Has she told you what I did to her, and *all* I did to her, to occasion all this folly, by which my reputation might have suffered in your opinion, and in that of all the family.—Inform me, what she has told you?

She was a little too much frightened, as she owned afterwards, at his sternness, and said, Indeed she told me you *only* pulled her on your knee, and kissed her.

Then I plucked up my spirits a little. *Only!* Mrs. Jervis? said I; and was not that enough to show me what I had to fear? When a master of his honour's degree demeans himself to be so free as *that* to such a poor servant as me, what is the next to be expected?—But your honour went further, so you did; and threatened me what you would do, and talked of *Lucretia,* and her hard fate.—Your honour knows you went too far for a master to a servant, or even to his equal; and I cannot bear it. So I fell a crying most sadly.

Mrs. Jervis began to excuse me, and to beg he would pity a poor maiden, that had such a value for her reputation. He said, I speak it to her face, I think her very pretty, and I thought her humble, and one that would not grow upon my favours, or the notice I took of her; but I abhor the thoughts of forcing her to anything. I know myself better, said he,

and what belongs to me: And to be sure I have enough demeaned myself to take notice of such a one as she; but I was bewitched by her, I think, to be freer than became me; though I had no intention to carry the jest farther.

What poor stuff was all this, my dear mother, from a man of his sense! But see how a bad cause and bad actions confound the greatest wits!—It gave me a little more courage then; for innocence, I find, in a low fortune, and weak mind has many advantages over guilt, with all its riches and wisdom.

So I said, Your honour may call this jest or sport, or what you please; but indeed, sir, it is not a jest that becomes the distance between a master and a servant. Do you hear, Mrs. Jervis? said he: do you hear the pertness of the creature? I had a good deal of this sort before in the summer-house, and yesterday too, which made me rougher with her than perhaps I had otherwise been.

Says Mrs. Jervis, Pamela, don't be so pert to his honour: you should know your distance; you see his honour was only in jest.—Oh dear Mrs. Jervis, said I, don't *you* blame me too. It is very difficult to keep one's distance to the greatest of men, when they won't keep it themselves to their meanest servants.

See again! said he; could you believe this of the young baggage, if you had not heard it? Good your honour, said the well-meaning gentlewoman, pity and forgive the poor girl; she is but a girl, and her virtue is very dear to her; and I will pawn my life for her, she will never be pert to your honour, if you'll be so good as to molest her no more, nor frighten her again. You saw, sir, by her fit, she was in terror; she could not help it; and though your honour intended her no harm, yet the apprehension was almost death to her: and I had much ado to bring her to herself again. Oh the little hypocrite! said he; she has all the arts of her sex; they were *born* with her; and I told you awhile ago you did not know her. But this was not the reason principally of my calling you before me together. I find I am likely to suffer in my reputation by the perverseness and folly of this

girl. She has told you all, and perhaps more than all; nay, I make no doubt of it; and she has written letters (for I find she is a mighty letter-writer!) to her father and mother, and others, as far as I know, in which representing herself as an angel of light, she makes her kind master and benefactor, a devil incarnate—(Oh how people will sometimes, thought I, call themselves by their right names!)—And all this, added he, I won't bear; and so I am resolved she shall return to the distresses and poverty she was taken from; and let her be careful how she uses my name with freedom, when she is gone from me.

I was brightened up at once with these welcome words, and I threw myself upon my knees at his feet, with a most sincere glad heart; and I said, May your honour be for ever blessed for your resolution! Now I shall be happy. And permit me, on my bended knees, to thank you for all the benefits and favours you have heaped upon me; for the opportunities I have had of improvement and learning, through my good lady's means, and yours. I will now forget all your honour has offered me: and I promise you, that I will never let your name pass my lips, but with reverence and gratitude: and so God Almighty bless your honour, for ever and ever! Amen.

Then rising from my knees, I went away with another-guise sort of heart than I came into his presence with: and so I fell to writing this letter. And thus all is happily over.

And now, my dearest father and mother, expect to see soon your poor daughter, with an humble and dutiful mind, returned to you: and don't fear but I know how to be as happy with you as ever: for I will lie in the loft, as I used to do; and pray let my little bed be got ready; and I have a small matter of money, which will buy me a suit of clothes, fitter for my condition than what I have; and I will get Mrs. Mumford to help me to some needlework; and fear not that I shall be a burden to you, if my health continues. I know I shall be blessed, if not for my own sake, for both *your* sakes, who have, in all your trials and misfortunes, preserved so much integrity as makes everybody speak well of you both. But I hope he will let good Mrs. Jervis give me a character,

for fear it should be thought that I was turned away for dishonesty.

And so, my dear parents, may you be blest for me, and I for you! And I will always pray for my master and Mrs. Jervis. So good-night; for it is late, and I shall be soon called to bed.

I hope Mrs. Jervis is not angry with me. She has not called me to supper: though I could eat nothing if she had. But I make no doubt I shall sleep purely to-night, and dream that I am with you, in my dear, dear, happy loft once more.

So good-night again, my dear father and mother, says

Your poor honest DAUGHTER.

Perhaps I mayn't come this week, because I must get up the linen, and leave in order everything belonging to my place. So send me a line, if you can, to let me know if I shall be welcome, by John, who will call for it as he returns. But say nothing of my coming away to him, as yet: for it will be said I blab everything.

LETTER XVII.

MY DEAREST DAUGHTER,—Welcome, welcome, ten times welcome shall you be to us; for you come to us innocent, and happy, and honest; and you are the staff of our old age, and our comfort. And though we cannot do for you as we would, yet, fear not, we shall live happily together; and what with my diligent labour, and your poor mother's spinning, and your needlework, I make no doubt we shall do better and better. Only your poor mother's eyes begin to fail her; though, I bless God, I am as strong and able, and willing to labour as ever; and oh, my dear child! your virtue has made me, I think, stronger and better than I was before. What blessed things are trials and temptations, when we have the strength to resist and subdue them!

But I am uneasy about those same four guineas: I think

you should give them back again to your master; and yet I have broken them. Alas! I have only three left; but I will borrow the fourth, if I can, part upon my wages, and part of Mrs. Mumford, and send the whole sum back to you, that you may return it, against John comes next, if he comes again before you.

I want to know how you come. I fancy honest John will be glad to bear you company part of the way, if your master is not so cross as to forbid him. And if I know time enough, your mother will go one five miles, and I will go ten on the way, or till I meet you, as far as one holiday will go; for that I can get leave to make on such an occasion.

And we shall receive you with more pleasure than we had at your birth, when all the worst was over; or than we ever had in our lives.

And so God bless you till the happy time comes! say both your mother and I, which is all at present, from

Your truly loving PARENTS.

LETTER XVIII.

DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,—I thank you a thousand times for your goodness to me, expressed in your last letter. I now long to get my business done, and come to my new old lot again, as I may call it. I have been quite another thing since my master has turned me off: and as I shall come to you an honest daughter, what pleasure it is to what I should have had, if I could not have seen you but as a guilty one. Well, my writing-time will soon be over, and so I will make use of it now, and tell you all that has happened since my last letter.

I wondered Mrs. Jervis did not call me to sup with her, and feared she was angry; and when I had finished my letter, I longed for her coming to bed. At last she came up, but seemed shy and reserved; and I said, My dear Mrs. Jervis, I am glad to see you: you are not angry with me, I hope?

There sat good Mrs. Jervis at work, making a shift.

Engraved by J. Heath, R. A., from a drawing by E. F. Burney.

Engraved 1788 by Francis Bartolozzi R.A. — F. Rosaspina del.

She said she was sorry things had gone so far; and that she had a great deal of talk with my master, after I was gone; that he seemed moved at what I said, and at my falling on my knees to him, and my prayer for him, at my going away. He said I was a strange girl; he knew not what to make of me. And is she gone? said he: I intended to say something else to her; but she behaved so oddly, that I had not power to stop her. She asked, if she should call me again? He said, Yes; and then, No, let her go; it is best for her and me too; and she shall go, now I have given her warning. Where she had it, I can't tell; but I never met with the fellow of her in my life, at any age. She said, he had ordered her not to tell me all: but she believed he would never offer anything to me again; and I might stay, she fancied, if I would beg it as a favour; though she was not *sure* neither.

I stay! dear Mrs. Jervis, said I; why it is the best news that could have come to me, that he will let me go. I do nothing but long to go back again to my *poverty and distress*, as he threatened I should; for though I am sure of the poverty, I shall not have the distress I have had for some months past, I'll assure you.

Mrs. Jervis, dear good soul! wept over me, and said, Well, well, Pamela, I did not think I had shown so little love to you, as that you should express so much joy upon leaving me. I am sure I never had a child half so dear to me as you are.

I wept to hear her so good to me, as indeed she has always been, and said, What would you have me *to do*, dear Mrs. Jervis? I love you next to my own father and mother, and to leave you is the chief concern I have at quitting this place; but I am sure it is certain ruin if I stay. After such offers, and such threatenings, and his comparing himself to a wicked ravisher in the very time of his last offer; and turning it into a jest, that we should make a pretty story in romance; can I stay and be safe? Has he not demeaned himself twice? And it behoves me to beware of the third time, for fear he should lay his snares surer; for perhaps he did not expect a poor servant would resist her master so much. And must it not be looked upon as a sort of warrant for such actions, if I

stay after this? For, I think, when one of our sex finds she is attempted, it is an encouragement to the attempter to proceed, if one puts one's self in the way of it, when one can help it: 'Tis neither more nor less than inviting him to think that one forgives, what, in short, ought *not* to be forgiven: Which is no small countenance to foul actions, I'll assure you.

She hugged me to her, and said, *I'll assure you!* Pretty-face, where gottest thou all thy knowledge, and thy good notions, at these years? Thou art a miracle for thy age, and I shall always love thee.—But, do you resolve to leave us, Pamela?

Yes, my dear Mrs. Jervis, said I; for, as matters stand, how can I do otherwise?—But I'll finish the duties of my place first, if I may; and hope you'll give me a character, as to my honesty, that it may not be thought I was turned away for any harm. Ay, that I will, said she; I will give thee such a character as never girl at thy years deserved. And I am sure, said I, I will always love and honour you, as my third-best friend, wherever I go, or whatever becomes of me.

And so we went to bed; and I never waked till 'twas time to rise; which I did as blithe as a bird, and went about my business with great pleasure.

But I believe my master is fearfully angry with me; for he passed by me two or three times, and would not speak to me; and towards evening, he met me in the passage, going into the garden, and said such a word to me as I never heard in my life from him to man, woman, or child; for he first said, This creature's always in the way, I think. I said, standing up as close as I could (and the entry was wide enough for a coach too), I hope I shan't be long in your honour's way. D—mn you! said he (that was the hard word), for a little witch; I have no patience with you.

I profess I trembled to hear him say so; but I *saw* he was vexed; and, as I am going away, I minded it the less. Well! I see, my dear parents, that when a person will do wicked things, it is no wonder he will speak wicked words. May God keep me out of the way of them both!

Your dutiful DAUGHTER.

LETTER XIX.

DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,—Our John having an opportunity to go your way, I write again, and send both letters at once. I can't say, yet, when I shall get away, nor how I shall come, because Mrs. Jervis showed my master the waistcoat I am flowering for him, and he said, It looks well enough: I think the creature had best stay till she has finished it.

There is some private talk carried on betwixt him and Mrs. Jervis, that she don't tell me of; but yet she is very kind to me, and I don't mistrust her at all. I should be very base if I did. But to be sure she must oblige him, and keep all his lawful commands; and other, I daresay, she won't keep: She is too good; and loves me too well; but *she* must stay when *I* am gone, and so must get no ill will.

She has been at me again to ask to stay, and humble myself. But what have I done, Mrs. Jervis? said I: if I have been a sauce-box, and a bold-face, and a pert, and a creature, as he calls me, have I not had reason? Do you think I should ever have forgot *myself*, if he had not forgot to act as my *master?* Tell me from your own heart, dear Mrs. Jervis, said I, if you think I could stay and be safe: What would *you* think, or how would *you* act, in *my* case?

My dear Pamela, said she, and kissed me, I don't know how I should act, or what I should think. I hope I should act as *you* do. But I know nobody else that would. My master is a fine gentleman; he has a great deal of wit and sense, and is admired, as I know, by half a dozen ladies, who would think themselves happy in his addresses. He has a noble estate; and yet I believe he loves my good maiden, though his servant, better than all the ladies in the land; and he has tried to overcome it, because you are so much his inferior; and 'tis my opinion he finds he can't; and that vexes his proud heart, and makes him resolve you shan't stay; and so speaks so cross to you, when he sees you by accident.

Well, but, Mrs. Jervis, said I, let me ask you, if he can stoop to like such a poor girl as me, as perhaps he may (for I

have read of things almost as strange, from great men to poor damsels), what can it be *for?*—He may condescend, perhaps, to think I may be good enough for his harlot; and those things don't disgrace men that ruin poor women, as the world goes. And so if I was wicked enough, he would keep me until I was undone, and till his mind changed; for even wicked men, I have read, soon grow weary of wickedness with the same person, and love variety. Well, then, poor Pamela must be turned off, and looked upon as a vile abandoned creature, and everybody would despise her; ay, and *justly* too, Mrs. Jervis; for she that can't keep her virtue, ought to live in disgrace.

But, Mrs. Jervis, continued I, let me tell you, that I hope, if I was sure he would always be kind to me, and never turn me off at all, that I shall have so much grace, as to hate and withstand his temptations, were he not only my master, but my king; and that for the *sin's* sake. This my poor dear parents have always taught me; and I should be a sad wicked creature indeed, if, for the sake of riches or favour, I should forfeit my good name; yea, and worse than any other young body of my sex; because I can so contentedly return to my poverty again, and think it a less disgrace to be obliged to wear rags, and live upon rye-bread and water, as I used to do, than to be a harlot to the greatest man in the world.

Mrs. Jervis lifted up her hands, and had her eyes full of tears. God bless you, my dear love! said she; you are my admiration and delight.—How shall I do to part with you!

Well, good Mrs. Jervis, said I, let me ask you now:—You and he have had some talk, and you *mayn't* be suffered to tell me all. But, do you think, if I was to ask to stay, that he is sorry for what he has done? Ay, and *ashamed* of it too? For I am sure he ought, considering his high degree, and my low degree, and how I have nothing in the world to trust to but my honesty: Do you think in *your own* conscience now (pray answer me truly), that he would never offer anything to me again, and that I could be safe?

Alas! my dear child, said she, don't put thy home questions to me, with that pretty becoming earnestness in thy

look. I know this, that he is vexed at what he has done; he was vexed the *first* time, more vexed the *second* time.

Yes, said I, and so he will be vexed, I suppose, the *third*, and the *fourth* time too, till he has quite ruined your poor maiden; and who will have cause to be vexed then?

Nay, Pamela, said she, don't imagine that I would be accessory to your ruin for the world. I only can say, that he has, yet, done you no hurt; and it is no wonder he should love you, you are so pretty; though so much beneath him: but, I dare swear for him, he never will offer you any force.

You say, said I, that he was sorry for his *first* offer in the summer-house. Well, and how long did his sorrow last?—Only till he found me by myself; and then he was worse than before: and so became sorry *again*. And if he has deigned to love me, and you say can't *help* it, why, he can't *help* it neither, if he should have an opportunity, a *third* time to distress me. And I have read that many a man has been ashamed of his wicked attempts, when he has been repulsed, that would never have been ashamed of them, had he succeeded. Besides, Mrs. Jervis, if he really intends to offer no *force*, what does *that* mean?—While you say he can't *help* liking me, for *love* it cannot be—does it not imply that he hopes to ruin me by my own *consent*? I *think*, said I (and I hope I should have grace to *do* so), that I should not give way to his temptations on *any* account; but it would be very presumptuous in me to rely upon my own strength against a gentleman of his qualifications and estate, and who is my *master;* and thinks himself entitled to call me bold-face, and what not! only for standing on my necessary defence: and that, too, where the good of my soul and body, and my duty to God and my parents, are all concerned. How then, Mrs. Jervis, said I, can I *ask* or *wish* to stay?

Well, well, says she, as he seems very desirous you should *not* stay, I hope it is from a good motive; for fear he should be tempted to disgrace himself as well as you. No, no, Mrs. Jervis, said I; I have thought of that too; for I would be glad to consider him with that duty that becomes me: but then he would have let me go to Lady Davers, and not have

hindered my preferment: and he would not have said, I should return to my *poverty* and *distress,* when, by his mother's goodness, I had been lifted out of it; but that he intended to fright me, and *punish* me, as he thought, for not complying with his wickedness: And this shows me well enough what I have to expect from his future goodness, except I will deserve it at his own dear price.

She was silent; and I added, Well, there's no more to be said; I must go, that's certain: All my concern will be how to part with *you:* and, indeed, after you, with *everybody;* for all my fellow-servants have loved me, and you and they will cost me a sigh, and a tear too, now and then, I am sure. And so I fell a crying: I could not help it. For it is a pleasant thing to one to be in a house among a great many fellow-servants, and be beloved by them all.

Nay, I should have told you before now, how kind and civil Mr. Longman our steward is; vastly courteous, indeed, on all occasions! And he said once to Mrs. Jervis, he wished he was a young man for my sake; I should be his wife, and he would settle all he had upon me on marriage; and, you must know, he is reckoned worth a power of money.

I take no pride in this; but bless God, and your good examples, my dear parents, that I have been enabled so to carry myself, as to have everybody's good word: Not but our cook one day, who is a little snappish and cross sometimes, said once to me, Why this Pamela of *ours* goes as fine as a lady. See what it is to have a fine face!—I wonder what the girl will come to at last!

She was hot with her work; and I sneaked away; for I seldom go down into the kitchen; and I heard the butler say, Why, Jane, nobody has your good word: What has Mrs. Pamela done to you? I am sure *she* offends nobody. And what, said the peevish wench, have I said to her, *foolatum;* but that she was pretty? They quarrelled afterwards, I heard: I was sorry for it, but troubled myself no more about it. Forgive this silly prattle, from

Your dutiful DAUGHTER.

Oh! I forgot to say, that I would stay to finish the waistcoat, if I might with safety. Mrs. Jervis tells me I certainly may. I never did a prettier piece of work; and I am up early and late to get it over; for I long to be with you.

LETTER XX.

Dear Father and Mother,—I did not send my last letters so soon as I hoped, because John (whether my master mistrusts or no, I can't say) had been sent to Lady Davers's, instead of Isaac, who used to go; and I could not be so free with, nor so well trust Isaac; though he is very civil to me too. So I was forced to stay till John returned.

As I may not have opportunity to send again soon, and yet, as I know you keep my letters, and read them over and over (so John told me), when you have done work (so much does your kindness make you love all that comes from your poor daughter), and as it may be some little pleasure to me, perhaps, to read them myself, when I am come to you, to remind me of what I have gone through, and how great God's goodness has been to me (which I hope, will further strengthen my good resolutions, that I may not hereafter, from my bad conduct, have reason to condemn myself from my own hand as it were): For all these reasons, I say, I will write as I have time, and as matters happen, and send the scribble to you as I have opportunity; and if I don't every time, in form, subscribe as I ought, I am sure you will always believe, that it is not for want of duty. So I will begin where I left off, about the talk between Mrs. Jervis and me, for me to ask to stay.

Unknown to Mrs. Jervis, I put a project, as I may call it, in practice. I thought with myself some days ago, Here I shall go home to my poor father and mother, and have nothing on my back, that will be fit for my condition; for how should your poor daughter look with a silk night-gown, silken

petticoats, cambric head-clothes, fine holland linen, laced shoes, that were my lady's; and fine stockings! And how in a little while must these have looked, like old cast-offs, indeed, and I looked so for wearing them! And people would have said (for poor folks are envious as well as rich), See there Goody Andrews's daughter, turned home from her fine place! What a tawdry figure she makes! And how well that garb becomes her poor parents' circumstances!—And how would they look upon me, thought I to myself, when they should come to be threadbare and worn out? And how should I look, even if I could purchase homespun clothes, to dwindle into them one by one, as I got them?—May be, an old silk gown, and a linsey-woolsey petticoat, and the like. So, thought I, I had better get myself at once equipped in the dress that will become my condition; and though it may look but poor to what I have been used to wear of late days, yet it will serve me, when I am with you, for a good holiday and *Sunday* suit; and what, by a blessing on my industry, I may, perhaps, make shift to keep up to.

So, as I was saying, unknown to anybody, I bought of farmer Nichols's wife and daughters a good sad-coloured stuff, of their own spinning, enough to make me a gown and two petticoats; and I made robings and facings of a pretty bit of printed calico I had by me.

I had a pretty good camblet quilted coat, that I thought might do tolerably well; and I bought two flannel undercoats; not so good as my swanskin and fine linen ones, but what will keep me warm, if any neighbour should get me to go out to help 'em to milk, now and then, as sometimes I used to do formerly; for I am resolved to do all your good neighbours what kindness I can; and hope to make myself as much beloved about you, as I am here.

I got some pretty good Scotch cloth, and made me, of mornings and nights, when nobody saw me, two shifts; and I have enough left for two shirts, and two shifts, for you my dear father and mother. When I come home, I'll make them for you, and desire your acceptance.

Then I bought of a pedlar two pretty enough round-eared

caps, a little straw-hat, and a pair of knit mittens, turned up with white calico; and two pair of ordinary blue worsted hose, that makes a smartish appearance, with white clocks, I'll assure you; and two yards of black riband for my shift sleeves, and to serve as a necklace; and when I had 'em all come home, I went and looked upon them once in two hours, for two days together: For, you must know, though I lie with Mrs. Jervis, I keep my own little apartment still for my clothes, and nobody goes thither but myself. You'll say I was no bad housewife to have saved so much money; but my dear good lady was always giving me something.

I believed myself the more obliged to do this, because, as I was turned away for what my good master thought want of duty; and as he expected other returns for his presents than I intended to make him, so I thought it was but just to leave his presents behind me when I went away; for, you know, if I would not earn his wages, why should I have them?

Don't trouble yourself about the four guineas, nor borrow to make them up; for they were given me, with some silver, as I told you, as a perquisite, being what my lady had about her when she died; and, as I hope for no wages, I am so vain as to think I have deserved all that money in the fourteen months, since my lady's death: for she, good soul, overpaid me before, in learning and other kindnesses. Had *she* lived, none of these things might have happened!—But I ought to be thankful 'tis no worse. Everything will turn about for the best; that's my confidence.

So, as I was saying, I have provided a new and more suitable dress, and I long to appear in it, more than ever I did in any new clothes in my life; for then I shall be soon after with you, and at ease in my mind—But, mum! Here he comes, I believe.—I am, &c.

LETTER XXI.

My dear Father and Mother,—I was forced to break off; for I feared my master was coming; but it proved to be only Mrs. Jervis. She said, I can't endure you should be so much by yourself, Pamela. And I, said I, dread nothing so much as company; for my heart was up at my mouth now, for fear my master was coming. But I always rejoice to see dear Mrs. Jervis.

Said she, I have had a world of talk with my master about you. I am sorry for it, said I, that I am made of so much consequence as to be talked of by him. Oh, said she, I must not tell you all; but you are of more consequence to him than you think for——

Or *wish* for, said I; for the fruits of being of consequence to him, would make me of none to myself, or anybody else.

Said she, Thou art as witty as any lady in the land: I wonder where thou gottest it. But they must be poor ladies, with such great opportunities, I am sure, if they have no more wit than I.—But let that pass.

I suppose, said I, that I am of so much consequence, however, as to vex him, if it be but to think he can't make a fool of such a one as I; and that is nothing at all, but a rebuke to the pride of his high condition, which he did not expect, and knows not how to put up with.

There is something in that, may be, said she; but, indeed, Pamela, he is very angry with you *too;* and calls you twenty perverse things; wonders at his own folly, to have shewn you so much favour, as he calls it; which he was first inclined to, he says, for his mother's sake, and would have persisted to show you for your own, if you was not your own enemy.

Nay, now I shan't love you, Mrs. Jervis, said I; you are going to persuade me to ask to stay, though you know the hazards I run.—No, said she, he says you *shall* go; for he thinks it won't be for his reputation to keep you: but he wished (don't speak of it for the world, Pamela), that he knew a

lady of birth, just such another as yourself, in person and mind, and he would marry her to-morrow.

I coloured up to the ears at this word; but said, yet, if I was the lady of birth, and he would offer to be rude first, as he has twice done to poor me, I don't know whether I would have him: For *she* that can bear an insult of that kind, I should think not worthy to be a gentleman's wife; any more than *he* would be a gentleman that would offer it.

Nay, now, Pamela, said she, thou carriest thy notions a great way. Well, dear Mrs. Jervis, said I very seriously, for I could not help it, I am more full of fears than ever. I have only to beg of you, as one of the best friends I have in the world, to say nothing of my asking to stay. To say my master likes me, when I know what end he aims at, is abomination to my ears; and I shan't think myself safe till I am at my poor father's and mother's.

She was a little angry with me, till I assured her that I had not the least uneasiness on her account, but thought myself safe under her protection and friendship. And so we dropt the discourse for that time.

I hope to have finished this ugly waistcoat in two days; after which I have only some linen to get up, and shall then let you know how I contrive as to my passage; for the heavy rains will make it sad travelling on foot: but may be I may get a place to———, which is ten miles of the way, in farmer Nichols's close cart; for I can't sit a horse well at all, and may be nobody will be suffered to see me on upon the way. But I hope to let you know more

From, &c.

LETTER XXII.

My dear Father and Mother,—All my fellow-servants have now some notion that I am to go away; but can't imagine for what. Mrs. Jervis tells them, that my father and mother, growing in years, cannot live without me; and so I

go home to them, to help to comfort their old age; but they seem not to believe it.

What they found it out by was, the butler heard him say to me, as I passed by him, in the entry leading to the hall, Who's that? Pamela, sir, said I. Pamela! said he, How long are *you* to stay here?—Only, please your honour, said I, till I have done the waistcoat; and it is almost finished.—You might, says he (very roughly indeed), have finished that long enough ago, I should have thought. Indeed, and please your honour, said I, I have worked early and late upon it; there is a great deal of work in it.—*Work in it!* said he; you mind your pen more than your needle; I don't want such idle sluts to stay in my house.

He seemed startled, when he saw the butler, as he entered the hall, where Mr. Jonathan stood. What do *you* here? said he.—The butler was as much confounded as I; for, never having been taxed so roughly, I could not help crying sadly; and got out of both their ways to Mrs. Jervis, and told my complaint. This love, said she, is the d——! In how many strange shapes does it make people show themselves! And in some the farthest from their hearts.

So one, and then another, has been since whispering, Pray, Mrs. Jervis, are we to lose Mrs. Pamela? as they always call me—What has she done? And she tells them, as above, about going home to you.

She said afterwards to me, Well, Pamela, you have made our master, from the sweetest-tempered gentleman in the world, one of the most peevish. But you have it in your power to make him as sweet-tempered as ever; though I hope you'll never do it on his terms.

This was very good in Mrs. Jervis; but it intimated, that she thought as ill of his designs as I; and as she knew his mind more than I, it convinced me that I ought to get away as fast as I could.

My master came in, just now, to speak to Mrs. Jervis about household matters, having some company to dine with him to-morrow; and I stood up, and having been crying at his roughness in the entry, I turned away my face.

You may well, said he, turn away your cursed face; I wish I had never seen it!—Mrs. Jervis, how long is she to be about this waistcoat?

Sir, said I, if your honour had pleased, I would have taken it with me; and though it would be now finished in a few hours, I will do so still; and remove this hated poor Pamela out of your house and sight for ever.

Mrs. Jervis, said he, not speaking to me, I believe this little slut has the power of witchcraft, if ever there was a witch; for she enchants all that come near her. She makes even *you,* who should know better what the world is, think her an angel of light.

I offered to go away; for I believe he wanted me to ask to stay in my place, for all this his great wrath: and he said, Stay here! Stay here, when I bid you! and snatched my hand. I trembled, and said, I will! I will! for he hurt my fingers, he grasped me so hard.

He seemed to have a mind to say something to me; but broke off abruptly, and said, Begone! And away I tripped as fast as I could: and he and Mrs. Jervis had a deal of talk, as she told me; and among the rest, he expressed himself vexed to have spoken in Mr. Jonathan's hearing.

Now you must know, that Mr. Jonathan, our butler, is a very grave good sort of old man, with his hair as white as silver! and an honest worthy man he is. I was hurrying out with a flea in my ear, as the saying is, and going down stairs into the parlour, met him. He took hold of my hand (in a gentler manner, though, than my master) with both his; and he said, Ah! sweet, sweet Mrs. Pamela! what is it I heard but just now!—I am sorry at my heart; but I am sure I will sooner believe *anybody* in fault than *you.* Than you, Mr. Jonathan, said I; but as you value your place, don't be seen speaking to such a one as me. I cried too; and slipt away as fast as I could from him, for his own sake, lest he should be seen to pity me.

And now I will give you an instance how much I am in Mr. Longman's esteem also.

I had lost my pen somehow; and my paper being written

out, I stepped to Mr. Longman's, our steward's, office, to beg him to give me a pen or two, and a sheet or two of paper. He said, Ay, that I will, my sweet maiden! and gave me three pens, some wafers, a stick of wax, and twelve sheets of paper; and coming from his desk, where he was writing, he said, Let me have a word or two with you, my sweet little mistress: (for so these two good old gentlemen often call me; for I believe they love me dearly:) I hear bad news; that we are going to lose you: I hope it is not true. Yes it is, sir, said I; but I was in hopes it would not be known till I went away.

What a d—l, said he, ails our master of late! I never saw such an alteration in any man in my life! He is pleased with nobody as I see; and by what Mr. Jonathan tells me just now, he was quite out of the way with you. What could *you* have done to him, tro'? Only Mrs. Jervis is a very good woman, or I should have feared *she* had been your enemy.

No, said I, nothing like it. Mrs. Jervis is a just good woman; and, next to my father and mother, the best friend I have in the world.—Well, then, said he, it must be worse. Shall I guess? You are too *pretty*, my sweet mistress, and, may be, too *virtuous*. Ah! have I not hit it? No, good Mr. Longman, said I, don't think anything amiss of my master; he is cross and angry with me indeed, that's true; but I may have given occasion for it, possibly; and because I am desirous to go to my father and mother, rather than stay here, perhaps he may think me ungrateful. But, you know, sir, said I, that a father and mother's comfort is the dearest thing to a good child that can be. Sweet excellence! said he, this becomes *you;* but I know the world and mankind too well; though I must hear, and see, and say nothing. And so a blessing attend my little sweeting, said he, wherever you go! And away went I with a courtesy and thanks.

Now this pleases one, my dear father and mother, to be so beloved.—How much better, by good fame and integrity, is it to get every one's good word but *one*, than, by *pleasing that one*, to make *every one else* one's enemy, and be an execrable creature besides! I am, &c.

LETTER XXIII.

My Dear Father and Mother,—We had a great many neighbouring gentlemen, and their ladies, this day at dinner; and my master made a fine entertainment for them: and Isaac, and Mr. Jonathan, and Benjamin waited at table: And Isaac tells Mrs. Jervis that the ladies will by and by come to see the house, and have the curiosity to see me; for, it seems, they said to my master, when the jokes flew about, Well, Mr. B——, we understand you have a servant-maid, who is the greatest beauty in the county; and we promise ourselves to see her before we go.

The wench is well enough, said he; but no such beauty as you talk of, I'll assure ye. She was my mother's waiting-maid, who on her death-bed, engaged me to be kind to her. She is young, and every thing is *pretty* that is *young*.

Ay, ay, said one of the ladies, that's true; but if your mother had *not* recommended her so strongly, there is so much merit in beauty, that I make no doubt such a fine gentleman would have wanted no inducement to be kind to it.

They all laughed at my master: And he, it seems, laughed for company; but said, I don't know how it is, but I see with different eyes from other people; for I have heard much more talk of her prettiness than I think it deserves: She is well enough, as I said; but her greatest excellence is, that she is humble, and courteous, and faithful, and makes all her fellow-servants love her: My housekeeper, in particular, doats upon her; and you know, ladies, she is a woman of discernment: And, as for Mr. Longman, and Jonathan, here, if they thought themselves young enough, I am told, they would fight for her. Is it not true, Jonathan? Troth, sir, said he, an't please your honour, I never knew her peer, and all your honour's family are of the same mind. Do you hear now? said my master.—Well, said the ladies, we will make a visit to Mrs. Jervis by and by, and hope to see this paragon.

I believe they are coming; and will tell you the rest by and

by. I wish they had come, and were gone. Why can't they make their game without me?

Well, these fine ladies have been here, and are gone back again. I would have been absent, if I could, and did step into the closet: so they saw me when they came in.

There were four of them, Lady Arthur at the great white house on the hill, Lady Brooks, Lady Towers, and the other, it seems, a countess, of some hard name, I forget what.

So, Mrs. Jervis, says one of the ladies, how do you do? We are all come to inquire after your health. I am much obliged to your ladyships, said Mrs. Jervis: Will your ladyships please to sit down? But, said the countess, we are not *only* come to ask after Mrs. Jervis's health neither; but we are come to see a rarity besides. Ah, says Lady Arthur, I have not seen your Pamela these two years, and they tell me she is grown wondrous pretty in that time.

Then I wished I had not been in the closet; for when I came out, they must needs know I heard them; but I have often found, that bashful bodies owe themselves a spite, and frequently confound themselves more, by endeavouring to avoid confusion.

Why, yes, says Mrs. Jervis, Pamela is very pretty indeed; she's but in the closet there:—Pamela, pray step hither. I came out, all covered with blushes, and they smiled at one another.

The countess took me by the hand: Why, indeed, she was pleased to say, report has not been too lavish, I'll assure you. Don't be ashamed child (and stared full in my face); I wish I had just such a face to be ashamed of. Oh how like a fool I looked!

Lady Arthur said, Ay, my good Pamela, I say as her ladyship says: Don't be so confused; though, indeed, it becomes you too. I think your good lady departed made a sweet choice of such a pretty attendant. She would have been mighty proud of you, as she always was praising you, had she lived till now.

Ah! madam, said Lady Brooks, do you think that so *dutiful* a son as our neighbour, who always *admired* what

his mother *loved,* does not pride himself, for all what he said at table, in such a pretty maiden?

She looked with such a malicious sneering countenance, I can't abide her.

Lady Towers said with a free air (for it seems she is called a wit), Well, Mrs. Pamela, I can't say I like you so well as these ladies do; for I should never care, if you were *my* servant, to have *you* and your *master* in the same house together. Then they all set up a great laugh.

I know what I could have said, if I durst. But they are ladies—and ladies may say anything.

Says Lady Towers, Can the pretty image speak, Mrs. Jervis? I vow she has speaking eyes! Oh you little rogue, said she, and tapped me on the cheek, you seem born to undo, or to be undone!

God forbid, and please your ladyship, said I, it should be *either!*—I beg, said I, to withdraw; for the sense I have of my unworthiness renders me unfit for such a presence.

I then went away, with one of my best courtesies; and Lady Towers said, as I went out, Prettily said, I vow!—And Lady Brooks said, See that shape! I never saw such a face and shape in my life; why, she must be better descended than you have told me!

And so they run on for half an hour more in my praises, as I was told; and glad was I, when I got out of the hearing of them.

But, it seems, they went down with *such* a story to my master, and so full of *me,* that he had much ado to stand it; but as it was very little to my reputation, I am sure I could take no pride in it; and I feared it would make no better for me. This gives me another cause for wishing myself out of this house.

This is Thursday morning, and next Thursday I hope to set out; for I have finished my task, and my master is horrid cross! And I am vexed his crossness affects me so. If ever he had any kindness towards me, I believe he now hates me heartily.

Is it not strange, that love borders so much upon hate?

But this wicked love is not like the true virtuous love, to be sure: *that* and *hatred* must be as far off as *light* and *darkness.* And how must this hate have been increased, if he had met with a base compliance, after his wicked will had been gratified?

Well, one may see by a little, what a great deal means. For if *innocence* cannot attract common civility, what must *guilt* expect, when novelty has ceased to have its charms, and changeableness had taken place of it? Thus we read in Holy Writ, that wicked Amnon, when he had ruined poor Tamar, hated her more than ever he loved her, and would have turned her out of door.

How happy am I, to be turned out of door, with that sweet companion my innocence!—Oh may that be always my companion! And while I presume not upon my own strength, and am willing to avoid the tempter, I hope the divine grace will assist me.

Forgive me, that I repeat in my letter part of my hourly prayer. I owe everything, next to God's goodness, to your piety and good examples, my dear parents, my dear *poor* parents! I say that word with pleasure; for your *poverty* is my *pride,* as your integrity shall be my imitation.

As soon as I have dined, I will put on my new clothes. I long to have them on. I know I shall surprise Mrs. Jervis with them; for she shan't see me till I am full dressed.—John is come back, and I'll soon send you some of what I have written.—I find he is going early in the morning; and so I'll close here, that I am

Your most dutiful DAUGHTER.

Don't lose your time in meeting me; because I am so uncertain. It is hard if, somehow or other, I can't get a passage to you. But may be my master won't refuse to let John bring me. I can ride behind him, I believe, well enough; for he is very careful, and very honest; and you know John as well as I; for he loves you both. Besides, may be, Mrs. Jervis can put me in some way.

LETTER XXIV.

DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,—I shall write on, as long as I stay, though I should have nothing but silliness to write; for I know you divert yourselves on nights with what I write, because it is mine. John tells me how much you long for my coming; but he says, he told you he hoped something would happen to hinder it.

I am glad you did not tell him the occasion of my coming away; for *if* my fellow-servants should guess, it were better so, than to have it from you or me: Besides, I really am concerned, that my master should cast away a thought upon such a poor crature as me; for, besides the disgrace, it has quite turned his temper; and I begin to believe what Mrs. Jervis told me, that he likes me, and can't help it; and yet strives to conquer it; and so finds no way but to be cross to me.

Don't think me presumptuous and conceited; for it is more my concern than my pride, to see such a gentleman so demean himself, and lessen the regard he used to have in the eyes of all his servants, on my account.—But I am to tell you of my new dress to-day.

And so, when I had dined, upstairs I went, and locked myself into my little room. There I tricked myself up as well as I could in my new garb, and put on my round-eared ordinary cap; but with a green knot, however, and my homespun gown and petticoat, and plain leather shoes; but yet they are what they call Spanish leather; and my ordinary hose, ordinary I mean to what I have been lately used to; though I shall think good yarn may do very well for every day, when I come home. A plain muslin tucker I put on, and my black silk necklace, instead of the French necklace my lady gave me; and put the ear-rings out of my ears; and when I was quite equipped, I took my straw hat in my hand, with its two blue strings, and looked about me in the glass, as proud as anything—To say truth, I never liked myself so well in my life.

Oh the pleasure of descending with ease, innocence, and

resignation!—Indeed there is nothing like it! An humble mind, I plainly see, cannot meet with any very shocking disappointment, let fortune's wheel turn round as it will.

So I went down to look for Mrs. Jervis, to see how she liked me.

I met, as I was upon the stairs, our Rachel, who is the housemaid; and she made me a low courtesy, and I found did not know me. So I smiled, and went to the housekeeper's parlour; and there sat good Mrs. Jervis at work, making a shift: and, would you believe it? *she* did not know me at first; but rose up, and pulled off her spectacles; and said, Do you want *me,* forsooth? I could not help laughing, and said, Hey-day! Mrs. Jervis, what! don't you know me? —She stood all in amaze, and looked at me from top to toe: Why, you surprise me, said she; What! Pamela thus metamorphosed! How came this about?

As it happened, in stept my master; and my back being to him, he thought it was a stranger speaking to Mrs. Jervis, and withdrew again: and did not hear her ask, If his honour had any commands for her?—She turned me about and about, and I showed her all my dress, to my under-petticoat; and she said, sitting down, Why, I am all in amaze, I must sit down. What can all this mean? I told her, I had no clothes suitable to my condition when I returned to my father's; and so it was better to begin here, as I was soon to go away, that all my fellow-servants might see I knew how to suit myself to the state I was returning to.

Well, said she, I never knew the like of thee. But this sad preparation for going away (for now I see you are quite in earnest) is what I know not how to get over. Oh my dear Pamela, how can I part with you!

My master rung in the back parlour, and so I withdrew, and Mrs. Jervis went to attend him. It seems, he said to her, I was coming in to let you know, that I shall go to Lincolnshire, and possibly to my sister Davers's, and be absent some weeks. But, pray, what pretty neat damsel was with you? She says, she smiled, and asked, if his honour did not know who it was? No, said he, I never saw her before.

Farmer Nichols, or Farmer Brady, have neither of them such a tight prim lass for a daughter! have they?—Though I did not see her face neither, said he. If your honour won't be angry, said she, I will introduce her into your presence; for I think, said she, she outdoes our Pamela.

Now I did not thank her for this, as I told her afterwards (for it brought a great deal of trouble upon me, as well as crossness, as you shall hear.) That can't be, he was pleased to say. But if you can find an excuse for it, let her come in.

At that she stept to me, and told me, I must go in with her to her master; but, said she, for goodness sake, let him find you out; for he don't know you. Oh fie, Mrs. Jervis, said I, how could you serve me so? Besides, it looks too free both *in me,* and *to him.* I tell you, said she, you shall come in; and pray don't reveal yourself till he finds you out.

So I went in, foolish as I was; though I must have been seen by him another time, if I had not then. And she would make me take my straw hat in my hand.

I dropt a low courtesy, but said never a word. I daresay he knew me as soon as he saw my face: but was as cunning as Lucifer. He came up to me, and took me by the hand, and said, Whose pretty maiden are you?—I daresay you are Pamela's sister, you are so like her. So neat, so clean, so pretty! Why, child, you far surpass your sister Pamela!

I was all confusion, and would have spoken: but he took me about the neck: Why, said he, you are very pretty, child: I would not be so free with your *sister,* you may believe; but I must kiss *you.*

Oh sir, said I, I am Pamela, indeed I am: indeed I am Pamela, *her own self!*

He kissed me for all I could do; and said, Impossible! you are a lovelier girl by half than Pamela; and sure I may be innocently free with *you,* though I would not do her so much favour.

This was a sad trick upon me, indeed, and what I could not expect; and Mrs. Jervis looked like a fool as much as I, for her officiousness.—At last I got away, and ran out of the parlour, most sadly vexed, as you may well think.

He talked a good deal to Mrs. Jervis, and at last ordered me to come in to him. Come in, said he, you little villain!—for so he called me. (Good sirs! what a name was there!)—Who is it you put your tricks upon? I was resolved never to honour your unworthiness, said he, with so much notice again; and so you must disguise yourself to attract me, and yet pretend, like an hypocrite as you are——

I was out of patience then: Hold, good sir, said I; don't impute disguise and hypocrisy to me, above all things; for I hate them both, mean as I am. I have put on no disguise. —What a plague, said he, for that was his word, do you mean then by this dress?—Why, and please your honour, said I, I mean one of the honestest things in the world. I have been in disguise, indeed, ever since my good lady your mother took me from my poor parents. I came to her ladyship so poor and mean, that these clothes I have on, are a princely suit to those I had then: and her goodness heaped upon me rich clothes, and other bounties: and as I am now returning to my poor parents again so soon, I cannot wear those good things without being hooted at; and so have bought what will be more suitable to my degree, and be a good holiday-suit too, when I get home.

He then took me in his arms, and presently pushed me from him. Mrs. Jervis, said he, take the little witch from me; I can neither bear, nor forbear her—(strange words these!)—But stay; you shan't go!—Yet begone!—No, come back again.

I thought he was mad, for my share; for he knew not what he would have. I was going, however; but he stept after me, and took hold of my arm, and brought me in again: I am sure he made my arm black and blue; for the marks are upon it still. Sir, sir, said I, pray have mercy; I will, I will come in!

He sat down, and looked at me, and, as I thought afterwards, as sillily as such a poor girl as I. At last, he said, Well, Mrs. Jervis, as I was telling you, you may permit her to stay a little longer, till I see if my sister Davers will have her; if, meantime, she humble herself, and ask this as a favour, and is sorry for her pertness, and the liberty she has

taken with my character out of the house, and in the house. Your honour indeed told me so, said Mrs. Jervis; but I never found her inclinable to think herself in a fault. Pride and perverseness, said he, with a vengeance! Yet this is your doating-piece!—Well, for once, I'll submit myself to tell you, hussy, said he to me, you may stay a fortnight longer, till I see my sister Davers: Do you hear what I say to you, statue? Can you neither speak nor be thankful?—Your honour frights me so, said I, that I can hardly speak: But I will venture to say, that I have only to beg, as a favour, that I may go to my father and mother.—Why, fool, said he, won't you like to go to wait on my sister Davers? Sir, said I, I was once fond of that honour; but you were pleased to say, I might be in danger from her ladyship's nephew, or he from me.—D—d impertinence! said he; do you hear, Mrs. Jervis, do you hear, how she retorts upon me? Was ever such matchless assurance!——

I then fell a weeping; for Mrs. Jervis said, Fie, Pamela, fie!—And I said, My lot is very hard indeed; I am sure I would hurt nobody; and I have been, it seems, guilty of indiscretions, which have cost me my place, and my master's favour, and so have been turned away: and when the time is come, that I should return to my poor parents, I am not suffered to go quietly. Good your honour, what have I done, that I must be used worse than if I had robbed you?—Robbed me! said he, why so you have, hussy; you *have* robbed me. Who? I, sir? said I; have I robbed you? Why then you are a justice of peace, and may send me to gaol, if you please, and bring me to a trial for my life! If you can prove that I have robbed you, I am sure I ought to die.

Now I was quite ignorant of his meaning; though I did not like it, when it was afterwards explained, neither: And well, thought I, what will this come to at last, if poor Pamela is esteemed a thief! Then I thought in an instant, how I should show my face to my honest poor parents, if I was but suspected.

But, sir, said I, let me ask you but one question, and pray don't let me be called names for it; for I don't mean dis-

respectfully: Why, if I have done amiss, am I not left to be discharged by your housekeeper, as the other maids have been? And if Jane, or Rachel, or Hannah were to offend, would your honour stoop to take notice of them? And why should you so demean yourself to take notice of me? Pray, sir, if I have not been worse than others, why should I suffer more than others? and why should I not be turned away, and there's an end of it? For indeed I am not of consequence enough for my master to concern himself, and be angry about such a creature as me.

Do you hear, Mrs. Jervis, cried he again, how pertly I am interrogated by this saucy slut? Why, sauce-box, says he, did not my good mother desire me to take care of you? And have you not been always distinguished by me, above a common servant? And does your ingratitude upbraid me for this?

I said something mutteringly, and he vowed he would hear it. I begged excuse; but he insisted upon it. Why then, said I, if your honour must know, I said, That my good lady did not desire your care to extend to the *summer-house,* and her *dressing-room.*

Well, this was a little saucy, you'll say—And he flew into such a passion, that I was forced to run for it; and Mrs. Jervis said, It was happy I got out of the way.

Why what makes him provoke one so, then?—I'm almost sorry for it; but I would be glad to get away at any rate. For I begin to be more fearful now.

Just now Mr. Jonathan sent me these lines—(Bless me! what shall I do?)

'Dear Mrs. Pamela, Take care of yourself; for Rachel 'heard my master say to Mrs. Jervis, who, she believes, was 'pleading for you, Say no more, Mrs. Jervis; for by G—d I 'will have her! Burn this instantly.'

Oh pray for your poor daughter. I am called to go to bed by Mrs. Jervis, for it is past eleven; and I am sure she shall hear of it; for all this is owing to her, though she did not mean any harm. But I have been, and am, in a strange fluster; and I suppose too, she'll say, I have been full pert.

Oh my dear father and mother, power and riches never want advocates! But, poor gentlewoman, she cannot live without him: and he has been very good to her.

So good-night. May be I shall send this in the morning; but may be not; so won't conclude; though I can't say too often, that I am (though with great apprehension)

Your most dutiful DAUGHTER.

LETTER XXV.

MY DEAR PARENTS,—Oh let me take up my complaint, and say, Never was poor creature so unhappy, and so barbarously used, as poor Pamela! Indeed, my dear father and mother, my heart's just broke! I can neither write as I should do, nor let it alone, for to whom but you can I vent my griefs, and keep my poor heart from bursting! Wicked, wicked man!—I have no patience when I think of him!—But yet, don't be frightened—for—I hope—I hope, I am honest!—But if my head and my hand will let me, you shall hear all.—Is there no constable nor headborough, though, to take me out of his house? for I am sure I can safely swear the peace against him: But, alas! he is greater than any constable: he is a justice himself: Such a justice deliver me from!—But God Almighty, I hope, in time, will right me—For He knows the innocence of my heart!

John went your way in the morning; but I have been too much distracted to send by him; and have seen nobody but Mrs. Jervis or Rachel, and one I hate to see or be seen by; and indeed I hate now to see anybody. Strange things I have to tell you, that happened since last night, that good Mr. Jonathan's letter, and my master's harshness, put me into such a fluster; but will not keep you in suspense.

I went to Mrs. Jervis's chamber; and, oh dreadful! my wicked master had hid himself, base gentleman as he is! in her closet, where she has a few books, and chest of drawers, and such like. I little suspected it; though I used, till this

sad night, always to look into that closet and another in the room, and under the bed, ever since the summer-house trick; but never found anything; and so I did not do it then, being fully resolved to be angry with Mrs. Jervis for what had happened in the day, and so thought of nothing else.

I sat myself down on one side of the bed, and she on the other, and we began to undress ourselves; but she on that side next the wicked closet, that held the worst heart in the world. So, said Mrs. Jervis, you won't speak to me, Pamela! I find you are angry with me. Why, Mrs. Jervis, said I, so I am, a little; 'tis a folly to deny it. You see what I have suffered by your forcing me in to my master: and a gentlewoman of your years and experience must needs know, that it was not fit for me to pretend to be anybody else for my own sake, nor with regard to my master.

But, said she, who would have thought it would have turned out so? Ay, said I, little thinking who heard me, Lucifer always is ready to promote his own work and workmen. You see presently what use he made of it, pretending not to know me, on purpose to be free with me. And when he took upon himself to know me, to quarrel with me, and use me hardly: And you too, said I, to cry, Fie, fie, Pamela! cut me to the heart: for that encouraged him.

Do you think, my dear, said she, that I would encourage him?—I never said so to you before; but, since you have forced it from me, I must tell you, that, ever since you consulted me, I have used my utmost endeavours to divert him from his wicked purposes: and he has promised fair; but, to say all in a word, he doats upon you; and I begin to see it is not in his power to help it.

I luckily said nothing of the note from Mr. Jonathan; for I began to suspect all the world almost: but I said, to try Mrs. Jervis, Well then, what would you have me do? You see he is for having me wait on Lady Davers now.

Why, I'll tell you freely, my dear Pamela, said she, and I trust to your discretion to conceal what I say: my master has been often desiring me to put you upon asking him to let you stay——

Yes, said I, Mrs. Jervis, let me interrupt you: I will tell you why I could not think of that: It was not the pride of my *heart,* but the pride of my *honesty*: For what must have been the case? Here my master has been very rude to me, once and twice; and you say he cannot help it, though he pretends to be sorry for it: Well, he has given me warning to leave my place, and uses me very harshly; perhaps to frighten me to his purposes, as he supposes I would be fond of staying (as indeed I should, if I could be safe; for I love you and all the house, and value him, if he would act as my master). Well then, as I know his designs, and that he owns he cannot help it; must I have asked to stay, knowing he would attempt me again? for all you could assure me of, was, he would do nothing by *force;* so I, a poor weak girl, was to be left to my own strength! And was not this to *allow* him to tempt me, as one may say? and to encourage him to go on in his wicked devices?—How then, Mrs. Jervis, could I ask or wish to stay?

You say well, my dear child, says she; and you have a justness of thought above your years; and for all these considerations, and for what I have heard this day, after you ran away (and I am glad you went as you did), I cannot persuade you to stay; and I shall be glad (which is what I never thought I could have said), that you were well at your father's; for if Lady Davers will entertain you, she may as well have you from thence as here. There's my good Mrs. Jervis! said I; God will bless you for your good counsel to a poor maiden, that is hard beset. But pray what did he say when I was gone? Why, says she, he was very angry with you. But he would hear it! said I: I think it was a little bold; but then he provoked me to it. And had not my honesty been in the case, I would not by any means have been so saucy. Besides, Mrs. Jervis, consider it was the truth; if he does not love to hear of the *summer-house,* and the *dressing-room,* why should he not be ashamed to continue in the same mind? But, said she, when you had muttered this to yourself, you might have told him anything else. Well, said I, I cannot tell a wilful lie, and so there's an end of it. But I

find you now give him up, and think there's danger in staying. —Lord bless me! I wish I was well out of the house; so it was at the bottom of a wet ditch, on the wildest common in England.

Why, said she, it signifies nothing to tell you all he said; but it was enough to make me fear you would not be so safe as I could wish; and, upon my word, Pamela, I don't wonder he loves you; for, without flattery, you are a charming girl! and I never saw you look more lovely in my life than in that same new dress of yours. And then it was such a surprise upon us all!—I believe truly, you owe some of your danger to the lovely *appearance* you made. Then, said I, I wish the clothes in the fire: I expected *no* effect from them; but, if *any*, a quite contrary one.

Hush! said I, Mrs. Jervis, did you not hear something stir in the closet? No, silly girl, said she, your fears are always awake.—But indeed, said I, I think I heard something rustle.—May be, says she, the cat may be got there: but I hear nothing.

I was hush; but she said, Pr'ythee, my good girl, make haste to bed. See if the door be fast. So I did, and was thinking to look into the closet; but, hearing no more noise, thought it needless, and so went again and sat myself down on the bed-side, and went on undressing myself. And Mrs. Jervis, being by this time undressed, stepped into bed, and bid me hasten, for she was sleepy.

I don't know what was the matter, but my heart sadly misgave me: Indeed, Mr. Jonathan's note was enough to make it do so, with what Mrs. Jervis had said. I pulled off my stays, and my stockings, and all my clothes to an under petticoat; and then hearing a rustling again in the closet, I said, Heaven protect us! but before I say my prayers, I must look into this closet. And so was going to it slip-shod, when, oh dreadful! out rushed my master in a rich silk and silver morning gown.

I screamed, and ran to the bed, and Mrs. Jervis screamed too; and he said, I'll do you no harm, if you forbear this noise; but otherwise take what follows.

Instantly he came to the bed (for I had crept into it, to Mrs. Jervis, with my coat on, and my shoes); and taking me in his arms, said, Mrs. Jervis, rise, and just step up stairs, to keep the maids from coming down at this noise: I'll do no harm to this rebel.

Oh, for Heaven's sake! for pity's sake! Mrs. Jervis, said I, if I am not betrayed, don't leave me; and, I beseech you, raise all the house. No, said Mrs. Jervis, I will not stir, my dear lamb; I will not leave you. I wonder at you, sir, said she; and kindly threw herself upon my coat, clasping me round the waist: You shall not hurt this innocent, said she: for I will lose my life in her defence. Are there not, said she, enough wicked ones in the world, for your base purpose, but you must attempt such a lamb as this?

He was desperate angry, and threatened to throw her out of the window; and to turn her out of the house the next morning. You need not, sir, said she; for I will not stay in it. God defend my poor Pamela till to-morrow, and we will both go together.—Says he, let me but expostulate a word or two with you, Pamela. Pray, Pamela, said Mrs. Jervis, don't hear a word, except he leaves the bed, and goes to the other end of the room. Ay, out of the room, said I; expostulate to-morrow, if you must expostulate!

I found his hand in my bosom; and when my fright let me know it, I was ready to die; and I sighed and screamed, and fainted away. And still he had his arms about my neck; and Mrs. Jervis was about my feet, and upon my coat. And all in a cold dewy sweat was I. Pamela! Pamela! said Mrs. Jervis, as she tells me since, O—h, and gave another shriek, my poor Pamela is dead for certain! And so, to be sure, I was for a time; for I knew nothing more of the matter, one fit following another, till about three hours after, as it proved to be, I found myself in bed, and Mrs. Jervis sitting upon one side, with her wrapper about her, and Rachel on the other; and no master, for the wicked wretch was gone. But I was so overjoyed, that I hardly could believe myself; and I said, which were my first words, Mrs. Jervis, Mrs. Rachel, can I be *sure* it is you? Tell me! can I?—Where have I been?

Hush, my dear, said Mrs. Jervis; you have been in fit after fit. I never saw anybody so frightful in my life!

By this I judged Rachel knew nothing of the matter; and it seems my wicked master had, upon Mrs. Jervis's second noise on my fainting away, slipt out, and, as if he had come from his own chamber, disturbed by the screaming, went up to the maids' room (who, hearing the noise, lay trembling, and afraid to stir), and bid them go down, and see what was the matter with Mrs. Jervis, and me. And he charged Mrs. Jervis, and promised to forgive her for what she had said and done, if she would conceal the matter. So the maids came down, and all went up again, when I came to myself a little, except Rachel, who stayed to sit up with me, and bear Mrs. Jervis company. I believe they all guess the matter to be bad enough; though they dare not say anything.

When I think of my danger, and the freedoms he actually took, though I believe Mrs. Jervis saved me from worse, and she said she did (though what can I think, who was in a fit, and knew nothing of the matter?) I am almost distracted.

At first I was afraid of Mrs. Jervis; but I am fully satisfied she is very good, and I should have been lost but for her; and she takes on grievously about it. What would have become of me, had she gone out of the room, to still the maids, as he bid her! He'd certainly have shut her out, and then, mercy on me! what would have become of your poor Pamela?

I must leave off a little; for my eyes and my head are sadly bad.—This was a dreadful trial! This was the worst of all! Oh, that I was out of the power of this dreadfully wicked man! Pray for

Your distressed DAUGHTER.

LETTER XXVI.

MY DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,—I did not rise till ten o'clock, and I had all the concerns and wishes of the family, and multitudes of inquiries about me. My wicked master

went out early to hunt; but left word he would be in to breakfast. And so he was.

He came up to our chamber about eleven, and had nothing to do to be sorry; for he was our *master,* and so put on sharp anger at first.

I had great emotions at his entering the room, and threw my apron over my head, and fell a crying, as if my heart would break.

Mrs. Jervis, said he since I know *you,* and you *me* so well, I don't know how we shall live together for the future. Sir, said she, I will take the liberty to say, what I think is best for both. I have so much grief, that you should attempt to do any injury to this poor girl, and especially in my chamber, that I should think myself accessory to the mischief, if I was not to take notice of it. Though my ruin, therefore, may depend upon it, I desire not to stay; but pray let poor Pamela and me go together. With all my heart, said he; and the sooner the better. She fell a crying. I find, says he, this girl has made a party of the whole house in her favour against me. Her innocence deserves it of us all, said she very kindly: and I never could have thought that the son of my dear good lady departed, could have so forfeited his honour, as to endeavour to destroy a virtue he ought to protect. No more of this, Mrs. Jervis! said he; I will not bear it. As for Pamela, she has a lucky knack of falling into fits, when she pleases. But the cursed yellings of you both made me not myself. I intended no harm to her, as I told you both, if you'd have left your squallings: And I did no harm neither, but to myself; for I raised a hornet's nest about my ears, that, as far as I know may have stung to death my reputation. Sir, said Mrs. Jervis, then I beg Mr. Longman may take my accounts, and I will go away as soon as I can. As for Pamela, she is at her liberty, I hope, to go away next Thursday, as she intends?

I sat still; for I could not speak nor look up, and his presence discomposed me extremely; but I was sorry to hear myself the unhappy occasion of Mrs. Jervis's losing her place, and hope that may be still made up.

Well, said he, let Mr. Longman make up your accounts,

as soon as you will; and Mrs. Jewkes (who is his housekeeper in Lincolnshire) shall come hither in your place, and won't be less obliging, I daresay, than *you* have been. Said she, I have never disobliged you till now; and let me tell you, sir, if you knew what belonged to your own reputation or honour —No more, no more, said he, of these antiquated topics. I have been no bad friend to you; and I shall always esteem you, though you have not been so faithful to my secrets as I could have wished, and have laid me open to this girl, which has made her more afraid of me than she had occasion. Well, sir, said she, after what passed yesterday, and last night, I think I went rather too far in favour of your injunctions than otherwise; and I should have deserved everybody's censure, as the basest of creatures, had I been capable of contributing to your lawless attempts. Still, Mrs. Jervis, still reflecting upon me, and all for imaginary faults! for what harm have I done the girl?—I won't bear it, I'll assure you. But yet, in respect to my mother, I am willing to part friendly with you: though you ought both of you to reflect on the freedom of your conversation, in relation to me; which I should have resented more than I do, but that I am conscious I had no business to demean myself so as to be in your closet, where I might have expected to hear a multitude of impertinence between you.

Well, sir, said she, you have no objection, I hope, to Pamela's going away on Thursday next? You are mighty solicitous, said he, about Pamela: But no, not I; let her go as soon as she will: She is a naughty girl, and has brought all this upon herself; and upon me more trouble than she can have had from me: But I have overcome it all, and will never concern myself about her.

I have a proposal made me, added he, since I have been out this morning, that I shall go near to embrace; and so wish only, that a discreet use may be made of what is past; and there's an end of everything with me, as to Pamela, I'll assure you.

I clasped my hands together through my apron, overjoyed at this, though I was soon to go away: For, naughty as he has

been to me, I wish his prosperity with all my heart, for my good old lady's sake.

Well, Pamela, said he, you need not now be afraid to speak to me; tell me what you lifted up your hands at? I said not a word. Says he, If you like what I have said, give me your hand upon it. I held my hand up through my apron; for I could not speak to him; and he took hold of it, and pressed it, though less hard than he did my arm the day before. What does the little fool cover her face for? said he: pull your apron away; and let me see how you look, after your freedom of speech of me last night. No wonder you are ashamed to see me. You know you were very free with my character.

I could not stand this barbarous insult, as I took it to be, considering his behaviour to me; and I then spoke and said, Oh the difference between the minds of Thy creatures, good God! How shall some be cast down in their innocence, while others can triumph in their guilt!

And so saying, I went up stairs to my chamber, and wrote all this; for though he vexed me at his taunting, yet I was pleased to hear he was likely to be married, and that his wicked intentions were so happily overcome as to me; and this made me a little easier. And I hope I have passed the worst; or else it is very hard. And yet I shan't think myself at ease quite, till I am with you: For, methinks, after all, his repentance and amendment are mighty suddenly resolved upon. But the divine grace is not confined to space; and remorse may, and I hope has, smitten him to the heart at once, for his injuries to poor me! Yet I won't be too secure neither.

Having opportunity, I send now what I know will grieve you to the heart. But I hope I shall bring my next scribble myself; and so conclude, though half broken-hearted,

Your ever dutiful DAUGHTER.

LETTER XXVII.

Dear Father and Mother,—I am glad I desired you not to meet me, and John says you won't; for he told you he is sure I shall get a passage well enough, either behind some one of my fellow-servants on horseback, or by Farmer Nichols's means: but as to the chariot he talked to you of, I can't expect that favour, to be sure; and I should not care for it, because it would look so much above me. But Farmer Brady, they say, has a chaise with one horse, and we hope to borrow that, or hire it, rather than fail; though money runs a little lowish, after what I have laid out; but I don't care to say so here; though I warrant I might have what I would of Mrs. Jervis, or Mr. Jonathan, or Mr. Longman; but then how shall I pay it? you'll say: And, besides, I don't love to be beholden.

But the chief reason I'm glad you don't set out to meet me, is the uncertainty; for it seems I must stay another week still, and hope certainly to go Thursday after. For poor Mrs. Jervis will go at the same time, she says, and can't be ready before.

Oh! that I was once well with you!—Though he is very civil too at present, and not so cross as he was; and yet he is as vexatious another way, as you shall hear. For yesterday he had a rich suit of clothes brought home, which they call a birthday suit; for he intends to go to London against next birthday, to see the court; and our folks will have it he is to be made a lord.—I wish they may make him an honest man, as he was always thought; but I have not found it so, alas for me!

And so, as I was saying, he had these clothes come home, and he tried them on. And before he pulled them off, he sent for me, when nobody else was in the parlour with him: Pamela, said he, you are so neat and so nice in your own dress (Alack-a-day, I didn't know I was!) that you must be a judge of ours. How are these clothes made? Do they fit me?—I

am no judge, said I, and please your honour; but I think they look very fine.

His waistcoat stood on end with silver lace, and he looked very grand. But what he did last has made me very serious, and I could make him no compliments. Said he, Why don't you wear your usual clothes? Though I think everything looks well upon you (for I still continue in my new dress). I said, I have no clothes, sir, I ought to call my own, but these: and it is no matter what such an one as I wears. Said he, Why you look very serious, Pamela. I see you can bear malice.—Yes, so I can, sir, said I, according to the occasion! Why, said he, your eyes always look red, I think. Are you not a fool to take my last freedom so much to heart? I am sure you, and that fool Mrs. Jervis, frightened me, by your hideous squalling, as much as I could frighten you. That is all we had for it, said I; and if you could be so afraid of your own servants knowing of your attempts upon a poor unworthy creature, that is under your protection while I stay, surely your honour ought to be more afraid of God Almighty, in whose presence we all stand, in every action of our lives, and to whom the greatest, as well as the least, must be accountable, let them think what they list.

He took my hand, in a kind of good-humoured mockery, and said, Well urged, my pretty preacher! When my Lincolnshire chaplain dies, I'll put thee on a gown and cassock, and thou'lt make a good figure in his place.—I wish, said I, a little vexed at his jeer, your honour's conscience would be your preacher, and then you would need no other chaplain. Well, well, Pamela, said he, no more of this unfashionable jargon. I did not send for you so much for your opinion of my new suit, as to tell you, you are welcome to stay, since Mrs. Jervis desires it, till she goes. I welcome! said I; I am sure I shall rejoice when I am out of the house!

Well, said he, you are an ungrateful baggage; but I am thinking it would be pity, with these fair soft hands, and that lovely skin (as he called it, and took hold of my hand), that you should return again to hard work, as you must if you go to your father's; and so I would advise her to take a

house in London, and let lodgings to us members of parliament, when we come to town; and such a pretty daughter as you may pass for, will always fill her house, and she'll get a great deal of money.

I was sadly vexed at this barbarous joke; but being ready to cry before, the tears gushed out, and (endeavouring to get my hand from him, but in vain) I said, I can expect no better: Your behaviour, sir, to me, has been just of a piece with these words: Nay, I will say it, though you were to be ever so angry.—I angry, Pamela? No, no, said he, I have overcome all that; and as you are to go away, I look upon you now as Mrs. Jervis's guest while you both stay, and not as my servant; and so you may say what you will. But I'll tell you, Pamela, why you need not take this matter in such high disdain!—You have a very pretty romantic turn for virtue, and all that.—And I don't suppose but you'll hold it still, and nobody will be able to prevail upon you. But, my child (sneeringly he spoke it), do but consider what a fine opportunity you will then have for a tale every day to good mother Jervis, and what subjects for letter-writing to your father and mother, and what pretty preachments you may hold forth to the young gentlemen. Ad's my heart! I think it would be the best thing you and she could do.

You do well, sir, said I, to even your wit to such a poor maiden as me: but, permit me to say, that if you was not rich and great, and I poor and little, you would not insult me thus. —Let me ask you, sir, if you think this becomes your fine clothes and a master's station? Why so serious, my pretty Pamela? said he: Why so grave? And would kiss me; but my heart was full, and I said, Let me alone; I *will* tell you, if you was a king, and insulted me as you have done, that you have forgotten to act like a gentleman: and I won't stay to be used thus: I will go to the next farmer's, and there wait for Mrs. Jervis, if she must go: and I'd have you know, sir, that I can stoop to the ordinariest work of your scullions, for all these nasty soft hands, sooner than bear such ungentlemanly imputations.

I sent for you, said he, in high good humour; but it is im-

possible to hold it with such an impertinent: however, I'll keep my temper. But while I see you here, pray don't put on those dismal grave looks: Why, girl, you should forbear them, if it were but for your pride-sake; for the family will think you are grieving to leave the house. Then, sir, said I, I will try to convince them of the contrary, as well as your honour; for I will endeavour to be more cheerful while I stay, for that very reason.

Well, replied he, I will set this down by itself, as the first time that ever what I had advised had any weight with you. And I will add, said I, as the first advice you have given me of late, that was fit to be followed.—I wish, said he (I am almost ashamed to write it, impudent gentleman as he is!) I wish I had thee as *quick another way,* as thou art in thy repartees—And he laughed, and I snatched my hand from him, and I tripped away as fast as I could. Ah! thought I, married? I am sure it is time you were married, or, at this rate, no honest maiden ought to live with you.

Why, dear father and mother, to be sure he grows quite a rake! How easy it is to go from bad to worse, when once people give way to vice!

How would my poor lady, had she lived, have grieved to see it! but may be he would have been better *then!*—Though it seems he told Mrs. Jervis, he had an eye upon me in his mother's lifetime; and he intended to let me know as much, by the bye, he told her! Here is shamelessness for you! Sure the world must be near at an end! for all the gentlemen about are as bad as he almost, as far as I can hear!—And see the fruits of such bad examples! There is 'Squire Martin in the grove has had three lyings-in, it seems, in his house, in three months past; one by himself; and one by his coachman; and one by his woodman; and yet he has turned none of them away. Indeed, how can he, when they but follow his own vile example? There is he, and two or three more such as he, within ten miles of us, who keep company, and hunt with our fine master, truly; and I suppose he is never the better for their examples. But, Heaven bless me, say I, and send me out of this wicked house!

But, dear father and mother, what sort of creatures must the womenkind be, do you think, to give way to such wickedness? Why, this it is that makes everyone be thought of alike: And alack-a-day! what a world we live in! for it is grown more a wonder that the men are *resisted,* than that the women *comply.* This, I suppose, makes me such a sauce-box, and bold-face, and a creature, and all because I won't be a sauce-box and bold-face indeed.

But I am sorry for these things; one don't know what arts and stratagems men may devise to gain their vile ends; and so I will think as well as I can of these poor undone creatures, and pity them. For you see, by my sad story, and narrow escapes, what hardships poor maidens go through, whose lot it is to go out to service, especially to houses where there is not the fear of God, and good rule kept by the heads of the family.

You see I am quite grown grave and serious; indeed it becomes the present condition of

Your dutiful DAUGHTER.

LETTER XXVIII.

DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,—John says you wept when you read my last letter, that he carried. I am sorry you let him see that; for they all mistrust already how matters are; and as it is no credit that I have been *attempted,* though it is that I have *resisted;* yet I am sorry they have cause to think so evil of my master from any of us.

Mrs. Jervis has made up her accounts with Mr. Longman, and will stay in her place. I am glad of it, for her own sake, and for my master's; for she has a good master of him; so indeed all have, but poor me—and he has a good housekeeper in her.

Mr. Longman, it seems, took upon him to talk to my master, how faithful and careful of his interests she was, and how exact in her accounts; and he told him, there was no

comparison between her accounts and Mrs. Jewkes's, at the Lincolnshire estate.

He said so many fine things, it seems, of Mrs. Jervis, that my master sent for her in Mr. Longman's presence, and said Pamela might come along with her; I suppose to mortify me, that I must go while she was to stay: But as, when I go away, I am not to go with her, nor was she to go with me; so I did not matter it much; only it would have been creditable to such a poor girl, that the housekeeper would bear me company, if I went.

Said he to her, Well, Mrs. Jervis, Longman says you have made up your accounts with him with your usual fidelity and exactness. I had a good mind to make you an offer of continuing with me, if you can be a little sorry for your hasty words, which, indeed, were not so respectful as I have deserved at your hands. She seemed at a sad loss what to say, because Mr. Longman was there, and she could not speak of the occasion of those words, which was *me*.

Indeed, said Mr. Longman, I must needs say before your face, that since I have known my master's family, I have never found such good management in it, nor so much love and harmony neither. I wish the Lincolnshire estate was as well served!—No more of that, said my master; but Mrs. Jervis may stay, if she will: and here, Mrs. Jervis, pray accept of this, which at the close of every year's accounts I will present you with, besides your salary, as long as I find your care so useful and agreeable. And he gave her five guineas.—She made him a low courtesy, and thanking him, looked to me, as if she would have spoken to me.

He took her meaning, I believe; for he said,—Indeed I love to encourage merit and obligingness, Longman; but I can never be equally kind to those who don't deserve it at my hands, as to those who do; and then he looked full on me. Longman, continued he, I said that girl might come in with Mrs. Jervis, because they love to be always together. For Mrs. Jervis is very good to her, and loves her as well as if she was her daughter. But else—Mr. Longman, interrupting him, said, *Good* to Mrs. Pamela! Ay, sir, and so she is,

to be sure! But everybody must be good to her; for—

He was going on: but my master said, No more, no more, Mr. Longman. I see old men are taken with pretty young girls, as well as other folks; and fair looks hide many a fault, where a person has the art to behave obligingly. Why, and please your honour, said Mr. Longman, everybody—and was going on, I believe, to say something more in my praise; but he interrupted him, and said, Not a word more of this Pamela. I can't let her stay, I'll assure you; not only for her own freedom of speech, but her letter-writing of all the secrets of my family. Ay, said the good old man, I'm sorry for that too! But sir,—No more, I say, said my master; for my reputation is so well known (mighty fine, thought I!) that I care not what anybody writes or says of *me:* But to tell you the truth (not that it need go further), I think of changing my condition soon; and, you know, young ladies of birth and fortune will choose their own servants, and that's my chief reason why Pamela can't stay. As for the rest, said he, the girl is a good sort of body, take her altogether; though I must needs say, a little pert, since my mother's death, in her answers, and gives me two words for one; which I can't bear; nor is there reason I should, you know, Longman. No, to be sure, sir, said he; but 'tis strange, methinks, she should be so mild and meek to every one of us in the house, and forget herself so, where she should show the most respect! Very true, Mr. Longman, said he, but so it is, I'll assure you; and it was from her pertness, that Mrs. Jervis and I had the words: And I should mind it the less, but that the girl (there she stands, I say it to her face) has wit and sense above her years, and knows better.

I was in great pain to say something, but yet I knew not what, before Mr. Longman; and Mrs. Jervis looked at me, and walked to the window to hide her concern for me. At last, I said, It is for you, sir, to say what you please; and for *me* only to say, God bless your honour!

Poor Mr. Longman faltered in his speech, and was ready to cry. Said my insulting master to me, Why, pr'ythee, Pamela, now, show thyself as thou art, before Longman. Canst

not give him a specimen of that pertness which thou hast exercised upon me sometimes?

Did he not, my dear father and mother, deserve all the truth to be told? Yet I overcame myself so far, as to say, Well, your honour may play upon a poor girl, that you know *can* answer you, but *dare* not.

Why, pr'ythee now, insinuator, said he, say the worst you *can* before Longman and Mrs. Jervis. I challenge the utmost of thy impertinence; and as you are going away, and have the love of everybody, I would be a little justified to my family, that you have no reason to complain of hardships from me, as I have pert saucy answers from you, besides exposing me by your letters.

Surely, sir, said I, I am of no consequence equal to this, in your honour's family, that such a great gentleman as you should need to justify yourself about me. I am glad Mrs. Jervis stays with your honour; and I know I have not *deserved* to stay; and, more than that, I don't *desire* to stay.

Ads-bobbers! said Mr. Longman, and ran to me; don't say so, don't say so, dear Mrs. Pamela! We all love you dearly; and pray down of your knees, and ask his honour pardon, and we will all become pleaders in a body, and I, and Mrs. Jervis too, at the head of it, to beg his honour's pardon, and to continue you, at least, till his honour marries.—No, Mr. Longman, said I, I cannot ask; nor will I stay, if I might. All I desire is, to return to my poor father and mother: and though I love you all, I won't stay.—Oh well-a-day, well-a-day! said the good old man, I did not expect this!—When I had got matters thus far, and had made all up for Mrs. Jervis, I was in hopes to have got a double holiday of joy for all the family, in your pardon too. Well, said my master, this is a little specimen of what I told you, Longman. You see there's a spirit you did not expect.

Mrs. Jervis told me after, that she could stay no longer, to hear me so hardly used; and must have spoken, had she stayed, what would never have been forgiven her; so she went out. I looked after her to go too; but my master said, Come, Pamela, give another specimen, I desire you, to Long-

man: I am sure you must, if you will but *speak*. Well, sir, said I, since it seems your greatness wants to be justified by my lowness, and I have no desire you should suffer in the sight of your family, I will say, on my bended knees (and so I kneeled down), that I have been a very faulty and a very ungrateful creature to the *best* of masters: I have been very perverse and saucy; and have deserved nothing at your hands but to be turned out of your family with shame and disgrace. I, therefore, have nothing to say for myself, but that I am not *worthy* to stay, and so cannot wish to stay, and *will* not stay: And so God Almighty bless you, and you Mr. Longman, and good Mrs. Jervis, and every living soul of the family! and I will pray for you as long as I live!—And so I rose up, and was forced to lean upon my master's elbow-chair, or I should have sunk down.

The poor old man wept more than I, and said, Ads-bobbers, was ever the like heard! 'Tis too much, too much; I can't bear it. As I hope to live, I am quite melted. Dear sir, forgive her! The poor thing prays for you; she prays for us all. She owns her fault; yet *won't* be forgiven! I profess I know not what to make of it.

My master himself, hardened wretch as he was, seemed a little moved, and took his handkerchief out of his pocket, and walked to the window: What sort of a day is it? said he.—And then, getting a little more hard-heartedness, he said, Well, you may begone from my presence, thou strange medley of inconsistence! but you shan't stay after your time in the house.

Nay, pray, sir, pray, sir, said the good old man, relent a little. Ads-heartikins! you young gentlemen are made of iron and steel, I think: I'm sure, said he, my heart's turned into butter, and is running away at my eyes. I never felt the like before.—Said my master, with an imperious tone, Get out of my presence, hussy! I can't bear you in my sight. Sir, said I, I'm going as fast as I can.

But, indeed, my dear father and mother, my head was so giddy, and my limbs trembled so, that I was forced to go holding by the wainscot all the way with both my hands, and thought I should not have got to the door: But when I did,

as I hoped this would be my last interview with this terrible hard-hearted master, I turned about, and made a low courtesy, and said, God bless you, sir! God bless *you*, Mr. Longman! and I went into the lobby leading to the great hall, and dropt into the first chair; for I could get no farther a good while.

I leave all these things to your reflection, my dear parents; but I can write no more. My poor heart's almost broken! Indeed it is.—Oh when shall I get away!—Send me, good God, in safety, once more to my poor father's peaceful cot!—and there the worst that can happen will be joy in perfection to what I now bear!—Oh pity

Your distressed DAUGHTER.

LETTER XXIX.

MY DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,—I must write on, though I shall come so soon; for now I have hardly anything else to do. I have finished all that lay upon me, and only wait the good time of setting out. Mrs. Jervis said, I must be low in pocket, for what I had laid out; and so would have presented me with two guineas of her five; but I could not take them of her, because, poor gentlewoman, she pays old debts for her children, that were extravagant, and wants them herself. This, though, was very good in her.

I am sorry I shall have but little to bring with me; but I know *you* won't, you are so good!—and I will work the harder, when I come home, if I can get a little plain-work, or anything, to do. But all your neighbourhood is so poor, that I fear I shall want work, except, may be, Dame Mumford can help me to something, from any good family she is acquainted with.

Here, what a sad thing it is! I have been brought up wrong, as matters stand. For, you know, my good lady, now in heaven, loved singing and dancing; and, as she would have it, I had a voice, she made me learn both; and often and often has she made me sing her an innocent song, and a good psalm

too, and dance before her. And I must learn to flower and draw too, and to work fine work with my needle; why, all this too I have got pretty tolerably at my finger's end, as they say; and she used to praise me, and was a good judge of such matters.

Well now, what is all this to the purpose, as things have turned about?

Why, no more nor less, than that I am like the grasshopper in the fable, which I have read of in my lady's book, as follows:*—

'As the ants were airing their provisions one winter, a 'hungry grasshopper (as suppose it was poor I) begged a 'charity of them. They told him, That he should have 'wrought in summer, if he would not have wanted in winter. 'Well, says the grasshopper, but I was not idle neither; for I 'sung out the whole season. Nay, then, said they, you'll e'en 'do well to make a merry year of it, and dance in winter to 'the tune you sung in summer.'

So I shall make a fine figure with my singing and my dancing, when I come home to you! Nay, I shall be unfit even for a *May-day* holiday-time; for these minuets, rigadoons, and French dances, that I have been practising, will make me but ill company for my milk-maid companions that are to be. To be sure I had better, as things stand, have learned to wash and scour, and brew and bake, and such like. But I hope, if I can't get work, and can meet with a place, to learn these soon, if anybody will have the goodness to bear with me till I am able: For, notwithstanding what my master says, I hope I have an humble and teachable mind; and, next to God's grace, that's all my comfort: for I shall think nothing too mean that is honest. It may be a little hard at first; but woe to my proud heart, if I find it so on trial; for I will make it bend to its condition, or break it.

I have read of a good bishop that was to be burnt for his religion; and he tried how he could bear it, by putting his

* See the Æsop's Fables which have lately been selected and reformed from those of Sir R. L'Estrange, and the most eminent mythologists.

fingers into the lighted candle: So I, t'other day, tried, when Rachel's back was turned, if I could not scour a pewter plate she had begun. I see I could do't by degrees: it only blistered my hand in two places.

All the matter is, if I could get plain-work enough, I need not spoil my fingers. But if I can't, I hope to make my hands as red as a blood-pudding, and as hard as a beechen trencher, to accommodate them to my condition.—But I must break off; here's somebody coming.

'Tis only our Hannah with a message from Mrs. Jervis.—But, hold, here's somebody else.—Well, it is only Rachel.

I am as much frighted, as were the city mouse and the country mouse, in the same book of fables, at everything that stirs. Oh! I have a power of these things to entertain you with in winter evenings, when I come home. If I can but get work, with a little time for reading, I hope we shall be very happy over our peat fires.

What made me hint to you, that I should bring but little with me, is this:

You must know, I did intend to do, as I have this afternoon: and that is, I took all my clothes, and all my linen, and I divided them into three parcels, as I had before told Mrs. Jervis I intended to do; and I said, It is now Monday, Mrs. Jervis, and I am to go away on Thursday morning betimes; so, though I know you don't doubt my honesty, I beg you will look over my poor matters, and let everyone have what belongs to them; for, said I, you know I am resolved to take with me only what I can properly call my own.

Said she (I did not know her drift then; to be sure she meant well; but I did not thank her for it, when I did know it), Let your things be brought down in the green-room, and I will do anything you will have me do.

With all my heart, said I, green-room or anywhere; but I think you might step up, and see 'em as they lie.

However, I fetched 'em down, and laid them in three par-

cels, as before; and when I had done, I went down to call her up to look at them.

Now, it seems, she had prepared my master for this scene, unknown to me; and in this green-room was a closet, with a sash-door, and a curtain before it; for there she puts her sweetmeats and such things; and she did it, it seems, to turn his heart, as knowing what I intended, I suppose that he should make me take the things; for, if he had, I should have made money of them, to help us when we got together; for, to be sure, I could never have appeared in them.

Well, as I was saying, he got, unknown to me, into this closet; I suppose while I went to call Mrs. Jervis: and she since owned to me, it was at his desire, when she told him something of what I intended, or else she would not have done it: though I have reason, I am sure, to remember the last closet-work.

So I said, when she came up, Here, Mrs. Jervis, is the first parcel; I will spread it all abroad. These are the things my good lady gave me.—In the first place, said I—and so I went on describing the clothes and linen my lady had given me, mingling blessings as I proceeded, for her goodness to me; and when I had turned over that parcel, I said, Well, so much for the first parcel, Mrs. Jervis; that was my lady's gifts.

Now I come to the presents of my dear virtuous master: Hey, you know *closet* for that! Mrs. Jervis. She laughed, and said, I never saw such a comical girl in my life! But go on. I will, Mrs. Jervis, said I, as soon as I have opened the bundle; for I was as brisk and as pert as could be, little thinking who heard me.

Now here, Mrs. Jervis, said I, are my ever worthy master's presents; and then I particularised all those in the second bundle.

After which, I turned to my own, and said,

Now, Mrs. Jervis, comes poor Pamela's bundle; and a little one it is to the others. First, here is a calico night-gown, that I used to wear o' mornings. 'Twill be rather too good for me when I get home; but I must have something. Then there is a quilted calamanco coat, and a pair of stockings I bought of

the pedlar, and my straw hat with blue strings; and a remnant of Scots cloth, which will make two shirts and two shifts, the same I have on, for my poor father and mother. And here are four other shifts, one the fellow to that I have on; another pretty good one, and the other two old fine ones, that will serve me to turn and wind with at home, for they are not worth leaving behind me; and here are two pair of shoes, I have taken the lace off, which I will burn, and may be will fetch me some little matter at a pinch, with an old silver buckle or two.

What do you laugh for, Mrs. Jervis? said I.—Why you are like an April day; you cry and laugh in a breath.

Well, let me see; ay, here is a cotton handkerchief I bought of the pedlar; there should be another somewhere. Oh, here it is! and here too are my new-bought knit mittens: and this is my new flannel coat, the fellow to that I have on; and in this parcel, pinned together, are several pieces of printed calico, remnants of silks, and such like, that, if good luck should happen, and I should get work, would serve for robins and facings, and such like uses. And here too are a pair of pockets: they are too fine for me; but I have no worse. Bless me, said I, I did not think I had so many good things!

Well, Mrs. Jervis, said I, you have seen all my store, and I will now sit down, and tell you a piece of my mind.

Be brief then, said she, my good girl: for she was afraid, she said afterwards, that I should say too much.

Why then the case is this: I am to enter upon a point of equity and conscience, Mrs. Jervis; and I must beg, if you love me, you'd let me have my own way. Those things there of my lady's, I can have no claim to, so as to take them away; for she gave them to me, supposing I was to wear them in her service, and to do credit to her bountiful heart. But, since I am to be turned away, you know, I cannot wear them at my poor father's; for I should bring all the little village upon my back; and so I resolve not to have *them*.

Then Mrs. Jervis, said I, I have far less right to these of my worthy master's: for you see what was his intention in giving them to me. So they were to be the price of my shame,

and if I *could* make use of them, I should think I should never prosper with them; and, besides, you know, Mrs. Jervis, if I would not do the good gentleman's work, why should I take his wages? So, in conscience, in honour, in everything, I have nothing to say to thee, thou *second wicked* bundle!

But, said I, come to my arms, my dear *third* parcel, the companion of my poverty, and the witness of my honesty; and may I never deserve the least rag that is contained in thee, when I forfeit a title to that innocence, that I hope will ever be the pride of my life! and then I am sure it will be my highest comfort at my death, when all the riches and pomps of the world will be worse than the vilest rags that can be worn by beggars! And so I hugged my *third* bundle.

But, said I, Mrs. Jervis (and she wept to hear me), one thing more I have to trouble you with, and that's all.

There are four guineas, you know, that came out of my good lady's pocket, when she died; that, with some silver, my master gave me: Now these same four guineas I sent to my poor father and mother, and they have broken them; but would make them up, if I would: and if you think it should be so, it shall. But pray tell me honestly your mind: As to the three years before my lady's death, do you think, as I had no wages, I may be supposed to be quits?—By quits, I cannot mean that my poor services should be equal to my lady's goodness; for that's impossible. But as all her learning and education of me, as matters have turned, will be of little service to me now; for it had been better for me to have been brought up to hard labour, to be sure; for that I must turn to at last, if I can't get a place (and you know, in places too, one is subject to such temptations as are dreadful to think of): so, I say, by quits I only mean, as I return all the good things she gave me, whether I may not set my little services against my keeping; because, as I said, my learning is not now in the question; and I am sure my dear good lady would have thought so, had she lived; but that too is now out of the question. Well then, if so, I would ask, Whether, in above this year that I have lived with my master, as I am resolved to leave all his gifts behind me, I may not have earned, besides my keeping, these four

guineas, and these poor clothes here upon my back, and in my third bundle? Now tell me your mind freely, without favor or affection.

Alas! my dear girl, says she, you make me unable to speak to you at all: To be sure it will be the highest affront that can be offered, for you to leave any of these things behind you; and you must take all your bundles with you, or my master will never forgive you.

Well, well, Mrs. Jervis, said I, I don't care; I have been too much used to be snubbed and hardly treated by my master of late. I have done him no harm; and I shall always pray for him and wish him happy. But I don't deserve these things; I know I don't. Then, I can't wear them if I should take them; so they can be of no use to me: And I trust I shall not want the poor pittance, that is all I desire to keep life and soul together. Bread and water I can live upon, Mrs. Jervis, with content. Water I shall get anywhere; and if I can't get me bread, I will live like a bird in winter upon hips and haws, and at other times upon pig-nuts and potatoes, or turnips, or anything. So what occasion have I for these things?—But all I ask is about these four guineas, and if you think I need not return them, that is all I want to know.—To be sure, my dear, you need not, said she; you have well earned them by that waistcoat only. No, I think not *so,* in that only; but in the linen, and other things, do you think I have? Yes, yes, said she, and more. And my keeping allowed for, I mean, said I, and these poor clothes on my back, besides? Remember that, Mrs. Jervis. Yes my dear odd-one, no doubt you have. Well then, said I, I am as happy as a princess. I am quite as rich as I wish to be: and once more, my dear third bundle, I will hug thee to my bosom. And I beg you'll say nothing of all this till I am gone, that my master may'nt be so angry, but that I may go in peace; for my heart, without other matters, will be ready to break to part with you all.

Now, Mrs. Jervis, said I, as to one matter more: and that is my master's last usage of me, before Mr. Longman.—Said she, Pr'ythee, dear Pamela, step to my chamber, and fetch me a paper I left on my table. I have something to show you in it.

I will, said I, and stepped down; but that was only a fetch, to take the orders of my master, I found. It seems he said, he thought two or three times to have burst out upon me; but he could not stand it, and wished I might not know he was there. But I tripped up again so nimbly (for there was no paper), that I just saw his back, as if coming out of that green-room, and going into the next to it, the first door that was open—I whipped in, and shut the door, and bolted it. O Mrs. Jervis! said I, what have you done by me?—I see I can't confide in anybody. I am beset on all hands. Wretched, wretched Pamela, where shalt thou expect a friend, if Mrs. Jervis joins to betray thee thus? She made so many protestations (telling me all, and that he owned I had made him wipe his eyes two or three times, and said she hoped it would have a good effect, and remembered me, that I had said nothing but what would rather move compassion than resentment), that I forgave her. But oh! that I was safe from this house! for never poor creature sure was so flustered as I have been so many months together!—I am called down from this most tedious scribble. I wonder what will next befall

Your dutiful DAUGHTER.

Mrs. Jervis says, she is sure I shall have the chariot to carry me home to you. Though this will look too great for me, yet it will show as if I was not turned away quite in disgrace. The travelling chariot is come from Lincolnshire, and I fancy I shall go in that; for the other is quite grand.

LETTER XXX.

MY DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,—I write again, though, may be, I shall bring it to you in my pocket: for I shall have no writing, nor writing-time, I hope, when I come to you. This is Wednesday morning, and I shall, I hope, set out to you to-morrow morning; but I have had more trials and more vexations; but of another complexion too, a little, though all from the same quarter.

Yesterday my master, after he came from hunting, sent for me. I went with great terror; for I expected he would storm, and be in a fine passion with me for my freedom of speech before: so I was resolved to begin first, with submission, to disarm his anger; and I fell upon my knees as soon as I saw him; and said, Good sir, let me beseech you, as you hope to be forgiven yourself, and for the sake of my dear good lady your mother, who recommended me to you with her last words, to forgive me all my faults; and only grant me this favour, the last I shall ask you, that you will let me depart your house with peace and quietness of mind, that I may take such a leave of my dear fellow-servants as befits me; and that my heart be not quite broken.

He took me up, in a kinder manner than ever I had known; and he said, Shut the door, Pamela, and come to me in my closet: I want to have a little serious talk with you.—How can I, sir, said I, how can I! and wrung my hands. Oh pray, sir, let me go out of your presence, I beseech you!—By the God that made me, said he, I'll do you no harm. Shut the parlour door, and come to me in my library.

He then went into his closet, which is his library, and full of rich pictures besides; a noble apartment, though called a closet, and next the private garden, into which it has a door that opens. I shut the parlour door, as he bid me; but stood at it irresolute. Place some confidence in me, said he: Surely you may, when I have spoken thus solemnly. So I crept towards him with trembling feet, and my heart throbbing through my handkerchief. Come in, said he, when I bid you. I did so. Pray, sir, said I, pity and spare me. I will, said he, as I hope to be saved. He sat down upon a rich settee; and took hold of my hand, and said, Don't doubt me, Pamela. From this moment I will no more consider you as my servant; and I desire you'll not use me with ingratitude for the kindness I am going to express towards you. This a little emboldened me, and he said, holding both my hands between his, You have too much wit and good sense not to discover, that I, in spite of my heart, and all the pride of it, cannot but love you. Yes, look up to me, my sweet-faced girl! I

must say I love you; and have put on a behaviour to you, that was much against my heart, in hopes to frighten you from your reservedness. You see I own it ingenuously; and don't play your sex upon me for it.

I was unable to speak; and he, seeing me too much oppressed with confusion to go on in that strain, said, Well, Pamela, let me know in what situation of life is your father: I know he is a poor man; but is he as low and as honest as he was when my mother took you?

Then I could speak a little; and with a down look (and I felt my face glow like fire), I said, Yes, sir, as *poor* and as *honest* too; and that is my pride. Says he, I will do something for him, if it be not your fault, and make all your family happy. Ah, sir, said I, he is happier already than ever he can be, if his daughter's innocence is to be the price of your favour: and I beg you will not speak to me on the *only* side that can wound me. I have no design of that sort, said he. Oh sir, said I, tell me not so, tell me not so!—'Tis easy, said he, for me to be the making of your father, without injuring *you*. Well, sir, said I, if this can be done, let me know how; and all I can do with innocence shall be the study and practice of my life.—But, oh! what can such a poor creature as I do, and do my duty?—Said he, I would have you stay a week or fortnight only, and behave yourself with kindness to me; I stoop to beg it of you, and you shall see all shall turn out beyond your expectation. I see, said he, you are going to answer otherwise than I would have you; and I begin to be vexed I should thus meanly sue; and so I will say, that your behaviour before honest Longman, when I used you as I did, and you could so well have vindicated yourself, has quite charmed me. And though I am not pleased with all you said yesterday, while I was in the closet, yet you have moved me more to admire you than before; and I am awakened to see more worthiness in you, than ever I saw in any lady in the world. All the servants, from the highest to the lowest, dote upon you, instead of envying you; and look upon you in so superior a light, as speaks what you ought to be. I have seen more of your letters than you imagine (This surprised

me!), and am quite overcome with your charming manner of writing, so free, so easy, and many of your sentiments so much above your years, and your sex; and all put together, makes me, as I tell you, love you to extravagance. Now, Pamela, when I have stooped to acknowledge all this, oblige me only to stay another week or fortnight, to give me time to bring about some certain affairs, and you shall see how much you may find your account in it.

I trembled to find my poor heart giving way.—Oh, good sir, said I, spare a poor girl that cannot look up to you, and speak. My heart is full; and why should you wish to undo me?—Only oblige me, said he, to stay a fortnight longer, and John shall carry word to your father, that I will see him in the time, either here, or at the Swan in his village. Oh sir, said I, my heart will burst; but on my bended knees, I beg you to let me go to-morrow, as I designed: and don't offer to tempt a poor creature, whose whole will would be to do yours if my virtue would permit!—I shall permit it, said he; for I intend no injury to you, God is my witness! Impossible! said I; I cannot, sir, believe you, after what has passed: how many ways are there to undo poor creatures! Good God, protect me this *one* time, and send me but to my dear father's cot in safety!—Strange, d—d fate! said he, that when I speak so solemnly, I can't be believed!—What *should* I believe, sir? said I, what *can* I believe? What have you said, but that I am to stay a fortnight longer? and what then is to become of me?—My pride of birth and fortune (d—n them both! said he, since they cannot obtain credit with you, but must add to your suspicions) will not let me descend all at once; and I ask you but a fortnight's stay, that, after this declaration, I may pacify those proud demands upon me.

Oh how my heart throbbed! and I began (for I did not know what I did) to say the Lord's prayer. None of your beads to me Pamela! said he; thou art a perfect nun, I think.

But I said aloud, with my eyes lifted up to heaven, *Lead me not into temptation: but deliver me from evil,* oh my good God! He hugged me in his arms, and said, Well, my dear girl, then you stay this fortnight, and you shall see what I

will do for you—I'll leave you a moment, and walk into the next room, to give you time to think of it, and to show you I have no design upon you. Well, this, I thought, did not look amiss.

He went out, and I was tortured with twenty different doubts in a minute; sometimes I thought that to stay a week or fortnight longer in this house to obey him, while Mrs. Jervis was with me, could do no great harm: But then, thought I, how do I know what I may be *able* to do? I have withstood his *anger;* but may I not relent at his *kindness?*—How shall I stand *that?*—Well, I hope, thought I, by the same protecting grace in which I will always confide!—But then, what has he promised? Why, he will make my poor father and mother's life comfortable. Oh! said I to myself, that is a rich thought; but let me not dwell upon it, for fear I should indulge it to my ruin.—What can he do for *me,* poor girl as I am!—What can his greatness stoop to! He talks, thought I, of his pride of heart, and pride of condition; Oh these are in his *head,* and in his *heart* too, or he would not confess them to me at *such* an instant. Well then, thought I, this can be only to seduce me.—He has promised nothing. —But I am to *see* what he will do, if I stay a fortnight; and this fortnight, thought I again, is no such great matter; and I shall see in a few days how he carries it.—But then, when I again reflected upon this distance between him and me, and his now open declaration of love, as he called it; and that after this he would talk with me on that subject *more plainly* than ever, and I shall be *less* armed, may be, to withstand him; and then I bethought myself, why, if he meant no dishonour, he should not speak before Mrs. Jervis; and the odious frightful closet came again into my head, and my narrow escape upon it; and how easy it might be for him to send Mrs. Jervis and the maids out of the way; and so that all the mischief he designed me might be brought about in less than that time; I resolved to go away and trust all to Providence and nothing to myself. And how ought I to be thankful for this resolution!—as you shall hear.

But just as I have writ to this place, John sends me word,

that he is going this minute your way; and so I will send you so far as I have written, and hope by to-morrow night, to ask your blessings, at your own poor, but happy abode, and tell you the rest by word of mouth; and so I rest, till then, and forever,

Your dutiful DAUGHTER.

LETTER XXXI.

DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,—I will continue my writing still, because, may be, I shall like to read it, when I am with you, to see what dangers I have been enabled to escape; and though I bring it along with me.

I told you my resolution, my happy resolution, as I have reason to think it: and just then he came in again, with great kindness in his looks, and said, I make no doubt, Pamela, you will stay this fortnight to oblige me. I knew not how to frame my words so as to deny, and yet not make him storm. But, said I, Forgive, sir, your poor distressed servant. I know I cannot possibly deserve any favour at your hands, consistent with virtue; and I beg you will let me go to my poor father. Why, said he, thou art the veriest fool that I ever knew. I tell you I will see your father; I'll send for him hither to-morrow, in my travelling chariot, if you will; and I'll let him know what I intend to do for *him* and *you*. What, sir, may I ask you, can that be? Your honour's noble estate may easily make *him* happy, and not unuseful, perhaps to *you*, in some respect or other. But what price am I to pay for all this?—You shall be happy as you can wish, said he, I do assure you: And here I will now give you this purse, in which are fifty guineas, which I will allow your father yearly, and find an employ suitable to his liking, to deserve *that* and *more*: Pamela, he shall never want, depend upon it. I would have given you still more for him, but that, perhaps, you'd suspect I intended it as a design upon you.—Oh sir, said

I, take back your guineas! I will not touch one, nor will my father, I am sure, till he knows what is to be done *for* them; and particularly what is to become of *me*. Why then, Pamela, said he, suppose I find a man of probity, and genteel calling, for a husband for you, that shall make you a gentlewoman as long as you live? —I want no husband, sir, said I; for now I began to see him in all his black colours! —Yet being so much in his power, I thought I would a little dissemble. But, said he, you are so pretty, that go where you will, you can never be free from the designs of some or other of our sex; and I shall think I don't answer the care of my dying mother for you, who committed you to me, if I don't provide you a husband to protect your virtue and your innocence; and a worthy one I have thought of for you.

Oh black, perfidious creature! thought I, what an implement art thou in the hands of Lucifer, to ruin the innocent heart!—Yet still I dissembled; for I feared much both him and the place I was in. But whom, pray, sir, have you thought of?—Why, said he, young Mr. Williams, my chaplain, in Lincolnshire, who will make you happy. Does he know, sir, said I, anything of your honour's intentions?—No, my girl, said he, and kissed me (much against my will; for his very breath was now poison to me), but his dependence upon my favour, and your beauty and merit, will make him rejoice at my kindness to him. Well, sir, said I, then it is time enough to consider of this matter; and it cannot hinder me from going to my father's: for what will staying a fortnight longer signify to this? Your honour's care and goodness may extend to me *there*, as well as *here;* and Mr. Williams, and all the world, shall know that I am not ashamed of my father's poverty.

He would kiss me again, and I said, If I am to think of Mr. Williams, or anybody, I beg *you*'ll not be so free with me: that is not pretty, I'm sure. Well, said he, but you stay this next fortnight, and in that time I'll have both Williams and your father here; for I will have the match concluded in my house; and when I have brought it on, you shall settle it as you please together. Meantime take and send only these

fifty pieces to your father, as an earnest of my favour, and I'll make you all happy.—Sir, said I, I beg at least two hours to consider of this. I shall, said he, be gone out in one hour; and I would have you write to your father what I propose; and John shall carry it on purpose; and he shall take the purse with him for the good old man, if you approve it. Sir, said I, I will then let you know in one hour my resolution. Do so, said he; and gave me another kiss, and let me go.

Oh how rejoiced I had got out of his clutches!—So I write you this, that you may see how matters stand; for I am resolved to come away, if possible. Base, wicked, treacherous gentleman as he is!

So here was a trap laid for your poor Pamela! I tremble to think of it! Oh what a scene of wickedness was here laid down for all my wretched life! Blackhearted wretch! how I hate him!—For, at first, as you'll see by what I have written, he would have made me believe other things; and this of Mr. Williams, I suppose, came into his head after he walked out from his closet, to give himself time to think how to delude me better: but the covering was now too thin, and easy to be seen through.

I went to my chamber, and the first thing I did was to write to him; for I thought it was best not to see him again, if I could help it; and I put it under his parlour door, after I had copied it, as follows:

'HONOURED SIR,—Your last proposal to me convinces me, 'that I ought not to stay, but to go to my father, if it were 'but to ask his advice about Mr. Williams. And I am so set 'upon it, that I am not to be persuaded. So, honoured sir, 'with a thousand thanks for all favours, I will set out to-mor-'row early; and the honour you designed me, as Mrs. Jervis 'tells me of your chariot, there will be no occasion for: because 'I can hire, I believe, Farmer Brady's chaise. So, begging 'you will not take it amiss, I shall ever be

'Your dutiful Servant.

'As to the purse, sir, my poor father, to be sure, won't

'forgive me, if I take it, till he can know how to deserve 'it: which is impossible.'

So he has just now sent Mrs. Jervis to tell me that since I am resolved to go, go I may, and the travelling chariot shall be ready; but it shall be worse for me; for that he will never trouble himself about me as long as he lives. Well, so I get out of the house, I care not; only I should have been glad I could, with innocence, have made you, my dear parents happy.

I cannot imagine the reason of it, but John, who I thought was gone with my last, is but now going; and he sends to know if I have anything else to carry. So I break off to send you this with the former.

I am now preparing for my journey, and about taking leave of my good fellow-servants: and if I have not time to write, I must tell you the rest, when I am so happy as to be with you.

One word more: I slip in a paper of verses, on my going; sad poor stuff! but as they come from me, you'll not dislike them, may be. I showed them to Mrs. Jervis, and she liked them, and took a copy; and made me sing them to her, and in the green-room too; but I looked into the closet first. I will only add, that I am

Your dutiful DAUGHTER.

Let me just say, That he has this moment sent me five guineas by Mrs. Jervis, as a present for my pocket: So I shall be very rich; for as *she* brought them, I thought I might take them. He says he won't see me: and I may go when I will in the morning; and Linconlshire Robin shall drive me: but he is so angry, he orders that nobody shall go out at the door with me, not so much as into the coach-yard. Well! I can't help it, not I! But does not this expose himself more than me?

But John waits, and I would have brought this and the other myself; but he says, he has put it up among other things, and so can take both as well as one.

John is very good, and very honest; I am under great obligations to him. I'd give him a guinea, now I'm so rich, if I thought he'd take it. I hear nothing of my lady's clothes, and those my master gave me: for I told Mrs. Jervis, I would not take them; but I fancy, by a word or two that was dropped, they will be sent after me. Dear sirs! what a rich Pamela, you'll have if they should! But as I can't wear them if they do, I don't desire them; and if I have them, will turn them into money, as I can have opportunity. Well, no more—I'm in a fearful hurry!

VERSES ON MY GOING AWAY.

I.

My fellow-servants dear, attend
To these few lines, which I have penn'd:
I'm sure they're from your honest friend,
And wisher-well, poor PAMELA.

II.

I, from a state of low degree,
Was plac'd in this good family:
Too high a fate for humble me,
The helpless, hopeless PAMELA.

III.

Yet though my happy lot was so,
Joyful, I homeward from it go,
No less content, when poor and low,
Than here you find your PAMELA.

IV.

For what indeed is happiness,
But conscious innocence and peace?
And that's a treasure I possess;
Thank Heaven that gave it PAMELA.

V.

My future lot I cannot know:
But this I'm sure, where'er I go,
Whate'er I am, whate'er I do,
I'll be the grateful PAMELA.

VI.

No sad regrets my heart annoy,
I'll pray for all your peace and joy,
From master high to scullion boy,
For all your loves to PAMELA.

VII.

One thing or two I've more to say;
God's holy will, be sure, obey;
And for our master always pray,
As ever shall poor PAMELA.

VIII.

For, oh! we *pity* should the great,
Instead of envying their estate;
Temptations always on 'em wait,
Exempt from which are such as we.

IX.

Their riches, gay deceitful snares,
Enlarge their fears, increase their cares:
Their servants' joy surpasses theirs;
At least so judges PAMELA.

X.

Your parents and relations love:
Let them your duty ever prove;
And you'll be bless'd by Heav'n above,
As will, I hope, poor PAMELA.

XI.

For if asham'd I e'er could be
Of my dear parents' low degree,
What lot had been too mean for me,
Unbless'd, unvirtuous PAMELA.

XII.

Thrice happy may you ever be,
Each one in his and her degree;
And, sirs, whene'er you think of me,
Pray for content to PAMELA.

XIII.

Pray for her wish'd content and peace;
And rest assur'd she'll never cease
To pray for all your joys' increase,
While life is lent to PAMELA.

XIV.

On God all future good depends:
Serve Him. And so my sonnet ends,
With, thank ye, thank ye, honest friends,
For all your loves to PAMELA.

HERE it is necessary the reader should know, that the fair Pamela's trials were not yet over; but the worst were to come, at a time when she thought them at an end, and that she was returning to her father: for when her master found her virtue was not to be subdued, and he had in vain tried to conquer his passion for her, being a gentleman of pleasure and intrigue, he had ordered his Lincolnshire coachman to bring his travelling chariot from thence, not caring to trust his Bedfordshire coachman, who, with the rest of the servants, so greatly loved and honoured the fair damsel; and having given him instructions accordingly, and prohibited the other servants, on pretence of resenting Pamela's behaviour, from accompanying her any part of the road, he drove her five miles on the way to her father's; and then turning off, crossed the country, and carried her onwards towards his Lincolnshire estate.

It is also to be observed, that the messenger of her letters to her father, who so often pretended business that way, was an implement in his master's hands, and employed by him for that purpose; and always gave her letters first to him, and his master used to open and read them, and then send them on; by which means, as he hints to her (as she observes in one of her letters, p. 84), he was no stranger to what she wrote. Thus every way was the poor virgin beset: And the whole will show the base arts of designing men to gain their wicked ends; and how much it behoves the fair sex to stand

upon their guard against artful contrivances, especially when riches and power conspire against innocence and a low estate.

A few words more will be necessary to make the sequel better understood. The intriguing gentleman thought fit, however, to keep back from her father her three last letters; in which she mentions his concealing himself to hear her partitioning out her clothes, his last effort to induce her to stay a fortnight, his pretended proposal of the chaplain, and her hopes of speedily seeing them, as also her verses; and to send himself a letter to her father, which is as follows:

'GOODMAN ANDREWS,—You will wonder to receive a letter from me. But I think I am obliged to let you know, 'that I have discovered the strange correspondence carried on 'between you and your daughter, so injurious to my honour 'and reputation, and which, I think, you should not have encouraged, till you knew there were sufficient grounds for 'those aspersions, which she so plentifully casts upon me. 'Something possibly there might be in what she has written 'from time to time; but, believe me, with all her pretended 'simplicity and innocence, I never knew so much romantic 'invention as she is mistress of. In short, the girl's head's 'turned by romances, and such idle stuff, to which she has 'given herself up, ever since her kind lady's death. And she 'assumes airs, as if she was a mirror of perfection, and everybody had a design upon her.

'Don't mistake me, however; I believe her very honest and 'very virtuous; but I have found out also, that she is carrying 'on a sort of correspondence, or love affair, with a young 'clergyman, that I hope in time to provide for; but who, at 'present, is destitute of any subsistence but my favour: And 'what would be the consequence, can you think, of two young 'folks, who have nothing in the world to trust to of their own, 'to come together with a family multiplying upon them before they have bread to eat?

'For my part, I have too much kindness to them both, not 'to endeavour to prevent it, if I can; and for this reason I 'have sent her out of his way for a little while, till I can

'bring them both to better consideration; and I would not, 'therefore, have you be surprised you don't see your daughter 'so soon as you might possibly expect.

'Yet I do assure you, upon my honour, that she shall be 'safe and inviolate; and I hope you don't doubt me, notwith-'standing any airs she may have given herself, upon my 'jocular pleasantry to her, and perhaps a little innocent 'romping with her, so usual with young folks of the two 'sexes, when they have been long acquainted, and grown up 'together; for pride is not my talent.

'As she is a mighty letter-writer, I hope she has had the 'duty to apprise you of her intrigue with the young clergy-'man; and I know not whether it meets with your counten-'ance: But now she is absent for a little while (for I know 'he would have followed her to your village, if she had gone 'home; and there, perhaps, they would have ruined one an-'other, by marrying), I doubt not I shall bring him to see 'his interest, and that he engages not before he know how to 'provide for a wife: And when that can be done, let them 'come together in God's name, for me.

'I expect not to be answered on this head, but by your 'good opinion, and the confidence you may repose in my 'honour: being

'Your hearty friend to serve you.

'*P. S.*—I find my man John has been the manager of the 'correspondence, in which such liberties have been taken 'with *me*. I shall soon, in a manner that becomes me, 'let the saucy fellow know how much I resent his part 'of the affair. It is a hard thing, that a man of my char-'acter in the world should be used thus freely by his own 'servants.'

It is easy to guess at the poor old man's concern, upon reading this letter from a gentleman of so much consideration. He knew not what course to take, and had no manner of doubt of his poor daughter's innocence, and that foul play was designed her. Yet he sometimes hoped the best,

and was ready to believe the surmised correspondence between the clergyman and her, having not received the letters she wrote, which would have cleared up that affair.

But, after all, he resolved, as well to quiet his own as her mother's uneasiness, to undertake a journey to the 'squire's; and leaving his poor wife to excuse him to the farmer who employed him, he set out that very evening, late as it was; and travelling all night, found himself, soon after daylight, at the gate of the gentleman, before the family was up: and there he sat down to rest himself till he should see somebody stirring.

The grooms were the first he saw, coming out to water their horses; and he asked, in so distressful a manner, what was become of Pamela, that they thought him crazy; and said, Why, what have you to do with Pamela, old fellow? Get out of the horses' way.—Where is your master? said the poor man: Pray, gentlemen, don't be angry: my heart's almost broken.—He never gives anything at the door, I assure you, says one of the grooms; so you lose your labour.—I am not a beggar *yet*, said the poor old man; I want nothing of him, but my Pamela:—Oh my child! my child!

I'll be hanged, says one of them, if this is not Mrs. Pamela's father.—Indeed, indeed, said he, wringing his hands, I am; and weeping, Where is my child? Where is my Pamela?—Why, father, said one of them, we beg your pardon; but she is gone home to you: How long have you been come from home?—Oh! but last night, said he; I have travelled all night: Is the 'squire at home, or is he not?—Yes, but he is not stirring though, said the groom, as yet. Thank God for that! said he; thank God for that! Then I hope I may be permitted to speak to him anon. They asked him to go in, and he stepped into the stable, and sat down on the stairs there, wiping his eyes, and sighing so sadly, that it grieved the servants to hear him.

The family was soon raised with a report of Pamela's father coming to inquire after his daughter; and the maids would fain have had him go into the kitchen. But Mrs. Jervis, having been told of his coming, arose, and hastened

down to her parlour, and took him in with her, and there heard all his sad story, and read the letter. She wept bitterly, but yet endeavoured, before him, to hide her concern; and said, Well, Goodman Andrews, I cannot help weeping at your grief; but I hope there is no occasion. Let nobody see this letter, whatever you do. I daresay your daughter is safe.

Well, but, said he, I see *you*, madam, know nothing about her:—If all was right, so good a gentlewoman as you are, would not have been a stranger to this. To be sure you thought she was with me!

Said she, My master does not always inform his servants of his proceedings; but you need not doubt his honour. You have his hand for it: And you may see he can have no design upon her, because he is not from hence, and does not talk of going hence. Oh that is all I have to hope for! said he; that is all, indeed!—But, said he—and was going on, when the report of his coming had reached the 'squire, who came down, in his morning gown and slippers, into the parlour, where he and Mrs. Jervis were talking.

What's the matter, Goodman Andrews? said he; what's the matter? Oh my child! said the good old man; give me my child! I beseech you, sir.—Why, I thought, says the 'squire, that I had satisfied you about her: Sure you have not the letter I sent you, written with my own hand. Yes, yes, but I have, sir, said he; and that brought me hither; and I have walked all night. Poor man, returned he, with great seeming compassion, I am sorry for it truly! Why, your daughter has made a strange racket in my family; and if I thought it would have disturbed you so much, I would have e'en let her gone home; but what I did was to serve *her*, and *you* too. She is very safe, I do assure you, Goodman Andrews; and you may take my honour for it, I would not injure her for the world. Do you think I would, Mrs. Jervis? No, I hope not, sir, said she.—*Hope not!* said the poor man; so do I; but pray, sir, give me my child; that is all I desire; and I'll take care no clergyman shall come near her.

Why, London is a great way off, said the 'squire, and I

can't send for her back presently. What, then, said he, have you sent my poor Pamela to London? I would not have it said so, replied the 'squire; but I assure you, upon my honour, she is quite safe and satisfied, and will quickly inform you of it by letter. She is in a reputable family, no less than a bishop's, and is to wait on his lady, till I get the matter over that I mentioned to you.

Oh how shall I know this? replied he.—What! said the 'squire, pretending anger, am I to be doubted? Do you believe I can have any view upon your daughter? And if I had, do you think I would take such methods as *these* to effect it? Why, surely, man, thou forgettest whom thou talkest to!—Oh, sir, said he, I beg your pardon! but consider my dear child is in the case; let me know but what bishop, and where; and I will travel to London on foot to see my daughter, and then shall be satisfied.

Why, Goodman Andrews, I think thou hast read romances as well as thy daughter, and thy head's turned with them. May I not have my word taken? Do you think, once more, I would offer anything dishonourable to your daughter? Is there anything looks like it? Pr'ythee, man, recollect a little who I am; and if I am not to be believed, what signifies talking?—Why, sir, said he, pray forgive me; but there is no harm to say, What bishop's, or whereabouts? What, and so you'd go troubling his lordship with your impertinent fears and stories! Will you be satisfied, if you have a letter from her within a week, it may be less, if she be not negligent, to assure you all is well with her? Why that, said the poor man, will be some comfort. Well, then, said the gentleman, I can't answer for her negligence, if she don't write: And if she should send a letter to you, Mrs. Jervis (for I desire not to see it; I have had trouble enough about her already), be sure you send it by a man and horse the moment you receive it. To be sure I will, answered she. Thank your honour, said the good man: And then I must wait with as much patience as I can for a week, which will be a year to me.

I tell you, said the gentleman, it must be her own fault if

she don't write; for 'tis what I insisted upon, for my own reputation; and I shan't stir from this house, I assure you, till she is heard from, and that to your satisfaction. God bless your honour, said the poor man, as you say and mean truth! *Amen, Amen,* Goodman Andrews, said he: you see I am not afraid to say *Amen.* So, Mrs. Jervis, make the good man as welcome as you can; and let me have no uproar about the matter.

He then, whispering her, bid her give him a couple of guineas to bear his charges home; telling him, he should be welcome to stay there till the letter came, if he would, and be a witness, that he intended honourably, and not to stir from his house for one while.

The poor old man stayed and dined with Mrs. Jervis, with some tolerable ease of mind, in hopes to hear from his beloved daughter in a few days; and then accepting the present, returned for his own house, and resolved to be as patient as possible.

Meantime Mrs. Jervis, and all the family, were in the utmost grief for the trick put upon the poor Pamela; and she and the steward represented it to their master in as moving terms as they durst: but were forced to rest satisfied with his general assurances of intending her no harm; which, however, Mrs. Jervis little believed, from the pretence he had made in his letter, of the correspondence between Pamela and the young parson; which she knew to be all mere invention, though she durst not say so.

But the week after, they were made a little more easy by the following letter brought by an unknown hand, and left for Mrs. Jervis, which, how procured, will be shown in the sequel.

'DEAR MRS. JERVIS,—I have *been vilely tricked, and,* 'instead of being driven by Robin to my dear father's, *I am* 'carried off, to where, I have no liberty to tell. However, I 'am at present not used hardly, *in the main;* and write to 'beg of you to let my dear father and mother (whose hearts 'must be well-nigh broken) know that I am well, and that

'I am, and, by the grace of God ever will be, their honest, 'as well as dutiful daughter, and

'Your obliged friend,

'PAMELA ANDREWS.

'I must neither send date nor place; but have most 'solemn assurance of honourable usage. *This is the 'only time my low estate has been troublesome to me, 'since it has subjected me to the frights I have under-'gone. Love to your good self, and all my dear fellow-'servants. Adieu! adieu! but pray for poor* PAMELA.'

This, though it quieted not entirely their apprehensions, was shown to the whole family, and to the gentleman himself, who pretended not to know how it came; and Mrs. Jervis sent it away to the good old folks; who at first suspected it was forged, and not their daughter's hand; but, finding the contrary, they were a little easier to hear she was alive and honest: and having inquired of all their acquaintance what could be done, and no one being able to put them in a way how to proceed, with effect, on so extraordinary an occasion, against so rich and so resolute a gentleman; and being afraid to make matters worse (though they saw plainly enough, that she was in no bishop's family, and so mistrusted all the rest of his story), they applied themselves to prayers for their poor daughter, and for an happy issue to an affair that almost distracted them.

We shall now leave the honest old pair praying for their dear Pamela, and return to the account she herself gives of all this; having written it journal-wise, to amuse and employ her time, in hopes some opportunity might offer to send it to her friends; and, as was her constant view, that she might afterwards thankfully look back upon the dangers she had escaped, when they should be happily overblown, as in time she hoped they would be; and that then she might examine, and either approve or repent of her own conduct in them.

LETTER XXXII.

Oh my Dearest Father and Mother!—Let me write, and bewail my miserable hard fate, though I have no hope how what I write can be conveyed to your hands!—I have now nothing to do, but write and weep, and fear and pray! But yet what can I hope for, when I seem to be devoted, as a victim to the will of a wicked violator of all the laws of God and man!—But, gracious Heaven, forgive me my rashness and despondency! Oh let me not sin against Thee; for Thou best knowest what is fittest for Thy poor hand-maid! —And as Thou sufferest not Thy poor creatures to be tempted above what they can bear, I will resign myself to Thy good pleasure: And still, I hope, desperate as my condition seems, that as these trials are not of my own seeking, nor the effects of my presumption and vanity, I shall be enabled to overcome them, and, in God's own good time, be delivered from them.

Thus do I pray imperfectly, as I am forced by my distracting fears and apprehensions; and oh join with me, my dear parents!—But, alas! how can you know, how can I reveal to you, the dreadful situation of your poor daughter! The unhappy Pamela may be undone (which God forbid, and sooner deprive me of life!) before you can know her hard lot!

Oh the unparalleled wickedness, stratagems, and devices, of those who call themselves gentlemen, yet pervert the design of Providence, in giving them ample means to do good, to their own everlasting perdition, and the ruin of poor oppressed innocence!

But now I will tell you what has befallen me; and yet, how shall you receive it? Here is no honest John to carry my letters to you! And, besides, I am watched in all my steps; and no doubt shall be, till my hard fate may ripen his wicked projects for my ruin. I will every day, however, write

my sad state; and some way, perhaps, may be opened to send the melancholy scribble to you. But, alas! when you *know* it, what will it do but aggravate your troubles? For, oh! what can the abject poor do against the mighty rich, when they are determined to oppress?

Well, but I must proceed to write what I had hoped to tell you in a few hours, when I believed I should receive your grateful blessings, on my return to you from so many hardships.

I will begin with my account from the last letter I wrote you, in which I enclosed my poor stuff of verses; and continue it at times, as I have opportunity; though, as I said, I know not how it can reach you.

The long-hoped-for Thursday morning came, when I was to set out. I had taken my leave of my fellow-servants over-night; and a mournful leave it was to us all: for men, as well as women servants, wept much to part with me; and, for *my* part, I was overwhelmed with tears, and the affecting instances of their esteem. They all would have made me little presents, as tokens of their love; but I would not take anything from the lower servants, to be sure. But Mr. Longman would have me accept of several yards of Holland, and a silver snuff-box, and a gold ring, which he desired me to keep for his sake; and he wept over me; but said, I am sure so good a maiden God will bless; and though you return to your poor father again, and his low estate, yet Providence will find you out: Remember I tell you so; and *one* day, though I mayn't live to see it, you will be rewarded.

I said, O dear Mr. Longman! you make me too rich, and too mody; and yet I must be a beggar before my time: for I shall want often to be scribbling (little thinking it would be my only employment so soon), and I will beg you, sir, to favour me with some paper; and, as soon as I get home, I will write you a letter, to thank you for all your kindness to me; and a letter to good Mrs. Jervis too.

This was lucky; for I should have had none else, but at the pleasure of my rough-natured governess, as I may call

her; but now I can write to ease my mind, though I can't send it to you; and write what I please, for she knows not how well I am provided: for good Mr. Longman gave me above forty sheets of paper, and a dozen pens, and a little phial of ink; which last I wrapped in paper, and put in my pocket; and some wax and wafers.

Oh, dear sir, said I, you have set me up. How shall I requite you? He said, By a kiss, my fair mistress! And I gave it very willingly; for he is a good old man.

Rachel and Hannah cried sadly when I took my leave; and Jane, who sometimes used to be a little crossish, and Cicely too, wept sadly, and said, they would pray for me; but poor Jane, I doubt, will forget *that;* for she seldom says her prayers for herself: More's the pity!

Then Arthur the gardener, our Robin the coachman, and Lincolnshire Robin too, who was to carry me, were very civil; and both had tears in their eyes; which I thought then very good-natured in Lincolnshire Robin, because he knew but little of me.—But since, I find he might well be concerned; for he had then his instructions, it seems, and knew how he was to be a means to entrap me.

Then our other three footmen, Harry, Isaac, and Benjamin, and grooms, and helpers, were very much affected likewise; and the poor little scullion-boy, Tommy, was ready to run over for grief.

They had got all together over-night, expecting to be differently employed in the morning; and they all begged to shake hands with me, and I kissed the maidens, and prayed to God to bless them all; and thanked them for all their love and kindnesses to me: and, indeed, I was forced to leave them sooner than I would, because I could not stand it: Indeed I could not. Harry (I could not have thought it; for he is a little wildish, they say) cried till he sobbed again. John, poor honest John, was not then come back from you. But as for the butler, Mr. Jonathan, he could not stay in company.

I thought to have told you a deal about this; but I have worse things to employ my thoughts.

Mrs. Jervis, good Mrs. Jervis, cried all night long; and I comforted her all I could: And she made me promise that if my master went to London to attend parliament, or to Lincolnshire, I would come and stay a week with her: and she would have given me money; but I would not take it.

Well, next morning came, and I wondered I saw nothing of poor honest John; for I waited to take leave of him, and thank him for all his civilities to me and to you. But I suppose he was sent farther by my master, and so could not return; and I desired to be remembered to him.

And when Mrs. Jervis told me, with a sad heart, the chariot was ready with four horses to it, I was just upon sinking into the ground, though I wanted to be with you.

My master was above stairs, and never asked to see me. I was glad of it in the main; but he knew, false heart as he is, that I was not to be out of his reach.—Oh preserve me, Heaven, from his power, and from his wickedness!

Well, they were not suffered to go with me one step, as I writ to you before; for he stood at the window to see me go. And in the passage to the gate, out of his sight, there they stood all of them, in two rows; and we could say nothing on both sides, but God bless you! and God bless you! But Harry carried my own bundle, my third bundle, as I was used to call it, to the coach, with some plumb-cake, and diet-bread, made for me over-night, and some sweet-meats, and six bottles of Canary wine, which Mrs. Jervis would make me take in a basket, to cheer our hearts now and then, when we got together, as she said. And I kissed all the maids again, and shook hands with the men again; but Mr. Jonathan and Mr. Longman were not there; and then I tripped down the steps to the chariot, Mrs. Jervis crying most sadly.

I looked up when I got to the chariot, and I saw my master at the window, in his gown; and I courtesied three times to him very low, and prayed for him with my hands lifted up; for I could not speak; indeed I was not able: And

he bowed his head to me, which made me then very glad he would take such notice of me; and in I stepped, and was ready to burst with grief: and could only, till Robin began to drive, wave my white handkerchief to them, wet with my tears: and, at last, away he drove, Jehu-like, as they say, out of the courtyard. And I too soon found I had cause for greater and deeper grief.

Well, said I to myself, at this rate I shall soon be with my dear father and mother; and till I had got, as I supposed, halfway, I thought of the good friends I had left: And when, on stopping for a little bait to the horses, Robin told me I was near half way, I thought it was high time to wipe my eyes, and think to whom I was going; as then, alack for me! I thought. So I began to ponder what a meeting I should have with you; how glad you'd both be to see me come safe and innocent to you, after all my dangers: and so I began to comfort myself, and to banish the other gloomy side from my mind; though, too, it returned now and then; for I should be ungrateful not to love them for their love.

Well, I believe I set out about eight o'clock in the morning; and I wondered and wondered, when it was about two, as I saw by a church dial, in a little village as we passed through, that I was still more and more out of my knowledge. Hey-day, thought I, to drive this strange pace, and to be so long a going a little more than twenty miles, is very odd! But to be sure, thought I, Robin knows the way.

At last he stopped, and looked about him, as if he was at a loss for the road; and I said, Mr. Robert, sure you are out of the way!—I'm afraid I am, said he. But it can't be much; I'll ask the first person I see. Pray do, said I; and he gave his horses a mouthful of hay: and I gave him some cake, and two glasses of Canary wine; and stopped about half an hour in all. Then he drove on very fast again.

I had so much to think of, of the dangers I now doubted not I had escaped, of the loving friends I had left, and my best friends I was going to; and the many things I had to relate to you; that I the less thought of the way, till I was startled out of my meditations by the sun beginning to set,

and still the man driving on, and his horses sweating and foaming; and then I began to be alarmed all at once, and called to him; and he said he had horrid ill luck, for he had come several miles out of the way, but was now right, and should get in still before it was quite dark. My heart began then to misgive me a little, and I was very much fatigued; for I had no sleep for several nights before, to signify; and at last I said, Pray, Mr. Robert, there is a town before us, what do you call it?—If we are so much out of the way, we had better put up there, for the night comes on apace: And, Lord protect me! thought I, I shall have new dangers, mayhap, to encounter with the *man,* who have escaped the *master*—little thinking of the base contrivance of the latter. —Says he, I am just there: 'Tis but a mile on one side of the town before us.—Nay, said I, I may be mistaken; for it is a good while since I was this way; but I am sure the face of the country here is nothing like what I remember it.

He pretended to be much out of humour with himself for mistaking the way, and at last stopped at a farmhouse, about two miles beyond the village I had seen; and it was then almost dark, and he alighted, and said, We must make shift here; for I am quite out.

Lord, thought I, be good to the poor Pamela! More trials still!—What will befall me next!

The farmer's wife, and maid, and daughter, came out; and the wife said, What brings you this way at this time of night, Mr. Robert? And with a lady too?—Then I began to be frightened out of my wits; and laying middle and both ends together, I fell a crying, and said, God give me patience! I am undone for certain!—Pray, mistress, said I, do you know 'Squire B——, of Bedfordshire?

The wicked coachman would have prevented the answering me; but the simple daughter said, Know his worship! yes, surely! why he is my father's landlord.—Well, said I, then I am undone; undone for ever!—Oh, wicked wretch! what have I done to you, said I to the coachman, to serve me thus?—Vile tool of a wicked master!—Faith, said the fellow, I am sorry this task was put upon me: but I could

not help it. But make the best of it now; here are very civil reputable folks; and you'll be safe here, I'll assure you.—Let me get out, said I, and I'll walk back to the town we came through, late as it is:—For I will not enter here.

Said the farmer's wife, You'll be very well used here, I'll assure you, young gentlewoman, and have better conveniences than anywhere in the village. I matter not conveniences, said I: I am betrayed and undone! As you have a daughter of your *own,* pity me, and let me know if your landlord, as you call him, be here!—No, I'll assure you he is not, said she.

And then came the farmer, a good-like sort of man, grave, and well-behaved; and spoke to me in such sort, as made me a little pacified; and seeing no help for it, I went in; and the wife immediately conducted me up stairs to the best apartment, and told me, that was mine as long as I stayed; and nobody should come near me but when I called. I threw myself on the bed in the room, tired and frightened to death almost; and gave way to the most excessive fit of grief that I ever had.

The daughter came up, and said, Mr. Robert had given her a letter to give me; and there it was. I raised myself, and saw it was the hand and seal of the wicked wretch, my master, directed to Mrs. Pamela Andrews.—This was a little better than to have him here; though, if he had, he must have been brought through the air; for I thought I was.

The good woman (for I began to see things about a little reputable, and no guile appearing in them, but rather a face of grief for my grief) offered me a glass of some cordial water, which I accepted, for I was ready to sink; and then I sat up in a chair a little, though very faintish: and they brought me two candles, and lighted a brushwood fire; and said, if I called, I should be waited on instantly; and so left me to ruminate on my sad condition, and to read my letter, which I was not able to do presently. After I had a little come to myself, I found it to contain these words:

'DEAR PAMELA,— The passion I have for you, and your 'obstinacy, have constrained me to act by you in a manner 'that I know will occasion you great trouble and fatigue, 'both of mind and body. Yet, forgive me, my dear girl; for, 'although I have taken this step, I will, by all that's good 'and holy! use you honourably. Suffer not your fears to 'transport you to a behaviour that will be disreputable to us 'both: for the place where you'll receive this is a farm that 'belongs to me; and the people civil, honest, and obliging.

'You will, by this time, be far on your way to the place 'I have allotted for your abode for a few weeks, till I have 'managed some affairs, that will make me show myself to 'you in a much different light, than you may possibly appre-'hend from this rash action: And to convince you, that I 'mean no harm, I do assure you, that the house you are going 'to shall be so much at your command, that even I myself 'will not approach it without leave from you. So make 'yourself easy; be discreet and prudent; and a happier turn 'shall reward these your troubles than you may at present 'apprehend.

'Meantime I pity the fatigue you will have, if this come 'to your hand in the place I have directed: and will write 'to your father to satisfy him, that nothing but what is 'honourable shall be offered to you, by

'Your passionate admirer (so I must style myself),

'————.

'Don't think hardly of poor Robin: You have so pos-'sessed all my servants in your favour, that I find they 'had rather serve you than me; and 'tis reluctantly 'the poor fellow undertook this task; and I was forced 'to submit to assure him of my honourable intentions 'to you, which I am fully resolved to make good, if you 'compel me not to a contrary conduct.'

I but too well apprehended that the letter was only to pacify me for the present; but as my danger was not so immediate as I had reason to dread, and he had promised to for-

bear coming to me, and to write to you, my dear parents, to quiet your concern, I was a little more easy than before: and I made shift to eat a little bit of boiled chicken they had got for me, and drank a glass of my sack, and made each of them do so too.

But after I had so done, I was again a little flustered; for in came the coachman with the look of a hangman, I thought, and *madamed* me up strangely; telling me, he would beg me to get ready to pursue my journey by five in the morning, or else he should be late in. I was quite grieved at this; for I began not to dislike my company, considering how things stood; and was in hopes to get a party among them, and so to put myself into any worthy protection in the neighbourhood, rather than go forward.

When he withdrew, I began to tamper with the farmer and his wife. But, alas! they had had a letter delivered them at the same time I had; so securely had Lucifer put it into his head to do his work; and they only shook their heads, and seemed to pity me; and so I was forced to give over that hope.

However, the good farmer showed me his letter; which I copied as follows: for it discovers the deep arts of this wicked master; and how resolved he seems to be on my ruin, by the pains he took to deprive me of all hopes of freeing myself from his power.

'FARMER NORTON,—I send to your house, *for one night* '*only*, a young gentlewoman, much against her will, who 'has deeply embarked in a love affair, which will be her ruin, 'as well as the person's to whom she wants to betroth her-'self. I have, *to oblige her father*, ordered her to be carried 'to one of my houses, where she will be well used, to try, 'if by absence, and expostulation with both, they can be 'brought to know their own interest: and I am sure you 'will use her kindly for my sake: for, excepting this matter, '*which she will not own*, she does not want prudence and 'discretion. I will acknowledge any trouble you shall be 'at in this matter the first opportunity; and am

'Your Friend and Servant.'

He had said, too cunningly for me, that I would not *own* this pretended love affair; so that he had provided them not to believe me, say what I would; and as they were his tenants, who all love him (for he has some amiable qualities, and so he had need!), I saw all my plot cut out, and so was forced to say the less.

I wept bitterly, however; for I found he was too hard for me, as well in his contrivances as riches; and so had recourse again to my only refuge, comforting myself, that God never fails to take the innocent heart into His protection, and is alone able to baffle and confound the devices of the mighty. Nay, the farmer was so prepossessed with the contents of his letter, that he began to praise his care and concern for me, and to advise me against entertaining addresses without my friends' advice and consent; and made me the subject of a lesson for his daughter's improvement. So I was glad to shut up this discourse; for I saw I was not likely to be believed.

I sent, however, to tell my driver, that I was so fatigued, I could not get out so soon the next morning. But he insisted upon it, and said, It would make my day's journey the lighter; and I found he was a more faithful servant to his master, notwithstanding what he wrote of his reluctance, than I could have wished: I saw still more and more, that all was deep dissimulation, and contrivance worse and worse.

Indeed I might have shown them his letter to me, as a full confutation of his to them; but I saw no probability of engaging them in my behalf: and so thought it signified little, as I was to go away so soon, to enter more particularly into the matter with them; and besides, I saw they were not inclinable to let me stay longer, for fear of disobliging him: so I went to bed, but had very little rest: and they would make their servant-maid bear me company in the chariot five miles, early in the morning, and she was to walk back.

I had contrived in my thoughts, when I was on my way in the chariot, on Friday morning, that when we came into some town to bait, as he must do for the horses' sake, I would, at the inn, apply myself, if I saw I any way could, to the mis-

tress of the inn, and tell her the case, and to refuse to go farther, having nobody but this wicked coachman to contend with.

Well, I was very full of this project, and in great hopes, somehow or other, to extricate myself this way. But, oh! the artful wretch had provided for even this last refuge of mine; for when we came to put up at a large town on the way, to eat a morsel for dinner, and I was fully resolved to execute my project, who should be at the inn that he put up at, but the wicked Mrs. Jewkes, expecting me! And her sister-in-law was the mistress of it; and she had provided a little entertainment for me.

And this I found, when I desired, as soon as I came in, to speak with the mistress of the house. She came to me; and I said, I am a poor unhappy young body, that want your advice and assistance; and you seem to be a good sort of a gentlewoman, that would assist an oppressed innocent person. Yes, madam, said she, I hope you guess right; and I have the happiness to know something of the matter before you speak. Pray call my sister Jewkes.—Jewkes! Jewkes! thought I; I have heard of that name; I don't like it.

Then the wicked creature appeared, whom I had never seen but once before, and I was terrified out of my wits. No stratagem, thought I, not *one!* for a poor innocent girl; but everything to turn out against me; that is hard indeed!

So I began to pull in my horns, as they say, for I saw I was now worse off than at the farmer's.

The naughty woman came up to me with an air of confidence, and kissed me: See, sister, said she, here's a charming creature! Would she not tempt the best lord in the land to run away with her? Oh frightful! thought I; here's an avowal of the matter at once: I am now gone, that's certain. And so was quite silent and confounded; and seeing no help for it (for she would not part with me out of her sight), I was forced to set out with her in the chariot; for she came thither on horseback with a man-servant, who rode by us the rest of the way, leading her horse: and now I gave over all thoughts of redemption, and was in a desponding condition indeed.

Well, thought I, here are strange pains taken to ruin a poor innocent, helpless, and even *worthless* young body. This plot is laid too deep, and has been too long hatching, to be baffled, I fear. But then I put my trust in God, who I knew was able to do everything for me, when all other possible means should fail: and in Him I was resolved to confide.

You may see—(Yet, oh! that kills me; for I know not whether *ever* you can see what I now write or no—Else you will see)—what sort of woman that Mrs. Jewkes is, compared to good Mrs. Jervis, by this:—

Every now and then she would be staring in my face, in the chariot, and squeezing my hand, and saying, Why, you are very pretty, my silent dear! And once she offered to kiss me. But I said, I don't like this sort of carriage, Mrs. Jewkes; it is not like two persons of one sex. She fell a laughing very confidently, and said, That's prettily said, I vow! Then thou hadst rather be kissed by the other sex? 'I fackins, I commend thee for that!

I was sadly teased with her impertinence and bold way; but no wonder; she was an innkeeper's housekeeper, before she came to my master; and those sort of creatures don't want confidence, you know: and indeed she made nothing to talk boldly on twenty occasions; and said two or three times, when she saw the tears every now and then, as we rid, trickle down my cheeks, I was sorely hurt, truly, to have the handsomest and finest young gentleman in five counties in love with me!

So I find I am got into the hands of a wicked procuress; and if I was not safe with good Mrs. Jervis, and where everybody loved me, what a dreadful prospect have I now before me, in the hands of a woman that seems to delight in filthiness!

Oh, dear sirs! what shall I do! What shall I do!—Surely, I shall never be equal to all these things!

About eight at night, we entered the courtyard of this handsome, large, old, and lonely mansion, that locks made for solitude and mischief, as I thought, by its appearance,

with all its brown nodding horrors of lofty elms and pines about it: and here, said I to myself, I fear, is to be the scene of my ruin, unless God protect me, who is all-sufficient!

I was very sick at entering it, partly from fatigue, and partly from dejection of spirits: and Mrs. Jewkes got me some mulled wine, and seemed mighty officious to welcome me thither; and while she was absent, ordering the wine, the wicked Robin came in to me, and said, I beg a thousand pardons for my part in this affair, since I see your grief and your distress; and I do assure you that I am sorry it fell to my task.

Mighty well, Mr. Robert! said I; I never saw an execution but once, and then the hangman asked the poor creature's pardon, and wiped his mouth, as you do, and pleaded his duty, and then calmly tucked up the criminal. But I am no criminal, as you know: And if I could have thought it my duty to obey a wicked master in his unlawful commands, I had saved you all the merit of this vile service.

I am sorry, said he, you take it so: but everybody don't think alike. Well, said I, you have done *your* part, Mr. Robert, towards my ruin, very faithfully; and will have cause to be sorry, may be, at the long run, when you shall see the mischief that comes of it.—Your eyes were open, and you knew I was to be carried to my father's, and that I was barbarously tricked and betrayed; and I can only, once more, thank you for your part of it. God forgive you!

So he went away a little sad. What have you said to Robin, madam? said Mrs. Jewkes (who came in as he went out): the poor fellow's ready to cry. I need not be afraid of *your* following his example, Mrs. Jewkes, said I: I have been telling him, that he has done *his* part to my ruin: and he now can't help it! So his repentance does *me* no good; I wish it may *him*.

I'll assure you, madam, said she, I should be as ready to cry as he, if I should do you any harm. It is not in *his* power to help it now, said I; but *your* part is to come, and you may choose whether you'll contribute to my ruin or not.—Why, look ye, look ye, madam, said she, I have a great

notion of doing my duty to my master; and therefore you may depend upon it, if I can do *that*, and serve *you*, I will: but you must think, if *your* desire, and *his* will, come to clash once, I shall do as he bids me, let it be what it will.

Pray, Mrs. Jewkes, said I, don't *madam* me so: I am but a silly poor girl, set up by the gambol of fortune, for a May-game; and now am to be something, and now nothing, just as that thinks fit to sport with me: And let you and me talk upon a foot together; for I am a servant inferior to you, and so much the more, as I am turned out of place.

Ay, ay, says she, I understand something of the matter; you have so great power over my master, that you may soon be mistress of us all; and so I would oblige you, if I could. And I must and will call you madam; for I am instructed to show you all respect, I'll assure you.

Who instructed you so to do? said I. Who! my master, to be sure, said she. Why, said I, how can that be? You have not seen him lately. No, that's true, said she; but I have been expecting you here some time (oh the deep laid wickedness! thought I); and, besides, I have a letter of instructions by Robin; but, may be, I should not have said so much. If you would show them to me, said I, I should be able to judge how far I could, or could not, expect favour from you, consistent with your duty to our master. I beg your pardon, fair mistress, for that, said she; I am sufficiently instructed; and you may depend upon it, I will observe my orders; and, so far as they will let me, so far will I oblige you; and there's an end of it.

Well, said I, you will not, I hope, do an unlawful or wicked thing, for any master in the world. Look ye, said she, he is my master; and if he bids me do anything that I *can* do, I think I *ought* to do it; and let him, who has his power to command me, look to the *lawfulness* of it. Why, said I, suppose he should bid you cut my throat, would you do it? There's no danger of that, said she; but to be sure I would not; for then I should be hanged! for that would be murder. Well, said I, and suppose he should resolve to ensnare a poor young creature, and ruin her, would you

assist him in that? For to rob a person of her virtue is worse than cutting her throat.

Why now, says she, how strangely you talk! Are not the two sexes made for one another? And is it not natural for a gentleman to love a pretty woman? And suppose he can obtain his desires, is that so bad as cutting her throat? And then the wretch fell a laughing, and talked most impertinently, and showed me, that I had nothing to expect from her virtue or conscience: and this gave me great mortification; for I was in hopes of working upon her by degrees.

So we ended our discourse here, and I bid her show me where I must lie.—Why, said she, lie where you list, madam; I can tell you, I must lie with you for the present. *For the present!* said I, and torture then wrung my heart!—But is it in your *instructions,* that you must lie with me? Yes, indeed, said she.—I am sorry for it, said I. Why, said she, I am wholesome, and cleanly too, I'll assure you. Yes, said I, I don't doubt that; but I love to lie by myself. How so? said she; was not Mrs. Jervis your bedfellow at t'other house?

Well, said I, quite sick of her, and my condition; you must do as you are instructed, I think. I can't help myself, and am a most miserable creature. She repeated her insufferable nonsense. Mighty miserable, indeed, to be so well beloved by one of the finest gentlemen in England!

I am now come down in my writing to this present SATURDAY, and a deal I have written.

My wicked bedfellow has very punctual orders, it seems; for she locks me and herself in, and ties the two keys (for there is a double door to the room) about her wrist, when she goes to bed. She talks of the house having been attempted to be broken open two or three times; whether to frighten me, I can't tell; but it makes me fearful; though not so much as I should be, if I had not other and greater fears.

I slept but little last night, and got up, and pretended to sit by the window which looks into the spacious gardens; but I was writing all the time, from break of day, to her getting up, and after, when she was absent.

At breakfast she presented the two maids to me, the cook and housemaid, poor awkward souls, that I can see no hopes of, they seem so devoted to her and ignorance. Yet I am resolved, if possible, to find some way to escape, before this wicked master comes.

There are, besides, of servants, the coachman, Robert, a groom, a helper, a footman; all but Robert (and he is accessory to my ruin), strange creatures, that promise nothing; and all likewise devoted to this woman. The gardener looks like a good honest man; but he is kept at a distance, and seems reserved.

I wondered I saw not Mr. Williams the clergyman, but would not ask after him, apprehending it might give some jealousy; but when I had beheld the rest, he was the only one I had hopes of; for I thought his cloth would set him above assisting in my ruin.—But in the afternoon he came; for it seems he has a little Latin school in the neighbouring village, which he attends; and this brings him in a little matter, additional to my master's favour, till something better falls, of which he has hopes.

He is a sensible sober young gentleman; and when I saw him I confirmed myself in my hopes of him; for he seemed to take great notice of my distress and grief (for I could not hide it;) though he appeared fearful of Mrs. Jewkes, who watched all our motions and words.

He has an apartment in the house; but is mostly at a lodging in the town, for a conveniency of his little school; only on Saturday afternoon and Sundays: and he preaches sometimes for the minister of the village, which is about three miles off.

I hope to go to church with him to-morrow: Sure it is not in her instructions to deny me! He can't have thought of *every* thing! And something may strike out for me there.

I have asked her, for a feint (because she shan't think I

am so well provided), to indulge me with pen and ink, though I have been using my own so freely when her absence would let me; for I begged to be left to myself as much as possible. She says she will let me have it; but then I must promise not to send any writing out of the house, without her seeing it. I said, it was only to divert my grief when I was by myself, as I desired to be; for I loved writing as well as reading; but I had nobody to send to, she knew well enough.

No, not at *present,* may be, said she; but I am told you are a great writer; and it is in my instructions to see all you write: So, look you here, said she, I will let you have a pen and ink, and two sheets of paper: for this employment will keep you out of worse thoughts; but I must see them always when I ask, written or not written. That's very hard, said I; but may I not have to myself the closet in the room where we lie, with the key to lock up my things? I believe I may consent to that, said she; and I will set it in order for you, and leave the key in the door. And there is a spinnet too, said she; if it be in tune, you may play to divert you now and then; for I know my old lady learnt you: And below is my master's library: you may take out what books you will.

And, indeed, these and my writing will be all my amusement: for I have no work given me to do; and the spinnet, if in tune, will not find my mind, I am sure, in tune to play upon it. But I went directly and picked out some books from the library, with which I filled a shelf in the closet she gave me possession of: and from these I hope to receive improvement, as well as amusement. But no sooner was her back turned, than I set about hiding a pen of my own here, and another there, for fear I should come to be denied, and a little of my ink in a broken China cup, and a little in another cup; and a sheet of paper here and there among my linen, with a little of the wax, and a few wafers, in several places, lest I should be searched; and something, I thought, might happen to open a way for my deliverance, by these or some other means. Oh the pride, thought I, I shall have, if I can secure my innocence, and escape the artful wiles of this

wicked master! For, if he comes hither, I am undone, to be sure! For this naughty woman will assist him, rather than fail, in the worst of his attempts; and he'll have no occasion to send her out of the way, as he would have done Mrs. Jervis once. So I must set all my little wits at work.

It is a grief to me to write, and not be able to send to you what I write; but now it is all the diversion I have, and if God will favour my escape with my innocence, as I trust He graciously will, for all these black prospects, with what pleasure shall I read them afterwards!

I was going to say, Pray for your dutiful daughter, as I used; but, alas! you cannot know my distress, though I am sure I have your prayers: And I will write on as things happen, that if a way should open, my scribble may be ready to be sent: For what I do, must be at a jirk, to be sure.

Oh how I want such an obliging, honest-hearted man as John!

I am now come to SUNDAY.

WELL, here is a sad thing! I am denied by this barbarous woman to go to church, as I had built upon I might: and she has huffed poor Mr. Williams all to pieces, for pleading for me. I find he is to be forbid the house, if she pleases. Poor gentleman! all his dependence is upon my master, who has a very good living for him, if the incumbent die; and he has kept his bed these four months, of old age and dropsy.

He pays me great respect, and I see pities me; and would, perhaps, assist my escape from these dangers: But I have nobody to plead for me; and why should I wish to ruin a poor gentleman, by engaging him against his interest? Yet one would do anything to preserve one's innocence; and Providence would, perhaps, make it up to *him!*

Oh judge (but how shall you see what I write!) of my distracted condition, to be reduced to such a pass as to a desire to lay traps for mankind! But he wants sadly to say something to me, as he whisperingly hinted.

The wretch (I think I will always call her the *wretch* henceforth) abuses me more and more. I was but talking to one of the maids just now, indeed a little to tamper with her by degrees; and she popt upon us, and said—Nay, madam, don't offer to tempt poor innocent country maidens from doing their duty. You wanted, I hear, she should take a walk with you. But I charge you, Nan, never stir with her, nor obey her, without letting me know it, in the smallest trifles.—I say, walk with you! and where would you go, I tro'? Why, barbarous Mrs. Jewkes, said I, only to look a little up the elm-walk, since you would not let me go to church.

Nan, said she, to show me how much they were all in her power, pull off madam's shoes, and bring them to me. I have taken care of her others.—Indeed she shan't, said I.—Nay, said Nan, but I must if my mistress bids me: so pray, madam, don't hinder me. And so indeed (would you believe it?) she took my shoes off, and left me barefoot: and, for my share, I have been so frighted at this, that I have not power even to relieve my mind by my tears. I am quite stupefied to be sure!—Here I was forced to leave off.

Now I will give you a picture of this wretch: She is a broad, squat, pursy, *fat thing,* quite ugly, if anything human can be so called; about forty years old. She has a huge hand, and an arm as thick as my waist, I believe. Her nose is fat and crooked, and her brows grow down over her eyes; a dead spiteful, grey, goggling eye, to be sure she has. And her face is flat and broad; and as to colour, looks like as if it had been pickled a month in saltpetre: I daresay she drinks:—She has a hoarse, man-like voice, and is as thick as she is long; and yet looks so deadly strong, that I am afraid she would dash me at her foot in an instant, if I was to vex her.—So that with a heart more ugly than her face, she frightens me sadly; and I am undone to be sure, if God does not protect me; for she is very, very wicked—indeed she is.

This is poor helpless spite in me:—But the picture is too near the truth notwithstanding. She sends me a message just now, that I shall have my shoes again, if I will accept

of her company to walk with me in the garden.—To *waddle* with me, rather, thought I.

Well, 'tis not my business to quarrel with her downright. I shall be watched the narrower, if I do; and so I will go with the hated wretch.—Oh for my dear Mrs. Jervis! or, rather, to be safe with my dear father and mother.

Oh! I am out of my wits for joy! Just as I have got my shoes on, I am told John, honest John, is come on horseback! —A blessing on his faithful heart! What joy is this! But I'll tell you more by and by. I must not let her know I am so glad to see this dear blessed John, to be sure!—Alas! but he looks sad, as I see him out of the window! What can be the matter!—I hope my dear parents are well, and Mrs. Jervis, and Mr. Longman, and everybody, my naughty master not excepted;—for I wish him to live and repent of all his wickedness to poor me.

Oh dear heart! what a world do we live in!—I am now come to take up my pen again: But I am in a sad taking truly! Another puzzling trial, to be sure.

Here was John, as I said, and the poor man came to me, with Mrs. Jewkes, who whispered, that I would say nothing about the shoes, for my *own* sake, as she said. The poor man saw my distress, by my red eyes, and my hagged looks, I suppose; for I have had a sad time of it, you must needs think; and though he would have hid it, if he could, yet his own eyes ran over. O Mrs. Pamela! said he; O Mrs. Pamela! Well, honest fellow-servant, said I, I cannot help it at present: I am obliged to your honesty and kindness, to be sure; and then he wept more. Said I (for my heart was ready to break to see his grief; for it is a touching thing to see a man cry), Tell me the worst! Is my master coming? No, no, said he, and sobbed.—Well, said I, is there any news of my poor father and mother? How do they do? —I hope well, said he, I know nothing to the contrary. There is no mishap, I hope, to Mrs. Jervis or to Mr. Longman, or my fellow-servants!—No—said he, poor man! with a long

N—o, as if his heart would burst. Well, thank God then! said I.

The man's a fool, said Mrs. Jewkes, I think: What ado is here! Why, sure thou'rt in love, John. Dost thou not see young madam is well? What ails thee, man? Nothing at all, said he; but I am such a fool as to cry for joy to see good Mrs. Pamela: But I have a letter for you.

I took it, and saw it was from my master; so I put it in my pocket. Mrs. Jewkes, said I, you need not, I hope, see this. No, no, said she, I see whose it is, well enough; or else, may be, I must have insisted on reading it.

And here is one for you, Mrs. Jewkes, said he; but yours, said he to me, requires an answer, which I must carry back early in the morning, or to-night, if I can.

You have no more, John, said Mrs. Jewkes, for Mrs. Pamela, have you? No, said he, I have not, but everybody's kind love and service. Ay, to us both, to be sure, said she. John, said I, I will read the letter, and pray take care of yourself; for you are a good man, God bless you! and I rejoice to see you, and hear from you all. But I longed to say more; only that nasty Mrs. Jewkes.

So I went up, and locked myself in my closet, and opened the letter; and this is a copy of it:

'My dearest Pamela,—I send purposely to you on an 'affair that concerns you very much, and me somewhat, but 'chiefly for your sake. I am conscious that I have pro-'ceeded by you in such a manner as may justly alarm your 'fears, and give concern to your honest friends: and all my 'pleasure is, that I *can* and *will* make you amends for the 'disturbance I have given you. As I promised, I sent to 'your father the day after your departure, that he might not 'be too much concerned for you, and assured him of my 'honour to you; and made an excuse, such an one as ought 'to have satisfied him, for your not coming to him. But 'this was not sufficient, it seems; for he, poor man! came 'to me next morning, and set my family almost in an up-'roar about you.

'Oh, my dear girl! what trouble has not your obstinacy 'given me, and yourself too! I had no way to pacify him, 'but to promise that he should see a letter written from you 'to Mrs. Jervis, to satisfy him you are well.

'Now all my care in this case is for your aged parents, 'lest they should be touched with too fatal a grief; and 'for you, whose duty and affection for them I know to be 'so strong and laudable: for this reason I beg you will 'write a few lines to them, and let me prescribe the form; 'which I have done, putting myself as near as I can in 'your place, and expressing your sense, with a warmth 'that I doubt will have too much possessed you.

'After what is done, and which cannot now be helped, 'but which, I assure you, shall turn out honourably for 'you, I expect not to be refused; because I cannot possibly 'have any view in it, but to satisfy your parents; which is 'more *your* concern than *mine;* and so I must beg you will 'not alter one tittle of the underneath. If you do, it will be 'impossible for me to send it, or that it should answer the 'good end I propose by it.

'I have promised, that I will not approach you without 'your leave.. If I find you easy, and not attempting to 'dispute or avoid your present lot, I will keep to my word, 'although it is a difficulty upon me. Nor shall your re-'straint last long: for I will assure you, that I am resolved 'very soon to convince you of my good intentions, and with 'what ardour I am

'Yours, &c.'

The letter he prescribed for me was as this:

'Dear Mrs. Jervis,— I have, instead of being driven by 'Robin to my dear father's, been carried off, where I have 'no liberty to tell. However, at present, I am not used 'hardly; and I write to beg you to let my dear father and 'mother, whose hearts must be well-nigh broken, know that

'I am well; and that I am, and, by the grace of God, ever 'will be, their honest, as well as dutiful daughter, and

'Your obliged friend.

'I must neither send date nor place; but have most solemn 'assurances of honourable usage.'

I knew not what to do on this most strange request and occasion. But my heart bled so much for ycu, my dear father, who had taken the pains to go yourself, and inquire after your poor daughter, as well as for my dear mother, that I resolved to write, and pretty much in the above form,* that it might be sent to pacify you, till I could let you, somehow or other, know the true state of the matter. And I wrote thus to my strange wicked master himself:

'SIR,—If you knew but the anguish of my mind, and 'how much I suffer by your dreadful usage of me, you 'would surely pity me, and consent to my deliverance. What 'have I done, that I should be the *only* mark of your cruelty? 'I can have no hope, no desire of living left me, because I 'cannot have the least dependence, after what has passed, 'upon your solemn assurances.—It is impossible they should 'be consistent with the dishonourable methods you take.

'Nothing but your promise of not seing me here in my 'deplorable bondage, can give me the least ray of hope.

'Don't, I beseech you, drive the poor distressed Pamela 'upon a rock, that may be the destruction both of her soul 'and body! You don't know, sir, how dreadfully I *dare,* 'weak as I am of mind and intellect, when my virtue is in 'danger. And, oh! hasten my deliverance, that a poor un-'worthy creature, below the notice of such a gentleman as 'you, may not be made the sport of a high ccndition, for no 'reason in the world, but because she is not able to de-'fend herself, nor has a friend that can right her.

'I have, sir, in part to show my obedience to you, but

*See p. 99; her alterations are in a different character.

'indeed, I own, more to give ease to the minds of my poor 'distressed parents, whose poverty, one would think, should 'screen them from violences of this sort, as well as their 'poor daughter, followed pretty much the form you have 'prescribed for me, in the letter to Mrs. Jervis; and the 'alterations I have made (for I could not help a few) are of 'such a nature, as, though they show my concern a little, 'yet must answer the end you are pleased to say you pro-'pose by this letter.

'For God's sake, good sir, pity my lowly condition, and 'my present great misery; and *let* me join with all the rest 'of your servants to bless that goodness, which you have 'extended to every one but the poor afflicted, heart-broken

'PAMELA.'

I thought, when I had written this letter, and that which he had prescribed, it would look like placing a confidence in Mrs. Jewkes, to show them to her; and I showed her, at the same time, my master's letter to me; for I believed the value he expressed for me, would give me credit with one who professed in everything to serve him, right or wrong; though I had so little reason, I fear, to pride myself in it: and I was not mistaken; for it has seemed to influence her not a little, and she is at present mighty obliging, and runs over in my praises; but is the less to be minded, because she praises as much the author of my miseries, and his *honourable* intentions, as she calls them; for I see, that she is capable of thinking, as I fear *he* does, that everything that makes for his wicked will is honourable, though to the ruin of the innocent. Pray God I may find it otherwise! Though, I hope, whatever the wicked gentleman may intend, that I shall be at last rid of her impertinent bold way of talk, when she seems to think, from his letter, that he means honourably.

I am now come to MONDAY, the 5th day of my bondage and misery.

I WAS in hope to have an opportunity to see John, and have a little private talk with him, before he went away; but it could not be. The poor man's excessive sorrow made Mrs. Jewkes take it into her head, to think he loved me; and so she brought up a message to me from him this morning that he was going. I desired he might come up to *my* closet, as I called it, and she came with him. The honest man, as I thought him, was as full of concern as before, at taking leave: and I gave him two letters, the one for Mrs. Jervis, enclosed in another for my master: but Mrs. Jewkes would see me seal them up, lest I should enclose anything else.—I was surprised, at the man's going away to see him drop a bit of paper, just at the head of the stairs, which I took up without being observed by Mrs. Jewkes: but I was a thousand times more surprised, when I returned to my closet, and opening it read as follows:

'GOOD MRS. PAMELA,—I am grieved to tell you how much 'you have been deceived and betrayed, and that by such a 'vile dog as I. Little did I think it would come to this. But 'I must say, if ever there was a rogue in the world, it is me. 'I have all along showed your letters to my master: he em-'ployed me for that purpose; and he saw every one, before 'I carried them to your father and mother; and then 'sealed them up, and sent me with them. I had some busi-'ness that way, but not half so often as I pretended: and as 'soon as I heard how it was, I was ready to hang myself. 'You may well think I could not stand in your presence. 'Oh vile, vile wretch, to bring you to this! If you are ruined, 'I am the rogue that caused it. All the justice I can do you, 'is to tell you, you are in vile hands; and I am afraid will 'be undone in spite of all your sweet innocence; and I be-'lieve I shall never live, after I know it. If you can forgive 'me, you are exceeding good; but I shall never forgive my-'self, that's certain. Howsomever, it will do you no good to

'make this known; and mayhap I may live to do you service. 'If I can, I will: I am sure I ought.—Master kept your last 'two or three letters, and did not send them at all. I am the 'most abandoned wretch of wretches.

'J. ARNOLD.

'You see your undoing has been long hatching. Pray 'take care of your sweet self. Mrs. Jewkes is a devil: 'but in my master's t'other house you have not one false 'heart, but myself. Out upon me for a villain!'

My dear father and mother, when you come to this place, I make no doubt your hair will stand on end as mine does!—Oh the deceitfulness of the heart of man!—This John, that I took to be the honestest of men; that you took for the same; that was always praising you to me, and me to you, and for nothing so much as for our *honest* hearts; this *very* fellow was all the while a vile hypocrite, and a perfidious wretch, and helping to carry on my ruin.

But he says so much of himself, that I will only sit down with this sad reflection, That power and riches never want tools to promote their vilest ends, and there is nothing so hard to be known as the heart of man:—I can but pity the poor wretch, since he seems to have great remorse, and I believe it best to keep his wickedness secret. If it lies in my way, I will encourage his penitence; for I may possibly make some discoveries by it.

One thing I should mention in this place; he brought down, in a portmanteau, all the clothes and things my lady and master had given me, and moreover two velvet hoods, and a velvet scarf, that used to be worn by my lady; but I have no comfort in them, or anything else.

Mrs. Jewkes had the portmanteau brought into my closet, and she showed me what was in it; but then locked it up, and said, she would let me have what I would out of it, when I asked; but if I had the key, it might make me want to go abroad, may be; and so the confident woman put it in her pocket.

I gave myself over to sad reflections upon this strange and surprising discovery of John's, and wept much for him, and for myself too; for now I see, as he says, my ruin has been long hatching, that I can make no doubt what my master's *honourable* professions will end in. What a heap of hard names does the poor fellow call himself! But what must they deserve, then, who set him to work? Oh what has this wicked master to answer for, to be so corrupt himself, and to corrupt others, who would have been all innocent; and to carry on a poor plot, I am sure for a gentleman, to ruin a poor creature, who never did him harm, nor wished him any; and who can still pray for his happiness, and his repentance?

I can't but wonder what these *gentlemen*, as they are called, can think of themselves for these vile doings! John had *some* inducement; for he hoped to please his master, who rewarded him and was bountiful to him; and the same may be said, bad as she is, for this same odious Mrs. Jewkes. But what inducement has my master for taking so much pains to do the devil's work for him?—If he loves me, as 'tis falsely called, must he therefore lay traps for me, to ruin me, and make me as bad as himself? I cannot imagine what good the undoing of such a poor creature as I can procure him.—To be sure, I am a very worthless body. People, indeed, say, I am handsome; but if I was so, should not a gentleman prefer an honest servant to a guilty harlot? And must he be *more* earnest to seduce me, because I dread of all things to be seduced, and would rather lose my life than my honesty?

Well, these are strange things to me! I cannot account for them, for my share; but sure nobody will say, that these fine gentlemen have any tempter but their own wicked wills! —This naughty master could run away from me, when he apprehended his servants might discover his vile attempts upon me in that sad closet affair; but is it not strange that he should not be afraid of the all-seeing eye, from which even that base plotting heart of his, in its most secret motions, could not be hid?—But what avail me these sorrowful reflections? He is and will be wicked, and designs me a victim to

his lawless attempts, if the God in whom I trust, and to whom I hourly pray, prevent it not.

Tuesday and Wednesday.

I HAVE been hindered, by this wicked woman's watching me so close, from writing on Tuesday; and so I will put both these days together. I have been a little turn with her for an airing, in the chariot, and walked several times in the garden; but have always her at my heels.

Mr. Williams came to see us, and took a walk with us once; and while her back was just turned (encouraged by the hint he had before given me), I said, Sir, I see two tiles upon that parsley-bed; might not one cover them with mould, with a note between them, on occasion?—A good hint, said he; let that sunflower by the back door of the garden be the place; I have a key to the door; for it is my nearest way to the town.

So I was forced to begin. Oh what inventions will necessity push us upon! I hugged myself at the thought; and she coming to us, he said, as if he was continuing a discourse we were in: No, not extraordinary pleasant. What's that? what's that? said Mrs. Jewkes.—Only, said he, the town, I'm saying, is not very pleasant. No, indeed, said she, it is not; it is a poor town, to my thinking. Are there any gentry in it? said I. And so we chattered on about the town, to deceive her. But my deceit intended no hurt to anybody.

We then talked of the garden, how large and pleasant, and the like; and sat down on the tufted slope of the fine fishpond, to see the fishes play upon the surface of the water; and she said, I should angle if I would.

I wish, said I, you'd be so kind to fetch me a rod and baits. Pretty mistress! said she—I know better than that, I'll assure you, at this time.—I mean no harm, said I, indeed. Let me tell you, said she, I know none who have their thoughts more about them than you. A body ought to look to it where you are. But we'll angle a little to-morrow. Mr. Williams, who

is much afraid of her, turned the discourse to a general subject. I sauntered in, and left them to talk by themselves; but he went away to town, and she was soon after me.

I had got to my pen and ink; and I said, I want some paper, Mrs. Jewkes, (putting what I was about in my bosom): You know I have written two letters, and sent them by John. (Oh how his name, poor guilty fellow, grieves me!) Well, said she, you have some left; one sheet did for those two letters. Yes, said I; but I used half another for a cover, you know; and see how I have scribbled the other half; and so I showed her a parcel of broken scraps of verses, which I had tried to recollect, and had written purposely that she might see, and think me usually employed to such idle purposes. Ay, said she, so you have; well, I'll give you two sheets more; but let me see how you dispose of them, either written or blank. Well, thought I, I hope still, Argus, to be too hard for thee. Now Argus, the poets say, had a hundred eyes, and was set to watch with them all, as she does.

She brought me the paper, and said, Now, madam, let me see you write something. I will, said I; and took the pen and wrote, 'I wish Mrs. Jewkes would be so good to me, as 'I would be to her, if I had it in my power.'—That's pretty now, said she; well, I hope I am; but what then? 'Why 'then (wrote I) she would do me the favour to let me know, 'what I have done to be made her prisoner; and what she 'thinks is to become of me.' Well, and what then? said she. 'Why then, of consequence (scribbled I), she would let me 'see her instructions, that I may know how far to blame, or to 'acquit her.'

Thus I fooled on, to show her my fondness for scribbling; for I had no expectation of any good from her; that so she might suppose I employed myself, as I said, to no better purpose at other times: for she will have it, that I am upon some plot, I am so silent, and love so much to be by myself.—She would have made me write on a little further. No, said I; you have not answered me. Why, said she, what can you doubt, when my master himself assures you of his honour? Ay, said I; but lay your hand to your heart, Mrs. Jewkes, and tell me,

if you yourself believe him. Yes, said she, to be sure I do. But, said I, what do *you* call honour? Why, said she, what does *he* call honour, think you?—Ruin! shame! disgrace! said I, I fear.—Pho! pho! said she; if you have any doubt about it, he can best explain his own meaning:—I'll send him word to come and satisfy you, if you will.—Horrid creature! said I, all in a fright—Canst thou not stab me to the heart? I'd rather thou wouldst, than say such another word!—But I hope there is no such thought of his coming.

She had the wickedness to say, No, no; he don't intend to come, as I know of—but if I was he, I would not be long away. What means the woman? said I.—Mean! said she (turning it off); why I mean, I would come if I was he, and put an end to all your fears—by making you as happy as you wish. It is out of his power, said I, to make *me* happy, great and rich as he is! but by leaving me innocent, and giving me liberty to go to my dear father and mother.

She went away soon after, and I ended my letter, in hopes to have an opportunity to lay it in the appointed place. So I went to her, and said; I suppose, as it is not dark, I may take another turn in the garden. It is too late, said she; but if you will go, don't stay; and, Nan, see and attend madam, as she called me.

So I went towards the pond, the maid following me, and dropt purposely my hussy: and when I came near the tiles, I said, Mrs. Anne, I have dropt my hussy; be so kind as to look for it; I had it by the pond side. She went back to look, and I slipt the note between the tiles, and covered them as quick as I could with the light mould, quite unperceived; and the maid finding the hussy, I took it, and sauntered in again, and met Mrs. Jewkes coming to see after me. What I wrote was this:

'Reverend Sir,—The want of an opportunity to speak my 'mind to you, I am sure will excuse this boldness in a poor 'creature that is betrayed hither, I have reason to think, for 'the worst of purposes. You know something, to be sure, of 'my story, my native poverty, which I am not ashamed of,

'my late lady's goodness, and my master's designs upon me. 'It is true he promises honour, and all that; but the honour 'of the wicked is disgrace and shame to the virtuous: And he 'may think he keeps his promises, according to the notions he 'may allow himself to hold; and yet, according to mine and 'every good body's, basely ruin me.

'I am so wretched, and ill-treated by this Mrs. Jewkes, 'and she is so ill-principled a woman, that, as I may soon 'want the opportunity which the happy hint of this day af-'fords to my hopes, I throw myself at once upon your good-'ness, without the least reserve; for I cannot be worse than I 'am, should that fail me; which, I daresay, to your power, 'it will not: For I see it, sir, in your looks, I hope it from 'your cloth, and I doubt it not from your inclination, in a case 'circumstanced as my unhappy one is. For, sir, in helping 'me out of my present distress, you perform all the acts of 'religion in one; and the highest mercy and charity, both to 'the body and soul of a poor wretch, that, believe me, sir, has 'at present, not so much as in thought swerved from her in-'nocence.

'Is there not some way to be found out for my escape, 'without danger to yourself? Is there no gentleman or lady 'of virtue in this neighbourhood, to whom I may fly, only till 'I can find a way to get to my poor father and mother? Can-'not Lady Davers be made acquainted with my sad story, by 'your conveying a letter to her? My poor parents are so low 'in the world, they can do nothing but break their hearts for 'me; and that, I fear, will be the end of it.

'My master promises, if I will be easy, as he calls it, in 'my present lot, he will not come down without my con-'sent. Alas! sir, this is nothing: For what's the promise 'of a person who thinks himself at liberty to act as he has 'done by me? If he comes, it must be to ruin me; and come 'to be sure he will, when he thinks he has silenced the clam-'ours of my friends, and lulled me, as no doubt he hopes, into 'a fatal security.

'Now, therefore, sir, is all the time I have to work and 'struggle for the preservation of my honesty. If I stay till

'he comes, I am undone. You have a key to the back gar-
'den-door; I have great hopes from that. Study, good sir,
'and contrive for me. I will faithfully keep your secret.—
'Yet I should be loath to have you suffer for me!

'I say no more, but commit this to the happy tiles, in the
'bosom of that earth, where, I hope, my deliverance will take
'root, and bring forth such fruit, as may turn to my inex-
'pressible joy, and your eternal reward, both here and here-
'after: As shall ever pray,

'Your oppressed humble Servant.'

Thursday.

THIS completes a terrible week since my setting out, as I hoped to see you, my dear father and mother. Oh how different were my hopes then, from what they are now! Yet who knows what these happy tiles may produce!

But I must tell you, first, how I have been beaten by Mrs. Jewkes! It is very true!—And thus it came about:

My impatience was great to walk in the garden, to see if anything had offered, answerable to my hopes. But this wicked Mrs. Jewkes would not let me go without her; and said, she was not at leisure. We had a great many words about it; for I told her, it was very hard I could not be trusted to walk by myself in the garden for a little air, but must be dogged and watched worse than a thief.

She still pleaded her instructions, and said she was not to trust me out of her sight: And you had better, said she, be easy and contented, I assure you; for I have worse orders than you have yet found. I remember, added she, your asking Mr. Williams, if there were any gentry in the neighbourhood? This makes me suspect you want to get away to them, to tell your sad dismal story, as you call it.

My heart was at my mouth; for I feared, by that hint, she had seen my letter under the tiles; oh how uneasy I was! At last she said, Well, since you take on so, you may take a turn, and I will be with you in a minute.

When I was out of sight of her window, I speeded towards the hopeful place; but was soon forced to slacken my pace by her odious voice: Hey-day, why so nimble, and whither so fast? said she: What! are you upon a wager? I stopt for her, till her pursy sides were waddled up to me; and she held by my arm, half out of breath: So I was forced to pass by the dear place, without daring to look at it.

The gardener was at work a little farther, and so we looked upon him, and I began to talk about his art; but she said, softly, My instructions are, not to let you be so familiar with the servants. Why, said I, are you afraid I should confederate with them to commit a robbery upon my master? May be I am, said the odious wretch; for to rob him of yourself, would be the worst that could happen to him, in his opinion.

And pray, said I, walking on, how came I to be his property? What right has he in me, but such as a thief may plead to stolen goods?—Why, was ever the like heard? says she.—This is downright rebellion, I protest!—Well, well, lambkin (which the foolish often calls me), if I was in his place, he should not have his property in you long questionable. Why, what would you do, said I, if you were he? —Not stand shill-I-shall-I, as he does; but put you and himself both out of your pain.—Why, Jezebel, said I, (I could not help it), would you ruin me by force?—Upon this she gave me a deadly slap upon my shoulder: Take that, said she; whom do you call Jezebel?

I was so surprised (for you never beat me, my dear father and mother, in your lives), that I was like one thunderstruck; and looked around, as if I wanted somebody to help me; but, alas! I had nobody; and said, at last, rubbing my shoulder, Is this also in your instructions?—Alas! for me! am I to be beaten too? And so fell a crying, and threw myself upon the grass-walk we were upon.—Said she, in a great pet, I won't be called such names, I'll assure you. Marry come up! I see you have a spirit: You must and shall be kept under. I'll manage such little provoking things as you, I warrant ye! Come, come, we'll go in a'doors, and I'll lock

you up, and you shall have no shoes, nor anything else, if this be the case.

I did not know what to do. This was a cruel thing to me, and I blamed myself for my free speech; for now I have given her some pretence: and oh! thought I, here I have, by my malapertness, ruined the only project I had left.

The gardener saw this scene: but she called to him, Well, Jacob, what do you stare at? Pray mind what you're upon. And away he walked, to another quarter, out of sight.

Well, thought I, I must put on the dissembler a little, I see. She took my hand roughly: Come, get up, said she, and come in a'doors!—I'll Jezebel you, I will so!—Why, dear Mrs. Jewkes, said I.—None of your dears, and your coaxing! said she; why not Jezebel again?—She was in a fearful passion, I saw, and I was out of my wits. Thought I, I have often heard women blamed for their tongues; I wish mine had been shorter. But I can't go in, said I, indeed I can't!—Why, said she, can't you? I'll warrant I can take such a thin body as you under my arm, and carry you in, if you won't walk. You don't know my strength.—Yes, but I do, said I, too well; and will you not use me worse when I come in?—So I arose, and she muttered to herself all the way, She to be a Jezebel with me, that had used me so well! and such like.

When I came near the house, I said, sitting down upon a settle-bench, Well, I will *not* go in, till you say you forgive me, Mrs. Jewkes.—If you will forgive my calling you that name, I will forgive your beating me.—She sat down by me, and seemed in a great pucker, and said, Well, come, I will forgive you for this time; and so kissed me, as a mark of reconciliation.—But pray, said I, tell me where I am to walk and go, and give me what liberty you can; and when I know the most you can favour me with, you shall see I will be as content as I can, and not ask you for more.

Ay, said she, this is something like: I wish I could give you all the liberty you desire; for you must think it is no pleasure to me to tie you to my petticoat, as it were, and

not let you stir without me.—But people that will do their duties, must have some trouble; and what I do, is to serve as good a master, to be sure, as lives.—Yes, said I, to everybody but me! He loves you too well, to be sure, returned she; and that's the reason; so you *ought* to bear it. I say, *love!* replied I. Come, said she, don't let the wench see you have been crying, nor tell her any tales; for you won't tell them fairly, I am sure; and I'll send her, and you shall take another walk in the garden, if you will: May be it will get you a stomach to your dinner; for you don't eat enough to keep life and soul together. You are beauty to the bone, added the strange wretch, or you could not look so well as you do, with so little stomach, so little rest, and so much pining and whining for nothing at all. Well, thought I, say what thou wilt, so I can be rid of thy bad tongue and company: and I hope to find some opportunity now to come at my sunflower. But I walked the other way, to take that in my return, to avoid suspicion.

I forced my discourse to the maid; but it was all upon general things; for I find she is asked after everything I say and do. When I came near the place, as I had been devising, I said, Pray step to the gardener, and ask him to gather a salad for me to dinner. She called out, Jacob! Said I, He can't hear you so far off; and pray tell him, I should like a cucumber too, if he has one. When she had stept about a bow-shot from me, I popt down, and whipt my fingers under the upper tile, and pulled out a letter without direction, and thrust it in my bosom, trembling for joy. She was with me, before I could well secure it; and I was in such a taking that I feared I should discover myself. You seem frightened, madam, said she. Why, said I, with a lucky thought (alas! your poor daughter will make an intriguer by and by; but I hope an innocent one!) I stooped to smell at the sunflower, and a great nasty worm ran into the ground, that startled me; for I can't abide worms. Said she, Sunflowers don't smell. So I find, replied I. And then we walked in; and Mrs. Jewkes said: Well, you have made haste now.—You shall go another time.

I went up to my closet, locked myself in, and opening my letter, found in it these words:

'I AM infinitely concerned for your distress. I most heartily 'wish it may be in my power to serve and save so much 'innocence, beauty, and merit. My whole dependence is up-'on Mr. B—, and I have a near view of being provided for 'by his favour to me. But yet I would sooner forfeit all my 'hopes in him (trusting in God for the rest), than not assist 'you, if possible. I never looked upon Mr. B—— in the light 'he now appears in to me, in your case. To be sure, he is no 'professed debauchee. But I am entirely of opinion, you 'should, if possible, get out of his hands; and especially as 'you are in very bad ones in Mrs. Jewkes's.

'We have here the widow Lady Jones, mistress of a 'good fortune; and a woman of virtue, I believe. We have 'also old Sir Simon Darnford, and his lady, who is a good 'woman; and they have two daughters, virtuous young 'ladies. All the rest are but middling people, and traders, 'at best. I will try, if you please, either Lady Jones, or 'Lady Darnford, if they'll permit you to take refuge with 'them. I see no probability of keeping myself concealed in 'this matter; but will, as I said, risk all things to serve 'you; for I never saw a sweetness and innocence like yours; 'and your hard case has attached me entirely to you; 'for I know, as you so happily express, if I can serve you in 'this case, I shall thereby perform all the acts of religion in 'one.

'As to Lady Davers, I will convey a letter, if you please, 'to her; but it must not be from our post-house, I give you 'caution; for the man owes all his bread to Mr. B—, and his 'place too; and I believe, by something that dropt from him, 'over a can of ale, has his instructions. You don't know how 'you are surrounded; all which confirms me in your opinion, 'that no honour is meant you, let what will be professed; 'and I am glad you want no caution on that head.

'Give me leave to say, that I had heard much in your 'praise; but I think, greatly short of what you deserve, both

'as to person and mind: My eyes convince me of the one, your 'letter of the other. For fear of losing the present lucky 'opportunity, I am longer than otherwise I should be. But I 'will not enlarge, any further than to assure you that I am, 'to the best of my power,

'Your faithful friend and servant,

'ARTHUR WILLIAMS.

'I will come once every morning, and once every evening, 'after school-time, to look for your letters. I'll come 'in, and return without going into the house, if I see 'the coast clear: otherwise, to avoid suspicion, I'll come 'in.'

I instantly, in answer to this pleasing letter, wrote as follows:

'REVEREND SIR,—Oh how suited to your function, and 'your character, is your kind letter! God bless you for it! 'I now think I am beginning to be happy. I should be 'sorry to have you suffer on my account: but I hope it will 'be made up to you an hundredfold, by that God whom 'you so faithfully serve. I should be too happy, could I 'ever have it in my power to contribute in the least to it. 'But, alas! to serve me, must be for God's sake only; for I 'am poor and lowly in fortune; though in mind, I hope, 'too high to do a mean or unworthy deed to gain a king-'dom. But I lose time.—

'Any way you think best, I should be pleased with; for 'I know not the persons, nor in what manner it is best to 'apply to them. I am glad of the hint you so kindly give 'me of the man at the post-house. I was thinking of 'opening a way for myself by letter, when I could have 'opportunity; but I see more and more that I am, indeed, 'strangely surrounded with dangers; and that there is no 'dependence to be made on my master's honour.

'I should think, sir, if either of those ladies would give 'leave, I might some way get out by favour of your key; 'and as it is impossible, watched as I am, to know when

'it can be, suppose, sir, you could get one made by it, and 'put it, the next opportunity, under the sunflower?—I am 'sure no time is to be lost, because it is rather my wonder, 'that she is not thoughtful about this key, than otherwise; 'for she forgets not the minutest thing. But, sir, if I had 'this key, I could, if these ladies would *not* shelter me, run 'away anywhere: and if I was once out of the house, they 'could have no pretence to force me again; for I have done 'no harm, and hope to make my story good to any compas-'sionate body; and by this way *you* need not to be known. 'Torture should not wring it from me, I assure you.

'One thing more, good sir. Have you no correspondence 'with my master's Bedfordshire family? By that means, 'may be, I could be informed of his intention of coming 'hither, and when. I enclose you a letter of a deceitful 'wretch; for I can trust you with anything; poor John 'Arnold. Its contents will tell why I enclose it. Perhaps, by 'his means, something may be discovered; for he seems will-'ing to atone for his treachery to me, by the intimation of 'future service. I leave the hint to you to improve upon, 'and am,

'Reverend Sir,

'Your for ever obliged and thankful servant.

'I hope, sir, by your favour, I could send a little packet, 'now and then, somehow, to my poor father and 'mother. I have a little stock of money, about five or 'six guineas: Shall I put half in your hands, to de-'fray the charge of a man and horse, or any other in-'cidents?'

I had but just time to transcribe this, before I was called to dinner; and I put that for Mr. Williams, with a wafer in it, in my bosom, to get an opportunity to lay it in the dear place.

Oh, good sirs, of all the flowers in the garden, the sunflower, sure, is the loveliest!—It is a propitious one to me! How nobly my plot succeeds! But I begin to be afraid my

She baited the hook, and I held it, and soon hooked a lovely carp.

 H. Gravelot, sculpt.

writings may be discovered; for they grow large: I stitch them hitherto in my under-coat, next my linen. But if this brute should search me.—I must try to please her, and then she won't.

Well, I am just come off from a walk in the garden, and have deposited my letter by a simple wile. I got some horse-beans; and we took a turn in the garden, to angle, as Mrs. Jewkes had promised me. She baited the hook, and I held it, and soon hooked a lovely carp. Play it, play it, said she: I did, and brought it to the bank. A sad thought just then came into my head; and I took it, and threw it in again; and oh the pleasure it seemed to have, to flounce in, when at liberty!—Why this? says she. O Mrs. Jewkes! said I, I was thinking this poor carp was the unhappy Pamela. I was likening you and myself to my naughty master. As we hooked and deceived the poor carp, so was I betrayed by false baits; and when you said, Play it, play it, it went to my heart, to think I should sport with the destruction of the poor fish I had betrayed; and I could not but fling it in again: and did you not see the joy with which the happy carp flounced from us? Oh! said I, may some good merciful body procure me my liberty in the same manner; for to be sure, I think my danger equal!

Lord bless thee! said she, what a thought is there!—Well, I can angle no more, added I. I'll try *my* fortune, said she, and took the rod. Do, answered I; and I will plant life, if I can, while you are destroying it. I have some horse-beans here, and will go and stick them in one of the borders, to see how long they will be coming up; and I will call them my garden.

So you see, dear father and mother (I hope now you will soon see; for, may be, if I can't get away so soon myself, I may send my papers somehow; I say you will see), that this furnishes me with a good excuse to look after my garden another time; and if the mould should look a little freshish, it won't be so much suspected. She mistrusted nothing of this; and I went and stuck in here and there my beans, for

about the length of five ells, of each side of the sunflower; and easily deposited my letter. And not a little proud am I of this contrivance. Sure something will do at last!

Friday, Saturday.

I HAVE just now told you a trick of mine; now I'll tell you a trick of this wicked woman's. She comes up to me: Says she, I have a bill I cannot change till to-morrow; and a tradesman wants his money most sadly: and I don't love to turn poor trades-folks away without their money: Have you any about you? I have a little, replied I: how much will do? Oh! said she, I want eight pounds. Alack! said I, I have but between five and six. Lend me that, said she, till to-morrow. I did so; and she went down stairs: and when she came up, she laughed, and said, Well, I have paid the tradesman. Said I, I hope you'll give it me again to-morrow. At that, the assurance, laughing loud, said, Why, what occasion have you for money? To tell you the truth, lambkin, I didn't want it. I only feared you might make a bad use of it; and *now* I can trust Nan with you a little oftener, especially as I have got the key of your portmanteau; so that you can neither corrupt her with money, nor fine things. Never did anybody look more silly than I.—Oh how I fretted, to be so foolishly outwitted!—And the more, as I had hinted to Mr. Williams, that I would put some in his hands to defray the charges of my sending to you. I cried for vexation.—And now I have not five shillings left to support me, if I *can* get away.—Was ever such a fool as I! I must be priding myself in my contrivances, indeed! said I. Was this your instructions, wolfkin? (for she called me lambkin). Jezebel, you mean, child! said she.—Well, I now forgive you heartily; let's buss and be friends.—Out upon you! said I; I cannot bear you!—But I durst not call her names again; for I dread her huge paw most sadly. The more I think of this thing, the more do I regret it, and blame myself.

This night the man from the post-house brought a letter for Mrs. Jewkes, in which was one enclosed to me: She brought it me up. Said she, Well, my good master don't forget us. He has sent you a letter; and see what he writes to me. So she read, That he hoped her fair charge was well, happy, and contented. Ay, to be sure, said I, I can't choose! —That he did not doubt her care and kindness to me; that I was very dear to him, and she could not use me too well; and the like. There's a master for you! said she: sure you will love and pray for him. I desired her to read the rest. No, no, said she, but I won't. Said I, Are there any orders for taking my shoes away, and for beating me? No, said she, nor about Jezebel neither. Well, returned I, I cry truce; for I have no mind to be beat again. I thought, said she, we had forgiven one another.

My letter is as follows:

'MY DEAR PAMELA,—I begin to repent already, that I 'have bound myself, by promise, not to see you till you 'give me leave; for I think the time very tedious. Can you 'place so much confidence in me, as to *invite* me down? 'Assure yourself, that your generosity shall not be thrown 'away upon me. I the rather would press this, as I am 'uneasy for your uneasiness; for Mrs. Jewkes acquaints me, 'that you take your restraint very heavily; and neither eat, 'drink, nor rest well; and I have too great an interest in 'your health, not to wish to shorten the time of this trial; 'which will be the consequence of my coming down to you. 'John, too, has intimated to me your concern, with a grief 'that hardly gave him leave for utterance; a grief that 'a little alarmed my tenderness for you. Not that I fear 'anything, but that your disregard to me, which yet my 'proud heart will hardly permit me to own, may throw you 'upon some rashness, that might encourage a daring hope: 'But how poorly do I descend, to be anxious about such 'a menial as he!—I will only say one thing, that if you

'will give me leave to attend you at the Hall (consider *who* 'it is that requests this from you as a *favour*), I solemnly 'declare, that you shall have cause to be pleased with this 'obliging mark of your confidence in me, and consideration 'for me; and if I find Mrs. Jewkes has not behaved to you 'with the respect due to one I so dearly love, I will put it 'entirely into your power to discharge her the house, if you 'think proper; and Mrs. Jervis, or who else you please, 'shall attend you in her place. This I say on a hint John 'gave me, as if you resented something from that quarter. 'Dearest Pamela, answer favourably this earnest request of 'one that cannot live without you, and on whose honour to 'you, you may absolutely depend; and so much the more, as 'you place a confidence in it.—I am, and assuredly ever will 'be,

'Your faithful and affectionate, &c.

'You will be glad, I know, to hear your father and mother 'are well, and easy upon your last letter. That gave 'me a pleasure that I am resolved you shall not re- 'pent. Mrs. Jewkes will convey to me your answer.'

I but slightly read this letter for the present, to give way to one I had hopes of finding by this time from Mr. Williams. I took an evening turn, as I called it, in Mrs. Jewkes's company; and walking by the place, I said, Do you think, Mrs. Jewkes, any of my beans can have struck since yesterday? She laughed, and said, You are a poor gardener; but I love to see you divert yourself. She passing on, I found my good friend had provided for me; and, slipping it in my bosom (for her back was towards me), Here, said I (having a bean in my hand), is one of them; but it has not stirred. No, to be sure, said she, and turned upon me a most wicked jest, unbecoming the mouth of a woman, about planting, &c. When I came in, I hied to my closet, and read as follows:

'I AM sorry to tell you, that I have had a repulse from 'Lady Jones. She is concerned at your case, she says; but 'don't care to make herself enemies. I applied to Lady Darn-

'ford, and told her in the most pathetic manner I could your 'sad story, and showed her your more pathetic letter. I 'found her well disposed; but she would advise with Sir 'Simon, who by the by is not a man of an extraordinary 'character for virtue; but he said to his lady in my presence, 'Why, what is all this, my dear, but that our neighbour has 'a mind to his mother's waiting-maid! And if he takes care 'she wants for nothing, I don't see any great injury will be 'done her. He hurts no *family* by this: (So, my dear father and mother, it seems that poor people's honesty is to go for nothing): 'And I think, Mr. Williams, you, of all men, 'should not engage in this affair, against your friend and 'patron. He spoke this in so determined a manner, that the 'lady had done; and I had only to beg no notice should be 'taken of the matter as from *me*.

'I have hinted your case to Mr. Peters, the minister of 'this parish; but I am concerned to say, that he imputed 'selfish views to me, as if I would make an interest in your 'affections by my zeal. And when I represented the duties 'of our function, and the like, and protested my disinterest-'edness, he coldly said, I was very good; but was a young 'man, and knew little of the world. And though it was a 'thing to be lamented, yet when he and I should set about to 'reform mankind in this respect, we should have enough upon 'our hands; for, he said, it was too common and fashionable 'a case to be withstood by a private clergyman or two: and 'then he uttered some reflections upon the conduct of the 'present fathers of the church, in regard to the first person-'ages of the realm, as a justification of his coldness on this 'score.

'I represented the different circumstances of your affair; 'that other women lived evilly by their own consent, but to 'serve you, was to save an innocence that had but few ex-'amples; and then I showed him your letter.

'He said it was prettily written; and he was sorry for 'you; and that your good intentions ought to be encouraged: 'But what, said he, would you have *me* do, Mr. Williams? 'Why suppose, sir, said I, you give her shelter in your house,

'with your spouse and niece, till she can get to her friends.—'What! and embroil myself with a man of Mr. B—'s power 'and fortune! No, not I, I'll assure you!—And I would 'have you consider what you are about. Besides, she owns, 'continued he, that he promises to do honourably by her; and 'her shyness will procure her good terms enough; for he is 'no covetous nor wicked gentleman, except in this case; and ''tis what all young gentlemen will do.

'I am greatly concerned for him, I assure you; but I am 'not discouraged by this ill success, let what will come of it, 'if I can serve you.

'I don't hear, as yet, that Mr. B— is coming. I am glad 'of your hint as to that unhappy fellow John Arnold. Some-'thing, perhaps, will strike out from that, which may be use-'ful. As to your packets, if you seal them up, and lay them 'in the usual place, if you find it not suspected, I will watch 'an opportunity to convey them; but if they are large, you 'had best be very cautious. This evil woman, I find, mis-'trusts me much.

'I just hear, that the gentleman is dying, whose living 'Mr. B—— has promised me. I have almost a scruple to 'take it, as I am acting so contrary to his desires; but I 'hope he will one day thank me for it. As to money, don't 'think of it at present. Be assured you may command all in 'my power to do for you without reserve.

'I believe, when we hear he is coming, it will be best to 'make use of the key, which I shall soon procure you; and I 'can borrow a horse for you, I believe, to wait within half a 'mile of the back-door, over the pasture; and will contrive, 'by myself, or somebody, to have you conducted some miles 'distant, to one of the villages thereabouts; so don't be dis-'comforted, I beseech you.—I am, excellent Mrs. Pamela,

'Your faithful friend, &c.'

I made a thousand sad reflections upon the former part of this honest gentleman's kind letter; and but for the hope he gave me at last, should have given up my case as quite desperate. I then wrote to thank him most gratefully

for his kind endeavours; to lament the little concern the gentry had for my deplorable case; the wickedness of the world, first to give way to such iniquitous fashions, and then plead the frequency of them, against the attempt to amend them; and how unaffected people were with the distresses of others. I recalled my former hint as to writing to Lady Davers, which I feared, I said, would only serve to apprise her brother, that she knew his wicked scheme, and more harden him in it, and make him come down the sooner, and to be the more determined on my ruin; besides that it might make Mr. Williams guessed at, as a means of conveying my letter: And being very fearful, that if that good lady *would* interest herself in my behalf (which was a doubt, because she both loved and feared her brother), it would have no effect upon him; and that therefore I would wait the happy event I might hope for from his kind assistance in the key, and the horse. I intimated my master's letter, begging to be permitted to come down: was fearful it might be sudden; and that I was of opinion no time was to be lost; for we might let slip all our opportunities; telling him the money trick of this vile woman, &c.

I had not time to take a copy of this letter, I was so watched. And when I had it ready in my bosom, I was easy. And so I went to seek out Mrs. Jewkes, and told her, I would have her advice upon the letter I had received from my master; which point of confidence in her pleased her not a little. Ay, said she, now this is something like: and we'll take a turn in the garden, or where you please. I pretended it was indifferent to me; and so we walked into the garden. I began to talk to her of the letter; but was far from acquainting her with all the contents; only that he wanted my consent to come down, and hoped she used me kindly, and the like. And I said, Now, Mrs. Jewkes, let me have your advice as to this. Why then, said she, I will give it you freely; E'en send to him to come down. It will highly oblige him, and I daresay you'll fare the better for it. How the *better?* said I.—I daresay, you think yourself, that he intends my ruin.—I hate, said she, that foolish word, your *ruin!* Why, ne'er a lady

in the land may live happier than you if you will, or be more honourably used.

Well, Mrs. Jewkes, said I, I shall not, at this time, dispute with you about the words *ruin* and *honourable*: for I find we have quite different notions of both: But now I will speak plainer than ever I did. Do you think he intends to make proposals to me as to a kept mistress, or kept slave rather, or do you not?—Why, lambkin, said she, what dost thou think thyself?—I fear, said I, he does. Well, said she, but if he does (for I know nothing of the matter, I assure you), you may have your own terms—I see that; for you may do anything with him.

I could not bear this to be spoken, though it was all I feared of a long time; and began to exclaim most sadly. Nay, said she, he may marry you, as far as I know.—No, no, said I, that cannot be.—I neither desire nor expect it. His condition don't permit me to have such a thought; and that, and the whole series of his conduct, convinces me of the contrary; and you would have me invite him to come down, would you? Is not this to invite my ruin?

'Tis what *I* would do, said she, in your place; and if it was to be as you *think*, I should rather be out of my pain, than live in continual frights and apprehensions, as you do. No, replied I, an *hour* of innocence is worth an *age* of guilt; and were my life to be made ever so miserable by it, I should never forgive myself, if I were not to lengthen out to the longest minute my happy time of honesty. Who knows what Providence may do for me!

Why, may be, said she, as he loves you so well, you may prevail upon him by your prayers and tears; and for that reason, I should think, you'd better let him come down. Well, said I, I will write him a letter, because he expects an answer, or may be he will make a pretence to come down. How can it go?

I'll take care of that, said she; it is in my instructions.—Ay, thought I, so I doubt, by the hint Mr. Williams gave me about the post-house.

The gardener coming by, I said, Mr. Jacob, I have planted a few beans, and I call the place my garden. It is just by the door out yonder: I'll show it you; pray don't dig them up. So I went on with him; and when we had turned the alley, out of her sight, and were near the place, said I, Pray step to Mrs. Jewkes, and ask her if she has any more beans for me to plant? He smiled, I suppose at my foolishness; and I popped the letter under the mould, and stepped back, as if waiting for his return; which, being near, was immediate; and she followed him. What should *I* do with beans? said she,—and sadly scared me; for she whispered me, I am afraid of some fetch! You don't use to send on such simple errands. —What fetch? said I: It is hard I can neither stir, nor speak, but I must be suspected.—Why, said she, my master writes, that I must have all my eyes about me; for though you are as innocent as a dove, yet you are as cunning as a serpent. But I'll forgive you, if you cheat *me*.

Then I thought of my money, and could have called her names, had I dared: And I said, Pray, Mrs. Jewkes, now you talk of forgiving me, if I cheat you, be so kind as to pay me my money; for though I have no occasion for it, yet I know you was but in jest, and intended to give it me again. You shall have it in a proper time, said she; but, indeed, I was in earnest to get it out of your hands, for fear you should make an ill use of it. And so we cavilled upon this subject, as we walked in, and I went up to write my letter to my master; and, as I intended to show it her, I resolved to write accordingly as to her part of it; for I made little account of his offer of Mrs. Jervis to me, instead of this wicked woman (though the most agreeable thing that could have befallen me, except my escape from hence), nor indeed anything he said. For to be honourable, in the just sense of the word, he need not have caused me to be run away with, and confined as I am. I wrote as follows:

'HONOURED SIR,—When I consider how easily you might 'make me happy, since all I desire is to be permitted to go 'to my poor father and mother; when I reflect upon your

'former proposal to me, in relation to a certain person, not 'one word of which is now mentioned; and upon my being in 'that strange manner run away with, and still kept here a 'miserable prisoner; do you think, sir (pardon your poor 'servant's freedom; my fears make me bold; do you think, 'I say), that your general assurances of honour to me, can 'have the effect upon me, that, were it not for these things, 'all your words ought to have?—Oh, good sir! I too much 'apprehend, that *your* notions of honour and *mine* are very 'different from one another: and I have no other hopes but 'in your continued absence. If you have any proposals to 'make me, that are consistent with your honourable profes-'sions, in my *humble* sense of the word, a few lines will com-'municate them to me, and I will return such an answer as 'befits me. But, oh! what proposals can one in your high 'station have to make to one in my low one! I know what 'belongs to your degree, too well to imagine, that anything 'can be expected but sad temptations, and utter distress, if 'you come down; and you know not, sir, when I am made 'desperate, what the wretched *Pamela dares to do!*

'Whatever rashness you may impute to me, I cannot help 'it; but I wish I may not be forced upon any, that other-'wise would never enter into my thoughts. Forgive me, 'sir, my plainness; I should be loath to behave to my master 'unbecomingly; but I must needs say, sir, my innocence is 'so dear to me, that all other considerations are, and, I hope, 'shall ever be, treated by me as niceties, that ought, for 'that, to be dispensed with. If you mean honourably, why, 'sir, should you not let me know it plainly? Why is it neces-'sary to imprison me, to convince me of it? And why must 'I be close watched, and attended, hindered from stirring out, 'from speaking to anybody, from going so much as to church 'to pray for you, who have been, till of late, so generous a 'benefactor to me? Why, sir, I humbly ask, why all this, if 'you mean honourably?—It is not for me to expostulate so 'freely, but in a case so near to me, with you, sir, so greatly 'my superior. Pardon me, I hope you will; but as to *seeing* '*you*, I cannot bear the dreadful apprehension. Whatever

'you have to propose, whatever you intend by me, let my as-
'sent be that of a free person, mean as I am, and not of a
'sordid slave, who is to be threatened and frightened into a
'compliance with measures, which your conduct to her seems
'to imply would be otherwise abhorred by her.—My restraint
'is indeed hard upon me: I am very uneasy under it.
'Shorten it, I beseech you, or—but I will not dare to say
'more, than that I am

'Your greatly oppressed unhappy servant.'

After I had taken a copy of this, I folded it up; and Mrs. Jewkes, coming just as I had done, sat down by me; and said, when she saw me direct it, I wish you would tell me if you have taken my advice, and consented to my master's coming down. If it will oblige you, said I, I will read it to you. That's good, said she; then I'll love you dearly.—Said I, Then you must not offer to alter one word. I won't, replied she. So I read it to her, and she praised me much for my wording it; but said she thought I pushed the matter very close; and it would better bear *talking* of, than *writing* about. She wanted an explanation or two, as about the proposal to a *certain person;* but I said, she must take it as she heard it. Well, well, said she, I make no doubt you understand one another, and will do so more and more. I sealed up the letter, and she undertook to convey it.

Sunday.

For my part, I knew it in vain to expect to have leave to go to church now, and so I did not ask; and I was the more indifferent, because, if I might have had permission, the sight of the neighbouring gentry, who had despised my sufferings, would have given me great regret and sorrow; and it was impossible I should have edified under any doctrine preached by Mr. Peters: so I applied myself to my private devotions.

Mr. Williams came yesterday, and this day, as usual, and took my letter; but, having no good opportunity, we avoided

one another's conversation, and kept at a distance: But I was concerned I had not the key; for I would not have lost a moment in that case, had I been he, and he I. When I was at my devotion, Mrs. Jewkes came up, and wanted me sadly to sing her a psalm, as she had often on common days importuned me for a song upon the spinnet: but I declined it, because my spirits were so low I could hardly speak, nor cared to be spoken to; but when she was gone, I remembering the cxxxviith psalm to be a little touching, turned to it, and took the liberty to alter it, somewhat nearer to my case. I hope I did not sin in it; but thus I turned it:

I.

When sad I sat in B——n Hall,
  All guarded round about,
And thought of ev'ry absent friend,
  The tears for grief burst out.

II.

My joys and hopes all overthrown,
  My heart-strings almost broke,
Unfit my mind for melody,
  Much more to bear a joke.

III.

Then she to whom I pris'ner was,
  Said to me, tauntingly,
Now cheer your heart, and sing a song,
  And tune your mind to joy.

IV.

Alas! said I, how can I frame
  My heavy heart to sing,
Or tune my mind, while thus enthrall'd
  By such a wicked thing!

V.

But yet, if from my innocence
  I, ev'n in thought, should slide,
Then let my fingers quite forget
  The sweet spinnet to guide.

VI.

And let my tongue within my mouth
  Be lock'd for ever fast,
If I rejoice, before I see
  My full deliv'rance past.

VII.

And thou, Almighty, recompense
  The evils I endure,
From those who seek my sad disgrace,
  So causeless, to procure.

VIII.

Remember, Lord, this Mrs. Jewkes
  When, with a mighty sound,
She cries, Down with her chastity,
  Down to the very ground!

IX.

Ev'n so shalt thou, O wicked one!
  At length to shame be brought,
And happy shall all those be call'd
  That my deliv'rance wrought.

X.

Yea, blessed shall the man be call'd
  That shames thee of thy evil,
And saves me from thy vile attempts,
  And thee, too, from the D—l.

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday.

I WRITE now with a little more liking, though less opportunity, because Mr. Williams has got a large parcel of my papers, safe in his hands, to send them to you, as he has opportunity; so I am not quite uselessly employed; and I am delivered, besides, from the fear of their being found, if I should be searched, or discovered. I have been permitted to take an airing, five or six miles, with Mrs. Jewkes: But, though I know not the reason, she watches me more closely than ever; so that we have discontinued, by consent, for these three days, the sunflower correspondence.

The poor cook-maid has had a bad mischance; for she has been hurt much by a bull in the pasture, by the side of the garden, not far from the back-door. Now this pasture I am to cross, which is about half a mile, and then is a common, and near that a private horse-road, where I hope to find an opportunity for escaping, as soon as Mr. Williams can get me a horse, and has made all ready for me: for he has got me the key, which he put under the mould, just by the door, as he found an opportunity to hint to me.

He just now has signified, that the gentleman is dead whose living he has had hope of; and he came pretendedly to tell Mrs. Jewkes of it; and so could speak this to her before me. She wished him joy. See what the world is! One man's death is another man's joy. Thus we thrust out one another!—My hard case makes me serious. He found means to slide a letter into my hands, and is gone away: He looked at me with such respect and solemnness at parting, that Mrs. Jewkes said, Why, madam, I believe our young parson is half in love with you.—Ah! Mrs. Jewkes, said I, he knows better. Said she (I believe to sound me), Why, I can't see you can either of you do better; and I have lately been so touched for you, seeing how heavily you apprehend dishonour from my master, that I think it is a pity you should not have Mr. Williams.

I knew this must be a fetch of hers; because, instead of being troubled for me, as she pretended, she watched me closer, and him too: and so I said, There is not the man living that I desire to marry. If I can but keep myself honest, it is all my desire: And to be a comfort and assistance to my poor parents, if it should be my happy lot to be so, is the very top of my ambition. Well, but, said she, I have been thinking very seriously, that Mr. Williams would make you a good husband; and as he will owe all his fortune to my master, he will be very glad, to be sure, to be obliged to him for a wife of his choosing: especially, said she, such a pretty one, and one so ingenious and genteelly educated.

This gave me a doubt, whether she knew of my master's intimation of that sort formerly; and I asked her, if she had

reason to surmise that *that* was in view? No, she said; it was only her own thought; but it was very likely that my master had either that in view, or something better for me. But, if I approved of it, she would propose such a thing to her master directly; and gave a detestable hint, that I might take resolutions upon it, of bringing such an affair to effect. I told her I abhorred her vile insinuation; and as to Mr. Williams, I thought him a civil good sort of man; but as, on one side, he was above me; so, on the other, I said of all things I did not love a parson. So, finding she could make nothing of me, she quitted the subject.

I will open his letter by and by, and give you the contents of it; for she is up and down so much, that I am afraid of her surprising me.

Well, I see Providence has not abandoned me: I shall be under no necessity to make advances to Mr. Williams, if I was (as I am sure I am not) disposed to it. This is his letter:

'I KNOW not how to express myself, lest I should appear to 'you to have a selfish view in the service I would do you. 'But I really know but one effectual and honourable way to 'disengage yourself from the dangerous situation you are in. 'It is that of marriage with some person that you could make 'happy in your approbation. As for my own part, it would 'be, as things stand, my apparent ruin; and, worse still, I 'should involve you in misery too. But, yet, so great is my 'veneration for you, and so entire my reliance on Providence, 'upon so just an occasion, that I should think myself but too 'happy, if I might be accepted. I would, in this case, forego 'all my expectations, and be your conductor to some safe dis-'tance. But why do I say, *in this case?* That I will do, 'whether you think fit to reward me so eminently or not: 'And I will, the moment I hear of Mr. B——'s setting out '(and I think now I have settled a very good method of in-'telligence of all his motions), get a horse ready, and myself

'to conduct you. I refer myself wholly to your goodness and 'direction; and am, with the highest respect,

'Your most faithful humble servant.

'Don't think this a sudden resolution. I always ad-'mired your hearsay character; and the moment I saw 'you, wished to serve so much excellence.'

What shall I say, my dear father and mother, to this unexpected declaration? I want, now, more than ever, your blessing and direction. But, after all, I have no mind to marry: I had rather live with you. But yet, I would marry a man who begs from door to door, and has no home nor being, rather than endanger my honesty. Yet I cannot, methinks, hear of being a wife.—After a thousand different thoughts, I wrote as follows:

'Reverend Sir,—I am greatly confused at the contents of 'your last. You are much too generous, and I can't bear you 'should risk all your future prospects for so unworthy a 'creature. I cannot think of your offer without equal con-'cern and gratitude; for nothing, but to avoid my utter ruin, 'can make me think of a change of condition; and so, sir, 'you ought not to accept of such an involuntary compliance, 'as mine would be, were I, upon the last necessity, to yield 'to your very generous proposal. I will rely wholly upon 'your goodness to me, in assisting my escape; but shall not, 'on your account principally, *think* of the honour you propose 'for me, at present; and never, but at the pleasure of my 'parents; who, poor as they are, in such a weighty point, are 'as much entitled to my obedience and duty, as if they were 'ever so rich. I beg you, therefore, sir, not to think of any-'thing from me, but everlasting gratitude, which will always 'bind me to be

'Your most obliged servant.'

Thursday, Friday, Saturday, the 14th, 15th, and 16th, of my bondage.

MRS. JEWKES has received a letter, and is much civiller to me, and Mr. Williams too, than she used to be. I wonder I have not one in answer to mine to my master. I suppose I put the matter too home to him; and he is angry. I am not the more pleased with her civility; for she is horrid cunning, and is not a whit less watchful. I laid a trap to get at her instructions, which she carries in the bosom of her stays; but it has not succeeded.

My last letter is come safe to Mr. Williams by the old conveyance, so that he is not suspected. He has intimated, that though I have not come so readily as he hoped into his scheme, yet his diligence shall not be slackened, and he will leave it to Povidence and himself to dispose of him as he shall be found to deserve. He has signified to me, that he shall soon send a special messenger with the packet to you, and I have added to it what has occurred since.

Sunday.

I AM just now quite astonished!—I hope all is right!—but I have a strange turn to acquaint you with. Mr. Williams and Mrs. Jewkes came to me both together; he in ecstasies, she with a strange fluttering sort of air. Well, said she, Mrs. Pamela, I give you joy! I give you joy!—Let nobody speak but me! Then she sat down, as out of breath, puffing and blowing. Why, everything turns as I said it would! said she: Why, there is to be a match between you and Mr. Williams! Well, I always thought it. Never was so good a master!—Go to, go to, naughty, mistrustful Mrs. Pamela; nay, Mrs. Williams, said the forward creature, I may as good call you: you ought on your knees to beg his pardon a thousand times for mistrusting him.

She was going on; but I said, Don't torture me thus, I beseech you, Mrs. Jewkes. Let me know all!—Ah! Mr. Williams, said I, take care, take care!—Mistrustful again!

said she: Why, Mr. Williams, show her your letter, and I will show her mine: they were brought by the same hand.

I trembled at the thoughts of what this might mean; and said, You have so surprised me, that I cannot stand, nor hear, nor read! Why did you come up in such a manner to attack such weak spirits? Said he, to Mrs. Jewkes, Shall we leave our letters with Mrs. Pamela, and let her recover from her surprise? Ay, said she, with all my heart; here is nothing but flaming honour and good will! And so saying, they left me their letters and withdrew.

My heart was quite sick with the surprise; so that I could not presently read them, notwithstanding my impatience; but, after a while, recovering, I found the contents thus strange and unexpected:

'Mr. Williams,—The death of Mr. Fownes has now 'given me the opportunity I have long wanted, to make you 'happy, and that in a double respect: For I shall soon put 'you in possession of his living; and, if you have the art 'of making yourself well received, of one of the loveliest 'wives in England. She has not been used (as she has 'reason to think) according to her merit; but when she 'finds herself under the protection of a man of virtue and 'probity, and a happy competency to support life in the 'manner to which she has been of late years accustomed, 'I am persuaded she will forgive those seeming hardships 'which have paved the way to so happy a lot, as I hope it 'will be to you both. I have only to account for and excuse 'the odd conduct I have been guilty of, which I shall do 'when I see you: but as I shall soon set out for London, I 'believe it will not be yet this month. Meantime, if you can 'prevail with Pamela, you need not suspend for that your 'mutual happiness; only let me have notice of it first, and 'that she approves of it; which ought to be, in so material a 'point, entirely at her option; as I assure you, on the other 'hand, I would have it at yours, that nothing may be want-'ing to complete your happiness.

'I am your humble servant.'

Was ever the like heard?—Lie still, my throbbing heart, divided as thou art, between thy hopes and thy fears!—But this is the letter Mrs. Jewkes left with me:

'MRS. JEWKES,—You have been very careful and dil-
'igent in the task, which, for reasons I shall hereafter explain,
'I had imposed upon you. Your trouble is now almost at an
'end; for I have written my intentions to Mr. Williams so
'particularly, that I need say the less here, because he will
'not scruple, I believe, to let you know the contents of my let-
'ter. I have only one thing to mention, that if you find
'what I have hinted to him in the least measure disagreeable
'to either, you assure them both, that they are at entire lib-
'erty to pursue their own inclinations. I hope you continue
'your civilities to the mistrustful, uneasy Pamela, who now
'will begin to think better of hers and

'Your friend, &c.'—

I had hardly time to transcribe these letters, though, writing so much, I write pretty fast, before they both came up again in high spirits; and Mr. Williams said, I am glad at my heart, madam, that I was *beforehand* in my declarations to you: this generous letter has made me the happiest man on earth; and, Mrs. Jewkes, you may be sure, that if I can procure this fair one's consent, I shall think myself—I interrupted the good man, and said, Ah! Mr. Williams, take care, take care; don't let—There I stopt; and Mrs. Jewkes said, Still mistrustful!—I never saw the like in my life!—But I see, said she, I was not wrong, while my old orders lasted, to be wary of you both—I should have had a hard task to prevent you, I find; for, as the saying is, *Nought can restrain consent of twain.*

I doubted not her taking hold of his joyful indiscretion.—I took her letter, and said, Here, Mrs. Jewkes, is yours; I thank you for it; but I have been so long in a maze, that I can say nothing of this for the present. Time will bring all to light.—Sir, said I, here is yours: May everything turn to your happiness! I give you joy of my master's goodness

[illegible] —It will be *[illegible]* and be not a [illegible] without you—I swear, sir, said I, while I have a father and a mother, I am not my own mistress, poor as they are: and I [illegible] myself time at liberty, before I shall think myself fit to make a choice.

Mrs. Jewkes held up her eyes and hands, and said, Such art, such caution, such cunning, for thy years!—Well!—I say, said I (that he might be more on his guard, though I hope there cannot be deceit in this; 'twould be strange villany, and that is a hard word, if there should!) I have been so used to be made a tool of by fortune, that I hardly can tell how to govern myself; and am almost an infidel as to mankind. But I hope I may be wrong; henceforth, Mrs. Jewkes, *you* shall regulate my opinions as you please, and I will consult *you* in everything—(that I think proper, said I to myself)—*for*, to be sure, though I may forgive her, I can never love her.

She left Mr. Williams and me, a few minutes, together; and I said, Consider, sir, consider what you have done. 'Tis impossible, said he, there can be deceit. I hope so, said I; but what necessity was there for you to talk of your *former* declaration? *Let this* be as it will, *that* could do no good, especially before this woman. Forgive me, sir; they talk of women's promptness of speech; but, indeed, I see an honest heart is not always to be trusted with itself in bad company.

He was going to reply, but though her task is said to be ALMOST (I took notice of that word) at an end, she came up to us again, and said: Well, I had a good mind to show you the way to church to-morrow. I was glad of this, because, though in my present doubtful situation I should not have chosen it, yet I would have encouraged her proposal, to be able to judge by her being in earnest or otherwise, whether one might depend upon the rest. But Mr. Williams again indiscreetly helped her to an excuse, by saying, that it was now best to defer it one Sunday, and till the matters were riper for my appearance: and she readily took hold of it, and confirmed his opinion.

After all, I hope the best: but if this should turn out to be

a plot, I fear nothing but a miracle can save me. But, sure the heart of man is not capable of such black deceit. Besides, Mr. Williams has it under his own hand, and he dare not but be in earnest; and then again, though to be sure he has been very wrong to me, yet his education, and parents' example, have neither of them taught him such very black contrivances. So I will hope for the best.

Mr. Williams, Mrs. Jewkes, and I, have been all three walking together in the garden; and she pulled out her key, and we walked a little in the pasture to look at the bull, an ugly, grim, surly creature, that hurt the poor cook-maid; who is got pretty well again. Mr. Williams pointed at the sunflower, but I was forced to be very reserved to him; for the poor gentleman has no guard, no caution at all.

We have just supped together, all three; and I cannot yet think but all must be right.—Only I am resolved not to marry, if I can help it; and I will give no encouragement, I am resolved, at least, till I am with you.

Mr. Williams said, before Mrs. Jewkes, he would send a messenger with a letter to my father and mother.—I think the man has no discretion in the world: but I desire you will send no answer, till I have the pleasure and happiness which now I hope for soon, of seeing you: He will, in sending my packet, send a most tedious parcel of stuff, of my *oppressions,* my *distresses,* my *fears;* and so I will send this with it (for Mrs. Jewkes gives me leave to send a letter to my father, which looks well); and I am glad I can conclude, after all my sufferings, with my *hopes,* to be soon with you, which I know will give you comfort; and so I rest, begging the continuance of your prayers and blessings.

Your ever dutiful DAUGHTER.

MY DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,—I have so much time upon my hands, that I must write on, to employ myself. The Sunday evening, where I left off, Mrs. Jewkes asked me, if I chose to lie by myself; I said, Yes, with *all* my heart, if she

pleased. Well, said she, after to-night you shall. I asked her for more paper; and she gave me a bottle of ink, eight sheets of paper, which she said was all her store (for now she would get me to write for her to our master, if she had occasion), and six pens, with a piece of sealing wax. This looks mighty well.

She pressed me, when she came to bed, very much, to give encouragement to Mr. Williams, and said many things in his behalf; and blamed my shyness to him. I told her, I was resolved to give no encouragement, till I had talked to my father and mother. She said, he fancied I thought of somebody else, or I could never be so insensible. I assured her, as I could do very safely, that there was not a man on earth I wished to have; and as to Mr. Williams, he might do better by far; and I had proposed so much happiness in living with my poor father and mother, that I could not think of any scheme of life with pleasure, till I had tried that. I asked her for my money; and she said, it was above in her strong box, but that I should have it to-morrow. All these things look well, as I said.

Mr. Williams would go home this night, though late, because he would despatch a messenger to you with a letter he had proposed from himself, and my packet. But pray don't encourage him, as I said; for he is much too heady and precipitate as to this matter, in my way of thinking; though, to be sure, he is a very good man, and I am much obliged to him.

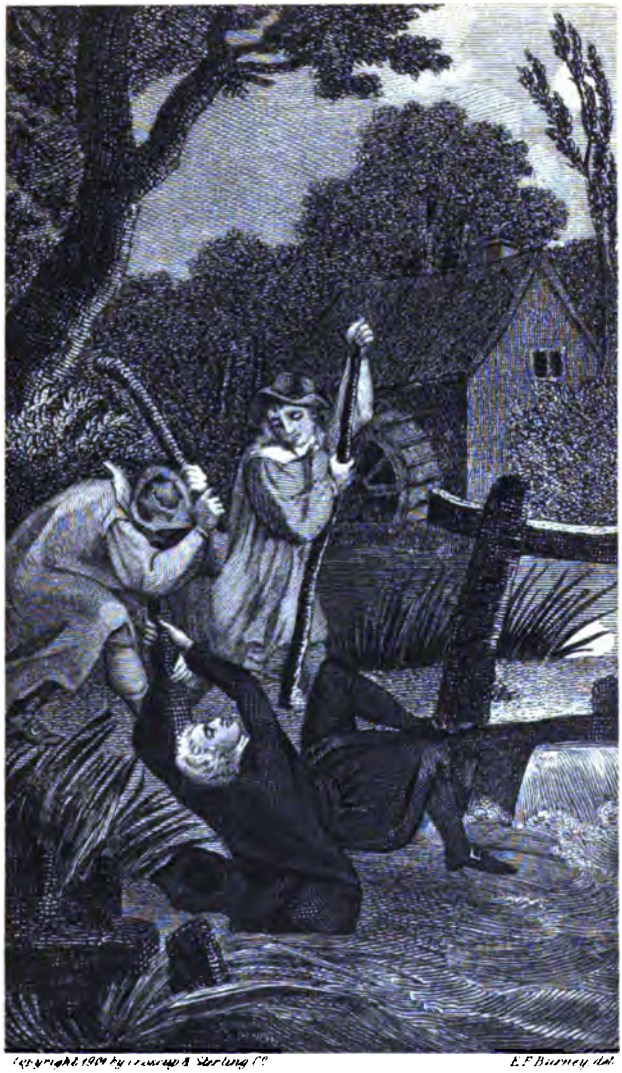
Monday morning.

ALAS-A-DAY! we have bad news from poor Mr. Williams. He has had a sad mischance; fallen among rogues in his way home last night: but by good chance has saved my papers. This is the account he gives of it to Mrs. Jewkes.

'GOOD MRS. JEWKES,—I have had a sore misfortune in 'going from you. When I had got as near the town as the 'dam, and was going to cross the wooden bridge, two fellows

They bruised my head and face, and cursing me for having no more money, tipped me into the dam, crying, Lie there, parson, till to-morrow!

Engraved by Walker, from a drawing by E. F. Burney.



 E. F. Burney del.

 R. F. Burney del.

'got hold of me, and swore bitterly they would kill me, if I 'did not give them what I had. They rummaged my pockets, 'and took from me my snuff-box, my seal-ring, and half a 'guinea, and some silver, and halfpence; also my handker-'chief, and two or three letters I had in my pockets. By good 'fortune, the letter Mrs. Pamela gave me was in my bosom, 'and so that escaped: but they bruised my head and face, and 'cursing me for having no more money, tipped me into the 'dam, crying, Lie there, parson, till to-morrow! My shins 'and knees were bruised much in the fall against one of the 'stumps; and I had like to have been suffocated in water and 'mud. To be sure, I shan't be able to stir out this day or two: 'for I am a frightful spectacle! My hat and wig I was 'forced to leave behind me, and go home, a mile and a half, 'without; but they were found next morning, and brought 'me, with my snuff-box, which the rogues must have dropped. 'My cassock is sadly torn, as is my band. To be sure, I was 'much frightened; for a robbery in these parts has not been 'known many years. Diligent search is making after the 'rogues. My humble respects to good Mrs. Pamela: if *she* 'pities my misfortunes, I shall be the sooner well, and fit to 'wait on her and you. This did not hinder me in writing a 'letter, though with great pain, as I do this (*To be sure this* '*good man can keep no secret!*) and sending it away by a man 'and horse, this morning. I am, good Mrs. Jewkes,

'Your most obliged humble servant.

'God be praised it is no worse! And I find I have got no 'cold, though miserably wet from top to toe. My fright, 'I believe, prevented me from catching cold; for I was 'not rightly myself for some hours, and know not how 'I got home. I will write a letter of thanks this night, 'if I am able, to my kind patron, for his inestimable 'goodness to me. I wish I was enabled to say all I hope, 'with regard to the *better part* of his bounty to me, in-'comparable Mrs. Pamela.'

The wicked brute fell a laughing, when she had read this

letter, till her fat sides shook. Said she, I can but think how the poor parson looked, after parting with his pretty mistress in such high spirits, when he found himself at the bottom of the dam! And what a figure he must cut in his tattered band and cassock, and without a hat and wig, when he got home. I warrant, added she, he was in a sweet pickle!—I said, I thought it was very barbarous to laugh at such a misfortune: but she replied, As he was safe, she laughed; otherwise she would have been sorry: and she was glad to see me so concerned for him—It looked *promising*, she said.

I heeded not her reflections; but as I have been used to causes for mistrusts, I cannot help saying that I don't like this thing: And their taking his letters most alarms me.—How happy it was they missed my packet! I knew not what to think of it!—But why should I let every accident break my peace? Yet it *will* do so, while I stay here.

Mrs. Jewkes is mightily at me, to go with her in the chariot, to visit Mr. Williams. She is so officious to bring on the affair between us, that, being a cunning, artful woman, I know not what to make of it: I have refused her absolutely; urging, that except I intended to encourage his suit, I ought not to do it. And she is gone without me.

I have strange temptations to get away in her absence, for all these fine appearances. 'Tis sad to have nobody to advise with!—I know not what to do. But, alas for me! I have no money, if I should, to buy anybody's civilities, or to pay for necessaries or lodgings. But I'll go into the garden, and resolve afterwards—

I have been in the garden, and to the back-door: and there I stood, my heart up at my mouth. I could not see I was watched; so this looks well. But if anything should go bad afterwards, I should never forgive myself, for not taking this opportunity. Well, I will go down again, and see if all is clear, and how it looks out at the back-door in the pasture.

To be sure, there is witchcraft in this house; and I believe

Lucifer is bribed, as well as all about me, and is got into the shape of that nasty grim bull to watch me!—For I have been down again, and ventured to open the door, and went out about a bow-shot into the pasture; but there stood that horrid bull, staring me full in the face, with fiery saucer eyes, as I thought. So I got in again, for fear he should come at me. Nobody saw me, however.—Do you think there are such things as witches and spirits? If there be, I believe, in my heart, Mrs. Jewkes has got this bull of her side. But yet, what could I do without money, or a friend?—Oh this wicked woman! to trick me so! Everything, man, woman, and beast, is in a plot against your poor Pamela, I think!—Then I know not one step of the way, nor how far to any house or cottage; and whether I could gain protection, if I got to a house: And now the robbers are abroad too, I may run into as great danger as I want to escape; nay, greater much, if these promising appearances hold: And sure my master cannot be so black as that they should not!—What can I do?—I have a good mind to try for it once more; but then I may be pursued and taken; and it will be worse for me; and this wicked woman will beat me, and take my shoes away, and lock me up.

But, after all, if my master should mean *well,* he can't be angry at my fears, if I should escape; and nobody can blame me; and I can more easily be induced, with you, when all my apprehensions are over, to consider his proposal of Mr. Williams, than I could here; and he pretends, as you have read in his letter, he will leave me to my choice: Why then should I be afraid? I will go down again, I think! But yet my heart misgives me, because of the difficulties before me, in escaping; and being so poor and so friendless!—O good God! the preserver of the innocent! direct me what to do!

Well, I have just now a sort of strange persuasion upon me, that I ought to try to get away, and leave the issue to Providence. So, once more—I'll see, at least, if this bull be still there.

Alack-a-day! what a fate is this! I have not the courage to go, neither can I think to stay. But I must resolve. The

gardener was in sight last time; so made me come up again. But I'll contrive to send him out of the way, if I can:—For if I never should have such another opportunity, I could not forgive myself. Once more I'll venture. God direct my footsteps, and make smooth my path and my way to safety!

Well, here I am, come back again! frightened, like a fool, out of all my purposes! Oh how terrible everything appears to me! I had got twice as far again, as I was before, out of the back-door: and I looked and saw the bull, as I thought, between me and the door; and another bull coming towards me the other way: Well, thought I, here is double witchcraft, to be sure! Here is the spirit of my master in one bull, and Mrs. Jewkes's in the other. And now I am gone, to be sure! Oh help! cried I, like a fool, and ran back to the door, as swift as if I flew. When I had got the door in my hand, I ventured to look back, to see if these supposed bulls were coming; and I saw they were only two poor cows, a grazing in distant places, that my fears had made all this rout about. But as everything is so frightful to me, I find I am not fit to think of my escape: for I shall be as much frightened at the first strange man that I meet with: and I am persuaded, that fear brings one into more dangers, than the caution, that goes along with it, delivers one from.

I then locked the door, and put the key in my pocket, and was in a sad quandary; but I was soon determined; for the maid Nan came in sight, and asked, if anything was the matter, that I was so often up and down stairs? God forgive me (but I had a sad lie at my tongue's end), said I; Though Mrs. Jewkes is sometimes a little hard upon me, yet I know not where I am without her: I go up, and I come down to walk about in the garden; and, not having her, know scarcely what to do with myself. Ay, said the idiot, she is main good company, madam, no wonder you miss her.

So here I am again, and here likely to be; for I have no courage to help myself anywhere else. Oh why are poor foolish maidens tried with such dangers, when they have such

weak minds to grapple with them!—I will, since it is so, hope the best: but yet I cannot but observe how grievously everything makes against me: for here are the robbers; though I fell not into their hands myself, yet they gave me as much terror, and had as great an effect upon my fears, as if I had: And here is the bull; it has as effectually frightened me, as if I had been hurt by it instead of the cook-maid; and so these joined together, as I may say, to make a very dastard of me. But my folly was the worst of all, because that deprived me of my money: for had I had *that,* I believe I should have ventured both the bull and the robbers.

Monday afternoon.

So, Mrs. Jewkes is returned from her visit: Well, said she, I would have you set your heart at rest; for Mr. Williams will do very well again. He is not half so bad as he fancied. Oh these scholars, said she, they have not the hearts of mice! He has only a few scratches on his face; which, said she, I suppose he got by grappling among the gravel at the bottom of the dam, to try to find a hole in the ground, to hide himself from the robbers. His shin and his knee are hardly to be seen to ail anything. He says in his letter, he was a frightful spectacle: He might be so, indeed, when he first came in a doors; but he looks well enough now: and, only for a few groans now and then, when he thinks of his danger, I see nothing is the matter with him. So, Mrs. Pamela, said she, I would have you be very easy about it. I am glad of it, said I, for all your jokes, to Mrs. Jewkes.

Well, said she, he talks of nothing but you; and when I told him I would fain have persuaded you to come with me, the man was out of his wits with his gratitude to me: and so has laid open all his heart to me, and told me all that has passed, and was contriving between you two. This alarmed me prodigiously; and the rather, as I saw, by two or three instances, that his honest heart could keep nothing, believing every one as undesigning as himself. I said, but yet with a

heavy heart, Ah! Mrs. Jewkes, Mrs. Jewkes, this might have done with me, had he had anything that he could have told you of. But you know well enough, that had we been disposed, we had no opportunity for it, from your watchful care and circumspection. No, said she, that's very true, Mrs. Pamela; not so much as for that declaration that he owned before me, he had found opportunity, for all my watchfulness, to make you. Come, come, said she, no more of these shams with me! You have an excellent head-piece for your years; but may be I am as cunning as you.—However, said she, all is well now; because my *watchments* are now over, by my master's direction. How have you employed yourself in my absence?

I was so troubled at what might have passed between Mr. Williams and her, that I could not hide it; and she said, Well, Mrs. Pamela, since all matters are likely to be so soon and so happily ended, let me advise you to be a little less concerned at his discoveries: and make me your confidant, as he has done, and I shall think you have some favour for me, and reliance upon me; and perhaps you might not repent it.

She was so earnest, that I mistrusted she did this to pump me; and I knew how, now, to account for her kindness to Mr. Williams in her visit to him; which was only to get out of him what she could. Why, Mrs. Jewkes, said I, is all this fishing about for something, where there is nothing, if there be an end of your *watchments,* as you call them? Nothing, said she, but womanish curiosity, I'll assure you; for one is naturally led to find out matters, where there is such privacy intended. Well, said I, pray let me know what he has said; and then I'll give you an answer to your curiosity. I don't care, said she, whether you do or not; for I have as much as I wanted from him; and I despair of getting out of you anything you ha'n't a mind I should know, my little cunning dear.—Well, said I, let him have said what he would, I care not: for I am sure he can say no harm of me; and so let us change the talk.

I was the easier, indeed, because, for all her pumps, she give no hints of the key and the door, &c., which, had he

communicated to her, she would not have forborne giving me a touch of.—And so we gave up one another, as despairing to gain our ends of each other. But I am sure he must have said more than he should.—And I am the more apprehensive all is not right, because she has now been actually, these two hours, shut up a writing; though she pretended she had given me up all her stores of papers, &c., and that I should write for her. I begin to wish I had ventured everything and gone off, when I might. Oh when will this state of doubt and uneasiness end!

She has just been with me, and says she shall send a messenger to Bedfordshire; and he shall carry a letter of thanks for me, if I will write it, for my master's favour to me. Indeed, said I, I have no thanks to give, till I am with my father and mother: and, besides, I sent a letter, as you know; but have had no answer to it. She said, she thought that his letter to Mr. Williams was sufficient; and the least I could do was to thank him, if but in two lines. No need of it, said I; for I don't intend to have Mr. Williams: What then is that letter to me? Well, said she, I see thou art quite unfathomable!

I don't like all this. Oh my foolish fears of bulls and robbers!—For now all my uneasiness begins to double upon me. Oh what has this incautious man said! That, no doubt, is the subject of her long letter.

I will close this day's writing, with just saying, that she is mighty silent and reserved, to what she was; and says nothing but No, or Yes, to what I ask. Something must be hatching, I doubt!—I the rather think so, because I find she does not keep her word with me, about lying by myself, and my money; to both which points she returned suspicious answers, saying, as to the one, Why, you are mighty earnest for your money; I shan't run away with it. And to the other, Goodlack! you need not be so willing, as I know of, to part with me for a bedfellow, till you are sure of one you *like better*. This cut me to the heart; and, at the same time, stopped my mouth.

Tuesday, Wednesday.

MR. WILLIAMS has been here; but we have had no opportunity to talk together: He seemed confounded at Mrs. Jewkes's change of temper, and reservedness, after her kind visit, and their freedom with one another, and much more at what I am going to tell you. He asked, if I would take a turn in the garden with Mrs. Jewkes and him. No, said she, I can't go. Said he, May not Mrs. Pamela take a walk?—No, said she; I desire she won't. Why, Mrs. Jewkes? said he: I am afraid I have somehow disobliged you. Not at all, replied she; but I suppose you will soon be at liberty to walk together as much as you please: and I have sent a messenger for my last instructions, about *this* and *more* weighty matters; and when they come I shall leave you to do as you both will; but, till then, it is no matter how little you are together. This alarmed us both; and he seemed quite struck of a heap, and put on, as I thought, a self-accusing countenance. So I went behind her back, and held my two hands together, flat, with a bit of paper I had, between them, and looked at him: and he seemed to take me as I intended; intimating the renewing of the correspondence by the tiles.

I left them both together, and retired to my closet to write a letter for the tiles; but having no time for a copy, I will give you the substance only.

I expostulated with him on his too great openness and easiness to fall into Mrs. Jewkes's snares; told him my apprehensions of foul play; and gave briefly the reasons which moved me: begged to know what he had said; and intimated, that I thought there was the highest reason to resume our prospect of the escape by the back-door. I put this in the usual place in the evening; and now wait with impatience for an answer.

Thursday.

I have the following answer:

'DEAREST MADAM,—I am utterly confounded, and must 'plead guilty to all your just reproaches. I wish I were 'master of all but half your caution and discretion! I hope, 'after all, this is only a touch of this ill woman's temper, to 'show her power and importance: For I think Mr.B—— 'neither can nor dare deceive me in so black a manner. I 'would expose him all the world over if he did. But it is *not*, '*cannot* be in him. I have received a letter from John Arn-'old, in which he tells me, that his master is preparing for 'his London journey; and believes, afterwards, he will come 'into these parts: But he says, Lady Davers is at their 'house, and is to accompany her brother to London, or meet 'him there, he knows not which. He professes great zeal and 'affection to your service: and I find he refers to a letter he 'sent me before, but which is not come to my hand. I *think* 'there can be no treachery; for it is a particular friend at 'Gainsborough, that I have ordered him to direct to; and this 'is come safe to my hands by this means; for well I know, I 'durst trust nothing to Brett, at the post-house here. This 'gives me a little pain; but I hope all will end well, and we 'shall soon hear, if it be necessary to pursue our former in-'tentions. If it be, I will lose no time to provide a horse for 'you, and another for myself; for I can never do either God 'or myself better service, though I were to forego all my ex-'pectations for it here. I am

'Your most faithful humble servant

'I was too free indeed with Mrs. Jewkes, led to it by her 'dissimulation, and by her pretended concern to make 'me happy with you. I hinted, that I would not have 'scrupled to have procured your deliverance by any 'means; and that I had proposed to you, as the only 'honourable one, marriage with me. But I assured her,

'though she would hardly believe me, that you discourag-
'ed my application: which is too true! But not a word
'of the back-door key, &c.'

Mrs. Jewkes continues still sullen and ill-natured, and I am almost afraid to speak to her. She watches me as close as ever, and pretends to wonder why I shun her company as I do.

I have just put under the tiles these lines inspired by my fears, which are indeed very strong; and, I doubt, not without reason.

'SIR,—Everything gives me additional disturbance. The 'missed letter of John Arnold's makes me suspect a plot. Yet 'am I loath to think myself of so much importance, as to 'suppose every one in a plot against me. Are you sure, how-'ever, the London journey is not to be a Lincolnshire one? 'May not John, who has been once a traitor, be so again?— 'Why *need* I be thus in doubt?—If I could have this horse, 'I would turn the reins on his neck, and trust to Providence 'to guide him for my safeguard! For I would not endanger 'you, now just upon the edge of your perferment. Yet, sir, 'I fear your fatal openness will make you suspected as acces-'sory, let us be ever so cautious.

'Were my *life* in question, instead of my *honesty,* I would 'not wish to involve you, or anybody, in the least difficulty, 'for so worthless a poor creature. But oh, sir! my *soul* 'is of equal importance with the soul of a *princess;* though 'my quality is inferior to that of the meanest slave.

'Save then my innocence, good Heaven! and preserve my 'mind spotless; and happy shall I be to lay down my worth-'less life; and see an end to all my troubles and anxieties!

'Forgive my impatience: But my presaging mind bodes 'horrid mischiefs! Everything looks dark around me; and 'this woman's impenetrable sullenness and silence, without 'any apparent reason, from a conduct so very *contrary,* bid me

'fear the worst.—Blame me, sir, if you think me wrong; and 'let me have your advice what to do; which will oblige

'Your most afflicted servant.'

Friday.

I HAVE this half angry answer; but, what is more to me than all the letters in the world could be, yours, my dear father, enclosed.

'MADAM,—I think you are too apprehensive by much; I 'am sorry for your uneasiness. You may depend upon me, 'and all I can do. But I make no doubt of the London jour-'ney, nor of John's contrition and fidelity. I have just re-'ceived, from my Gainsborough friend, this letter, as I sup-'pose, from your good father, in a cover, directed for me, 'as I had desired. I hope it contains nothing to add to your 'uneasiness. Pray, dearest madam, lay aside your fears, and 'wait a few days for the issue of Mrs. Jewkes's letter, and mine 'of thanks to Mr. B——. Things, I hope, *must* be better 'than you expect. Providence will not desert such piety 'and innocence: and be this your comfort and reliance: 'Which is the best advice that can at present be given, by

'Your most faithful humble servant.'

N. B.—The father's letter was as follows:

'MY DEAREST DAUGHTER,—Our prayers are at length 'heard, and we are overwhelmed with joy. Oh what suffer-'ings, what trials, hast thou gone through! Blessed be the 'divine goodness, which has enabled thee to withstand so many 'temptations! We have not yet had leisure to read through 'your long accounts of all your hardships. I say *long*, be-'cause I wonder how you could find time and opportunity 'for them; but otherwise they are the delight of our spare 'hours; and we shall read them over and over, as long as we

'live, with thankfulness to God, who has given us so virtuous 'and so discreet a daughter. How happy is our lot in the 'midst of our poverty! Oh let none ever think children a 'burden to them; when the poorest circumstances can produce 'so much riches in a Pamela! Persist, my dear daughter, in 'the same excellent course; and we shall not envy the highest 'estate, but defy them to produce such a daughter as ours.

'I said, we had not read through all yours in course. We 'were too impatient, and so turned to the end; where we find 'your virtue within view of its reward, and your master's 'heart turned to see the folly of his ways, and the injury he 'had intended to our dear child: For, to be sure, my *dear*, 'he *would* have ruined you, if he could. But seeing your 'virtue, his heart is touched; and he has, no doubt, been 'awakened by your good example.

'We don't see that you can do any way so well, as to come 'into the present proposal, and make Mr. Williams, the 'worthy Mr. Williams! God bless him!—happy. And though 'we are poor, and can add no merit, no reputation, no for-'tune, to our dear child, but rather must be a disgrace to her, 'as the world will think; yet I hope I do not sin in my pride, 'to say, that there is no good man, of a common degree (es-'pecially as your late lady's kindness gave you such good oppor-'tunities, which you have had the grace to improve), but may 'think himself happy in you. But, as you say, you had rather '*not* marry at present, far be it from us to offer violence to 'your inclination! So much prudence as you have shown in 'all your conduct, would make it very wrong in us to mistrust 'it in this, or to offer to direct you in your choice. But, alas! 'my child, what can *we* do for you?—To partake our hard 'lot, and involve yourself into as hard a life, would not help '*us*, but *add* to your afflictions. But it will be time enough to 'talk of these things, when we have the pleasure you now put 'us in hope of, of seing you with us; which God grant. 'Amen, amen, say

'Your most indulgent parents. Amen!

'Our humblest service and thanks to the worthy Mr. Wil-

'liams. Again, we say, God bless him for ever! Oh what
'a deal we have to say to you! God give us a happy
'meeting! We understand the 'squire is setting out for
'London. He is a fine gentleman, and has wit at will.
'I wish he was as good. But I hope he will now reform.'

Oh what inexpressible comfort, my dear father, has your letter given me!—You ask, *What* can you do for me?—What is it you *cannot do* for your child!—You can give her the advice she *has so much wanted,* and *still* wants, and will *always* want: You can confirm her in the paths of virtue, into which you first initiated her; and you can pray for her, with hearts so sincere and pure, that are not to be met with in palaces! —Oh! how I long to throw myself at your feet, and receive from your own lips the blessings of such good parents! But, alas! how are my prospects again overclouded, to what they were when I closed my last parcel!—More trials, more dangers, I fear, must your poor Pamela be engaged in: But through the divine goodness, and your prayers, I hope, at last, to get well out of all my difficulties; and the rather, as they are not the effect of my own vanity or presumption!

But I will proceed with my hopeless story. I saw Mr. Williams was a little nettled at my impatience; and so I wrote to assure him I would be as easy as I could, and wholly directed by him; especially as my father, whose respects I mentioned, had assured me my master was setting out for London, which he must have somehow from his own family: or he would not have written me word of it.

Saturday, Sunday.

MR. WILLIAMS has been here both these days, as usual; but is very indifferently received still by Mrs. Jewkes; and, to avoid suspicion, I left them together, and went up to my closet, most of the time he was here. He and she, I found by her, had a quarrel; and she seems quite out of humour

with him; but I thought it best not to say anything: and he said, he would very little trouble the house, till he had an answer to his letter from Mr. B——. And she returned, The less, the better. Poor man! he has got but little by his openness, making Mrs. Jewkes his confidant, as she bragged, and would have had me to do likewise.

I am more and more satisfied there is mischief brewing; and shall begin to hide my papers, and be circumspect. She seems mighty impatient for an answer to her letter to my master.

Monday, Tuesday, the 25th and 26th days of my heavy restraint.

STILL more and more strange things to write! A messenger is returned, and no wall is out! Oh wretched, wretched Pamela! What, at last, will become of me!—Such strange turns and trials sure never poor creature, of my years, experienced. He brought two letters, one to Mrs. Jewkes, and one to me: but, as the greatest wits may be sometimes mistaken, they being folded and sealed alike, that for me was directed to Mrs. Jewkes; and that for *her* was directed to me. But *both* are stark naught, abominably bad! She brought me up that directed for me, and said, Here's a letter for you: Long looked for is come at last. I will ask the messenger a few questions, and then I will read mine. So she went down, and I broke it open in my closet, and found it directed *To* MRS. PAMELA ANDREWS. But when I opened it, it began, Mrs. Jewkes. I was quite confounded; but, thought I, this may be a lucky mistake; I may discover something: And so I read on these horrid contents:

'MRS. JEWKES,—What you write has given me no small 'disturbance. This wretched *fool's plaything,* no doubt, is 'ready to leap at *anything* that offers, rather than express the 'least sense of gratitude for all the benefits she has received 'from my family, and which I was determined more and more

'to heap upon her. I reserve her for my future resentment; 'and I charge you double your diligence in watching her, to 'prevent her escape. I send this by an honest Swiss, who at-'tended me in my travels; a man I can trust; and so let him 'be your assistant: for the artful *creature* is enough to cor-'rupt a nation by her seeming innocence and simplicity; and 'she may have got a party, perhaps, among my servants with 'you, as she has here. Even John Arnold, whom I confided 'in, and favoured more than any, has proved an execrable 'villain, and shall meet his reward for it.

'As to that *college novice,* Williams, I need not bid you 'take care he sees not this *painted bauble*: for I have ordered 'Mr. Shorter, my attorney, to throw him instantly into gaol, 'on an action of debt, for money he has had of me, which I 'had intended never to carry to account against him; for I 'know all his rascally practices, besides what you write me 'of his perfidious intrigue with that girl, and his acknow-'ledged contrivances for her escape; when he knew not, for 'certain, that I designed her any mischief; and when, if he 'had been guided by a sense of piety, or compassion for in-'jured innocence, as he pretends, he would have expostulated 'with me, as his function, and my friendship for him, might 'have allowed him. But to enter into a vile intrigue with the '*amiable gewgaw,* to favour her escape in so base a manner '(to say nothing of his disgraceful practices against me, in 'Sir Simon Darnford's family, of which Sir Simon himself 'has informed me), is a conduct that, instead of preferring 'the ungrateful wretch, as I had intended, shall pull down 'upon him utter ruin.

'Monsieur Colbrand, my trusty Swiss, will obey you with-'out reserve, if my other servants refuse.

'As for her denying that she encouraged his declaration, I 'believe it not. It is certain the *speaking picture,* with all that 'pretended innocence and bashfulness, would have run away 'with him. Yes, she would run away with a fellow that she 'had been acquainted with (and that not intimately, if you 'were as careful as you ought to be) but a few days; at a time 'when she had the strongest assurance of my honour to her.

'Well, I think, I now hate her perfectly; and though I 'will do nothing to her *myself,* yet I can bear, for the sake of 'my revenge, and my *injured honour* and *slighted love,* to see 'anything, even what *she most fears,* be *done to her;* and 'then she may be turned loose to her evil destiny, and echo 'to the woods and groves her piteous lamentations for the 'loss of her fantastical innocence, which the romantic idiot 'makes such a work about. I shall go to London, with my sister 'Davers; and the moment I can disengage myself, which, 'perhaps, may be in three weeks from this time, I will be with 'you, and decide *her fate,* and put an end to your trouble. 'Meantime be doubly careful; for this innocent, as I have 'warned you, is full of contrivances. I am

'Your friend.'

I had just read this dreadful letter through, when Mrs. Jewkes came up in a great fright, guessing at the mistake, and that I had her letter; and she found me with it open in my hand, just sinking away. What business, said she, had you to read my letter? and snatched it from me. You see, said she, looking upon it, it says Mrs. Jewkes, at top: You ought, in manners, to have read no further. Oh add not, said I, to my afflictions! I shall be soon out of all your ways! This is too much! too much! I never can support this—and threw myself upon the couch, in my closet, and wept most bitterly. She read it in the next room, and came in again afterwards. Why, this, said she, is a sad letter indeed: I am sorry for it: But I feared you would carry your niceties too far!—Leave me, leave me, Mrs. Jewkes, said I, for a while: I cannot speak nor talk.—Poor heart! said she; Well, I'll come up again presently, and hope to find you better. But here, take your own letter; I wish you well; but this is a sad mistake! And so she put down by me that which was intended for me: But I have no spirit to read it at present. Oh man! man! hard-hearted, cruel man! what mischiefs art thou not capable of, unrelenting persecutor as thou art!

I sat ruminating, when I had a little come to myself, upon the terms of this wicked letter; and had no inclination to

look into my own. The bad names, *fool's plaything, artful creature, painted bauble, gewgaw, speaking picture,* are hard words for your poor Pamela! and I began to think whether I was not indeed a very naughty body, and had not done vile things: But when I thought of his having discovered poor John, and Sir Simon's base officiousness, in telling him of Mr. Williams, with what he had resolved against him in revenge for his goodness to me, I was quite dispirited; and yet still more about that fearful Colbrand, and what he could *see done to me;* for then I was ready to gasp for breath, and my heart quite failed me. Then how dreadful are the words, that he will *decide my fate* in three weeks! Gracious Heaven, said I, strike me dead, before that time, with a thunderbolt, or provide some way for my escaping these threatened mischiefs! God forgive me, if I sinned!

At last, I took up the letter directed for Mrs. Jewkes, but designed for me; and I find *that* little better than the other. These are the hard terms it contains:

'WELL have you done, perverse, forward, artful, yet foolish 'Pamela, to convince me, before it was too late, how ill I had 'done to place my affections on so unworthy an object: I had 'vowed honour and love to your unworthiness, believing you 'a mirror of bashful modesty and unspotted innocence; and 'that no perfidious designs lurked in so fair a bosom. But 'now I have found you out, you specious hypocrite! and I 'see, that though you could not repose the least confidence in 'one you had known for years, and who, under my good 'mother's misplaced favour for you, had grown up in a man-'ner with you; when my passion, in spite of my pride, and 'the difference of our condition, made me stoop to a mean-'ness that now I despise myself for; yet you could enter into 'an intrigue with a man you never knew till within these few 'days past, and resolve to run away with a stranger, whom 'your fair face, and insinuating arts, had bewitched to break 'through all the ties of honour and gratitude to me, even at a 'time when the happiness of his future life depended upon 'my favour.

'Henceforth, for Pamela's sake, whenever I see a lovely 'face, will I mistrust a deceitful heart: and whenever I hear 'of the greatest pretences to innocence, will I suspect some 'deep-laid mischief. You were determined to place no con-'fidence in me, though I have solemnly, over and over, en-'gaged my honour to you. What, though I had alarmed your 'fears in sending you one way, when you hoped to go another; 'yet, had I not, to convince you of my resolution to do justly 'by you (although with great reluctance, such then was my 'love for you), engaged not to come near you without your 'own consent? Was not this a voluntary demonstration of 'the generosity of my intention to you? Yet how have you 'requited me? The very first fellow that your charming 'face, and insinuating address, could influence you have prac-'tised upon, corrupted too, I may say (and even ruined, as 'the ungrateful wretch shall find), and thrown your *forward* 'self upon him. As, therefore, you would place no confidence 'in me, my honour owes you nothing; and, in a little time, 'you shall find how much you have erred, in treating, as you 'have done, a man who was once

'Your affectionate and kind friend.

'Mrs. Jewkes has directions concerning you: and if your 'lot is now harder than you might wish, you will bear 'it the easier, because your own rash folly has brought 'it upon you.'

Alas! for me, what a fate is mine, to be thus thought artful, and forward, and ungrateful; when all I intended was to preserve my innocence; and when all the poor little shifts, which his superior wicked wit and cunning have rendered ineffectual, were forced upon me in my own necessary defence!

When Mrs. Jewkes came up to me again, she found me bathed in tears. She seemed, as I thought, to be moved to some compassion; and finding myself now entirely in her power, and that it is not for me to provoke her, I said, It is now, I see, in vain for me to contend against my evil destiny,

and the superior arts of my barbarous master. I will resign myself to the divine will, and prepare to expect the worst. But you see how this poor Mr. Williams is drawn in and undone: I am sorry I am made the cause of *his* ruin. Poor, poor man!—to be thus involved, and for my sake too!—But if you'll believe me, said I, I gave no encouragement to what he proposed, as to marriage; nor would he have proposed it, I believe, but as the only honourable way he thought was left to save me: And his principal motive to it at all, was virtue and compassion to one in distress. What other view could he have? You know I am poor and friendless. All I beg of you is, to let the poor gentleman have notice of my master's resentment; and let him fly the country, and not be thrown into gaol. This will answer my master's end as well; for it will as effectually hinder him from assisting me, as if he was in a prison.

Ask me, said she, to do anything that is in my power, consistent with my duty and trust, and I will do it: for I am sorry for you both. But, to be sure, I shall keep no correspondence with him, nor let you. I offered to talk of a duty superior to that she mentioned, which would oblige her to help distressed innocence, and not permit her to go the lengths enjoined by lawless tyranny; but she plainly bid me be silent on that head; for it was in vain to attempt to persuade her to betray her trust:—All I have to advise you, said she, is to be easy; lay aside all your contrivances and arts to get away, and make me your friend, by giving me no reason to suspect you; for I glory in my fidelity to my master: And you have both practiced some strange sly arts, to make such a progress as he has owned there was between you, so seldom as I thought you saw one another; and I must be more circumspect than I have been.

This doubled my concern; for I now apprehended I should be much closer watched than before.

Well, said I, since I have, by this strange accident, discovered my hard destiny; let me read over again that fearful letter of yours, that I may get it by heart, and with it feed my distress, and make calamity familiar to me. Then, said

she, let me read yours again. I gave her mine, and she lent me hers; and so I took a copy of it, with her leave; because, as I said I would, by it, prepare myself for the worst. And when I had done, I pinned it on the head of the couch: This, said I, is the use I shall make of this wretched copy of your letter; and here you shall always find it wet with my tears.

She said she would go down to order supper; and insisted upon my company to it. I would have excused myself; but she began to put on a commanding air, that I durst not oppose. And when I went down, she took me by the hand, and presented me to the most hideous monster I ever saw in my life. Here, Monsieur Colbrand, said she, here is *your* pretty ward and *mine;* let us try to make her time with us easy. He bowed, and put on his foreign grimaces, and seemed to bless himself; and, in broken English, told me, I was happy in de affections of de finest gentleman in de varld!—I was quite frightened, and ready to drop down; and I will describe him to you, my dear father and mother, if now you will ever see this: and you shall judge if I had not reason, especially not knowing he was to be there, and being apprised, as I was, of his hated employment, to watch me closer.

He is a giant of a man for stature; taller by a good deal than Harry Mowlidge, in your neighbourhood, and large boned, and scraggy; and has a hand!—I never saw such an one in my life. He has great staring eyes, like the bull's that frightened me so; vast jaw-bones sticking out: eyebrows hanging over his eyes; two great scars upon his forehead, and one on his left cheek; and two large whiskers, and a monstrous wide mouth; blubber lips; long yellow teeth, and a hideous grin. He wears his own frightful long hair, tied up in a great black bag; a black crape neckcloth about a long ugly neck; and his throat sticking out like a wen. As to the rest, he was dressed well enough, and had a sword on, with a nasty red knot to it; leather garters, buckled below his knees; and a foot —near as long as my arm, I verily think.

He said, he fright de lady; and offered to withdraw; but she bid him not; and I told Mrs. Jewkes, That as she knew I had been crying, she should not have called me to the gentle-

man without letting me know he was there. I soon went up to my closet; for my heart ached all the time I was at table, not being able to look upon him without horror; and this brute of a woman, though she saw my distress, *before* this addition to it, no doubt did it on purpose to strike more terror into me. And indeed it had its effect; for when I went to bed, I could think of nothing but his hideous person, and my master's more hideous actions: and thought them too well paired; and when I dropt asleep, I dreamed they were both coming to my bedside, with the worst designs; and I jumped out of my bed in my sleep, and frightened Mrs Jewkes; till, waking with the terror, I told her my dream; and the wicked creature only laughed, and said, All I feared was but a dream, as well as that; and when it was over, and I was well awake, I should laugh at it as such!

And now I am come to the close of Wednesday, the 27th day of my distress.

Poor Mr. Williams is actually arrested, and carried away to Stamford. So there is an end of all my hopes from him, poor gentleman! His over-security and openness have ruined us both! I was but too well convinced, that we ought not to have lost a moment's time; but he was half angry, and thought me too impatient; and then his fatal confessions, and the detestable artifice of my master!—But one might well think, that he who had so cunningly, and so wickedly, contrived all his stratagems hitherto, that it was impossible to avoid them, would stick at nothing to complete them. I fear I shall soon find it so!

But one stratagem I have just invented, though a very discouraging one to think of; because I have neither friends nor money, nor know one step of the way, if I was out of the house. But let bulls, and bears, and lions, and tigers, and, what is worse, false, treacherous, deceitful men, stand in my way, I cannot be in more danger than I am; and I depend nothing upon his three weeks: for how do I know, now he is in such a

passion, and has already begun his vengeance on poor Mr. Williams, that he will not change his mind, and come down to Lincolnshire before he goes to London?

My stratagem is this: I will endeavour to get Mrs. Jewkes to go to bed without me, as she often does, while I sit locked up in my closet; and as she sleeps very sound in her first sleep, of which she never fails to give notice by snoring, if I can but then get out between the two bars of the window (for you know I am very slender, and I find I can get my head through), then I can drop upon the leads underneath, which are little more than my height, and which leads are over a little summer-parlour, that juts out towards the garden; and as I am light, I can easily drop from them; for they are not high from the ground: then I shall be in the garden; and then, as I have the key of the back-door, I will get out. But I have another piece of cunning still: Good Heaven, succeed to me my dangerous, but innocent devices!—I have read of a great captain, who, being in danger, leaped over-board into the sea, and his enemies, as he swam, shooting at him with bows and arrows, he unloosed his upper garments, and took another course, while they stuck that full of their darts and arrows; and so he escaped, and lived to triumph over them all. So what will I do, but strip off my upper petticoat, and throw it into the pond, with my neckhandkerchief! For to be sure, when they miss me, they will go to the pond first, thinking I have drowned myself: and so, when they see some of my clothes floating there, they will be all employed in dragging the pond, which is a very large one; and as I shall not, perhaps, be missed till the moring, this will give me opportunity to get a great way off; and I am sure I will run for it when I am out. And so I trust, that Providence will direct my steps to some good place of safety, and make *some* worthy body my friend; for sure, if I suffer ever so, I cannot be in more danger, nor in worse hands, than where I am; and with such avowed bad designs.

Oh my dear parents! don't be frightened when you come to read this!—But all will be over before you can see it; and

so God direct me for the best! My writings, for fear I should not escape, I will bury in the garden; for, to be sure, I shall be searched and used dreadfully, if I can't get off. And so I will close here, for the present, to prepare for my plot. Prosper thou, O gracious Protector of oppressed innocence! this last effort of thy poor handmaid! that I may escape the crafty devices and snares that have begun to entangle my virtue; and from which, but by this one trial, I see no way of escaping. And oh! whatever becomes of me, bless my dear parents, and protect poor Mr. Williams from ruin! for he was happy before he knew me.

Just now, just now! I heard Mrs. Jewkes, who is in her cups, own to the horrid Colbrand, that the robbing of poor Mr. Williams was a contrivance of hers, and executed by the groom and a helper, in order to seize my letters upon him, which they missed. They are now both laughing at the dismal story, which they little think I overheard.—Oh how my heart aches! for what are not such wretches capable of! Can you blame me for endeavouring, through any danger, to get out of such clutches?

Past eleven o'clock.

MRS. JEWKES is come up, and gone to bed; and bids me not stay long in my closet, but come to bed. Oh for a dead sleep for the treacherous brute! I never saw her so tipsy, and that gives me hopes. I have tried again, and find I can get my head through the iron bars. I am now all prepared, as soon as I hear her fast; and now I'll seal up these, and my other papers, my last work: and to thy providence, O my gracious God! commit the rest.—Once more, God bless you both! and send us a happy meeting; if not here, in His heavenly kingdom. Amen.

Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, the 28th, 29th, 30th, and 31st days of my distress.

AND distress indeed! For here I am still; and everything has been worse and worse! Oh! the poor unhappy Pamela! —Without any hope left, and ruined in all my contrivances. But, oh! my dear parents, rejoice with me, even in this low plunge of my distress; for your poor Pamela has escaped from an enemy worse than any she ever met with; an enemy she never thought of before, and was hardly able to stand against: I mean, the weakness and presumption, both in one, of her own mind; which had well nigh, had not the divine grace interposed, sunk her into the lowest, last abyss of misery and perdition!

I will proceed, as I have opportunity, with my sad relation: for my pen and ink (in my now doubly-secured closet) are all I have to employ myself with: and indeed I have been so weak, that, till yesterday evening, I have not been able to hold a pen.

I took with me but one shift, besides what I had on, and two handkerchiefs, and two caps, which my pocket held (for it was not for me to encumber myself), and all my stock of money, which was but five or six shillings, to set out for I knew not where; and got out of the window, not without some difficulty, sticking a little at my shoulders and hips; but I was resolved to get out, if possible. And it was farther from the leads than I thought, and I was afraid I had sprained my ankle; and when I had dropt from the leads to the ground, it was still farther off: but I did pretty well there, at least. I got no hurt to hinder me from pursuing my intentions. So being now on the ground, I hid my papers under a rose-bush, and covered them with mould, and there they still lie, as I hope. Then I hied away to the pond: The clock struck twelve, just as I got out; and it was a dark misty night, and very cold; but I felt it not then.

When I came to the pond side, I flung in my upper coat, as I had designed, and my neckhandkerchief, and a round-eared cap, with a knot; and then with great speed ran to the door, and took the key out of my pocket, my poor heart beating all

the time against my bosom, as if it would have forced its way through it: and beat it well might! for I then, too late, found, that I was most miserably disappointed; for the wicked woman had taken off that lock, and put another on; so that my key would not open it. I tried, and tried, and feeling about, I found a padlock besides, on another part of the door. Oh then how my heart sunk!— I dropt down with grief and confusion, unable to stir or support myself, for a while. But my fears awakening my resolution, and knowing that my attempt would be as terrible for me as any other danger I could then encounter, I clambered up upon the ledges of the door, and upon the lock, which was a great wooden one; and reached the top of the door with my hands; then, little thinking I could climb so well, I made shift to lay hold on the top of the wall with my hands; but, alas for me! nothing but ill luck —no escape for poor Pamela! The wall being old, the bricks I held by gave way, just as I was taking a spring to get up; and down came I, and received such a blow upon my head, with one of the bricks, that it quite stunned me; and I broke my shins and my ankle besides, and beat off the heel of one of my shoes.

In this dreadful way, flat upon the ground, lay poor I, for I believe five or six minutes; and then trying to get up, I sunk down again two or three times; and my left hip and shoulder were very stiff, and full of pain, with bruises; and, besides, my head bled, and ached grievously with the blow I had with the brick. Yet these hurts I valued not; but crept a good way upon my feet and hands, in search of a ladder, I just recollected to have seen against the wall two days before, on which the gardener was nailing a nectarine branch that was loosened from the wall: but no ladder could I find, and the wall was very high. What now, thought I, must become of the miserable Pamela!—Then I began to wish myself most heartily again in my closet, and to repent of my attempt, which I now censured as rash, because it did not succeed.

God forgive me! but a sad thought came just then into my head!—I trembled to think of it! Indeed my apprehensions

of the usage I should meet with, had like to have made me miserable for ever! Oh my dear, dear parents, forgive your poor child; but being then quite desperate, I crept along, till I could raise myself on my staggering feet; and away limped I!—What to do, but to throw myself into the pond, and so put a period to all my griefs in this world!—But, oh! to find them infinitely aggravated (had I not, by the divine grace, been witheld) in a miserable *eternity!* As I have escaped this temptation (blessed be God for it!) I will tell you my conflicts on this dreadful occasion, that the divine mercies may be magnified in my deliverance, that I am yet on this side the dreadful gulf, from which there could have been no return.

It was well for me, as I have since thought, that I was so maimed, as made me the longer before I got to the water; for this gave me time to consider, and abated the impetuousness of my passions, which possibly might otherwise have hurried me, in my first transport of grief (on my seeing no way to escape, and the hard usage I had reason to expect from my dreadful keepers), to throw myself in. But my weakness of body made me move so slowly, that it gave time, as I said, for a little reflection, a ray of grace, to dart in upon my benighted mind; and so, when I came to the pond side, I sat myself down on the sloping bank, and began to ponder my wretched condition; and thus I reasoned with myself.

Pause here a little, Pamela, on what thou art about, before thou takest the dreadful leap; and consider whether there be no way yet left, no hope, if not to escape from this wicked house, yet from the mischiefs threatened thee in it.

I then considered; and, after I had cast about in my mind everything that could make me hope, and saw no probability; a wicked woman, devoid of all compassion! a horrid helper, just arrived, in this dreadful Colbrand! an angry and resenting master, who now hated me, and threatened the most afflicting evils! and that I should, in all probability, be deprived even of the opportunity I now had before me, to free myself from all their persecutions!—What hast thou to do, distressed creature, said I to myself, but throw thyself upon a merciful

God (who knows how innocently I suffer), to avoid the merciless wickedness of those who are determined on my ruin?

And then, thought I (and oh! that thought was surely of the devil's instigation; for it was very soothing, and powerful with me), these wicked wretches, who now have no remorse, no pity on me, will then be moved to lament their misdoings; and when they see the dead corpse of the unhappy Pamela dragged out to these dewy banks, and lying breathless at their feet, they will find that remorse to soften their obdurate heart, which, now, has no place there!—And my master, my angry master, will then forget his resentments, and say, Oh, this is the unhappy Pamela! that I have so causelessly persecuted and destroyed! Now do I see she preferred her honesty to her life, will he say, and is no hypocrite, nor deceiver; but really was the innocent creature she pretended to be! Then, thought I, will he, perhaps, shed a few tears over the poor corpse of his persecuted servant; and though he may give out, it was love and disappointment; and that, perhaps (in order to hide his own guilt), for the unfortunate Mr. Williams, yet will he be inwardly grieved, and order me a decent funeral, and save me, or rather *this part* of me, from the dreadful stake, and the highway interment; and the young men and maidens all around my dear father's will pity poor Pamela! But, oh! I hope I shall not be the subject of their ballads and elegies; but that my memory, for the sake of my dear father and mother, may quickly slide into oblivion.

I was once rising, so indulgent was I to this sad way of thinking, to throw myself in: but, again, my bruises made me slow; and I thought, What art thou about to do, wretched Pamela? How knowest thou, though the prospect be all dark to thy short-sighted eye, what God may do for thee, even when all human means fail? God Almighty would not lay me under these sore afflictions, if He had not given me strength to grapple with them, if I will exert it as I ought: And who knows, but that the very presence I so much dread of my angry and designing master (for he has had me in his power

before, and yet I have escaped), may be better for me, than these persecuting emissaries of his, who, for his money, are true to their wicked trust, and are hardened by that, and a long habit of wickedness, against compunction of heart? God *can* touch his heart in an instant; and if this should *not* be done, I can *then* but put an end to my life by some other means, if I am so resolved.

But how do I know, thought I, that even *these bruises* and *maims* that I have gotten, while I pursued only the laudable escape I had meditated, may not kindly have furnished me with the opportunity I am now tempted with to precipitate myself, and of surrendering up my life, spotless and unguilty, to that merciful Being who gave it!

Then, thought I, who gave thee, presumptuous as thou art, a power over thy life? Who authorised thee to put an end to it, when the weakness of thy mind suggests not to thee a way to preserve it with honour? How knowest thou what purposes God may have to serve, by the trials with which thou art now exercised? Art thou to put a bound to the divine will, and to say, Thus much will I bear, and no more? And wilt thou *dare* to say, That if the trial be augmented and continued, thou wilt sooner die than bear it?

This act of despondency, thought I, is a sin, that, if I pursue it, admits of no repentance, and can therefore hope no forgiveness.—And wilt thou, to shorten thy transitory griefs, *heavy* as they are, and *weak* as thou fanciest thyself, plunge both body and soul into everlasting misery! Hitherto, Pamela, thought I, thou art the innocent, the suffering Pamela; and wilt thou, to avoid thy sufferings, be the guilty aggressor? And, because wicked men persecute thee, wilt thou fly in the face of the Almighty, and distrust His grace and goodness, who can *still* turn all these sufferings to benefits? And how do I know, but that God, who sees all the lurking vileness of my heart, may have permitted these sufferings on that very score, and to make me rely solely on His grace and assistance, who, perhaps, have too much prided myself in a vain dependence on my own foolish contrivances?

Then, again, thought I, wilt thou suffer in *one* moment all

the good lessons of thy poor honest parents, and the benefit of their example (who have persisted in doing their duty with resignation to the divine will, amidst the extreme degrees of disappointment, poverty, and distress, and the persecutions of an ungrateful world, and merciless creditors), to be thrown away upon thee; and bring down, as in all probability this thy rashness will, their grey hairs with sorrow to the grave, when they shall understand, that their beloved daughter, slighting the tenders of divine grace, despairing of the mercies of a protecting God, has blemished, in this *last act,* a *whole* life, which they had hitherto approved and delighted in?

What then, presumptuous Pamela, dost thou *here?* thought I: Quit with speed these perilous banks, and fly from these curling waters, that seem, in their meaning murmurs, this still night, to reproach thy rashness! Tempt not God's goodness on the mossy banks, that have been witnesses of thy guilty purpose; and while thou hast power left thee, avoid the tempting evil, lest thy grand enemy, now repulsed by divine grace, and due reflection, return to the assault with a force that thy weakness may not be able to resist! and let one rash moment destroy all the convictions, which now have awed thy rebellious mind into duty and resignation to the divine will!

And so saying, I arose; but was so stiff with my hurts, so cold with the moist dew of the night, and the wet grass on which I had sat, as also with the damps arising from so large a piece of water, that with great pain I got from this pond, which now I think of with terror; and bending my limping steps towards the house, took refuge in the corner of an outhouse, where wood and coals are laid up for family use, till I should be found by my cruel keepers, and consigned to a more wretched confinement, and worse usage than I had hitherto experienced; and there behind a pile of firewood I crept, and lay down, as you may imagine, with a mind just broken, and a heart sensible to nothing but the extremest woe and dejection.

This, my dear father and mother, is the issue of your poor

Pamela's fruitless enterprise; and who knows, if I had got out at the back-door, whether I had been at all in a better case, moneyless, friendless, as I am, and in a strange place!—But blame not your poor daughter too much: Nay, if ever you see this miserable scribble, all bathed and blotted with my tears, let your pity get the better of your reprehension! But I know it will.—And I must leave off for the present.—For, oh! my strength and my will are at this time very far unequal to one another.—But yet I will add, that though I should have praised God for my deliverance, had I been freed from my wicked keepers, and my designing master; yet I have more abundant reason to praise Him, that I have been delivered from a worse enemy, *myself!*

I will conclude my sad relation.

It seems Mrs. Jewkes awaked not till daybreak; and not finding me in bed, she called me; and, no answer being returned, she relates, that she got out of bed, and ran to my closet; and, missing me, searched under the bed, and in another closet, finding the chamber-door as she had left it, quite fast, and the key, as usual, about her wrist. For if I could have got out of the chamber-door, there were two or three passages, and doors to them all, double-locked and barred, to go through into the great garden; so that, to escape, there was no way, but out of the window; and of that window, because of the summer-parlour under it: for the other windows are a great way from the ground.

She says she was excessively frightened; and instantly raised the Swiss, and the two maids, who lay not far off; and finding every door fast, she said, I must be carried away, as St. Peter was out of prison, by some angel. It is a wonder she had not a worse thought!

She says, she wept, and wrung her hands, and took on sadly, running about like a mad woman, little thinking I could have got out of the closet window, between the iron bars; and, indeed, I don't know whether I could do so again. But at last

The creature was sadly frightened, but was taking up a billet to knock me on the head believing I was some thief.

Engraved by Angus, from a drawing by E. F. Burney.

Richard del

finding that casement open, they concluded it must be so; and ran out into the garden, and found my footsteps in the mould of the bed which I dropt down upon from the leads: And so speeded away all of them; that is to say, Mrs. Jewkes, Colbrand, and Nan, towards the back-door, to see if that was fast; while the cook was sent to the out-offices to raise the men, and make them get horses ready, to take each a several way to pursue me.

But, it seems, finding that door double-locked and padlocked, and the heel of my shoe, and the broken bricks, they verily concluded I was got away by some means over the wall; and then, they say, Mrs. Jewkes seemed like a distracted woman: Till, at last, Nan had the thought to go towards the pond: and there seeing my coat, and cap, and handkerchief, in the water, cast almost to the banks by the agitation of the waves, she thought it was me; and, screaming out, ran to Mrs. Jewkes, and said, O madam, madam! here's a piteous thing! —Mrs. Pamela lies drowned in the pond. Thither they all ran; and finding my clothes, doubted not I was at the bottom; and they all, Swiss among the rest, beat their breasts, and made most dismal lamentations; and Mrs. Jewkes sent Nan to the men, to bid them get the drag-net ready, and leave the horses, and come to try to find the poor innocent! as she, it seems, *then* called me, beating her breast, and lamenting my hard hap; but most what would become of them, and what account they should give to my master.

While everyone was thus differently employed, some weeping and wailing, some running here and there, Nan came into the wood-house; and there lay poor I; so weak, so low, and dejected, and withal so stiff with my bruises, that I could not stir, nor help myself to get upon my feet. And I said, with a low voice (for I could hardly speak), Mrs. Ann! Mrs. Ann! —The creature was sadly frightened, but was taking up a billet to knock me on the head, believing I was some thief, as she said; but I cried out, O Mrs. Ann, Mrs. Ann, help me, for pity's sake, to Mrs. Jewkes! for I cannot get up!—Bless me, said she, what! you, madam!—Why, our hearts are almost broken, and we were going to drag the pond for you, believing

you had drowned yourself. Now, said she, you'll make us all alive again!

And, without helping me, she ran away to the pond, and brought all the crew to the wood-house.—The wicked woman, as she entered, said, Where is she?—Plague of her spells, and her witchcrafts! She shall dearly repent of this trick, if my name be Jewkes; and, coming to me, took hold of my arm so roughly, and gave me such a pull, as made me squeal out (my shoulder being bruised on that side), and drew me on my face. Oh cruel creature! said I, if you knew what I have suffered, it would move you to pity me!

Even Colbrand seemed to be concerned, and said, Fie, madam, fie! you see she is almost dead! You must not be so rough with her. The coachman Robin seemed to be sorry for me too, and said, with sobs, What a scene is here! Don't you see she is all bloody in her head, and cannot stir?—Curse of her contrivances! said the horrid creature; she has frightened *me* out of my wits, I'm sure. How the d—l came you here? —Oh! said I, ask me now no questions, but let the maids carry me up to my prison; and there let me die decently, and in peace! For, indeed, I thought I could not live two hours.

The still more inhuman tigress said, I suppose you want Mr. Williams to pray by you, don't you? Well, I'll send for my master this minute: let him come and watch you himself, for me; for there's no such thing as holding you, I'm sure.

So the maids took me up between them, and carried me to my chamber; and when the wretch saw how bad I was, she began a little to relent—while every one wondered (at which I had neither strength nor inclination to tell them) how all this came to pass, which they imputed to sorcery and witchcraft.

I was so weak, when I had got up stairs, that I fainted away, with dejection, pain, and fatigue; and they undressed me, and got me to bed; and Mrs. Jewkes ordered Nan to bathe my shoulder, and arm, and ancle, with some old rum warmed; and they cut the hair a little from the back part of my head, and washed that; for it was clotted with blood, from a pretty long, but not a deep gash; and put a family plaister upon it;

for, if this woman has any good quality, it is, it seems, in a readiness and skill to manage in cases where sudden misfortunes happen in a family.

After this, I fell into a pretty sound and refreshing sleep, and lay till twelve o'clock, tolerably easy, considering I was very feverish, and aguishly inclined; and she took a deal of care to fit me to undergo more trials, which I had hoped would have been happily ended: but Providence did not see fit.

She would make me rise about twelve: but I was so weak, I could only sit up till the bed was made, and went into it again; and was, as they said, delirious some part of the afternoon. But having a tolerable night on Thursday, I was a good deal better on Friday, and on Saturday got up, and ate a little spoon-meat, and my feverishness seemed to be gone; and I was so mended by evening, that I begged her indulgence in my closet, to be left to myself; which she consented to, it being double-barred the day before, and I assuring her, that all my contrivances, as she called them, were at an end. But first she made me tell the whole story of my enterprise; which I did very faithfully, knowing now that nothing could stand me in any stead, or contribute to my safety and escape; And she seemed full of wonder at my resolution; but told me frankly, that I should have found it a hard matter to get quite off; for that she was provided with a warrant from my master (who is a justice of peace in this county as well as in the other) to get me apprehended, if I *had* got away; on suspicion of wronging him, let me have been where I would.

Oh how deep-laid are the mischiefs designed to fall on my devoted head!—Surely, surely, I cannot be worthy of all this contrivance!—This too well shows me the truth of what was hinted to me formerly at the other house, that my master swore he would *have* me! Oh preserve me, Heaven! from being *his*, in his own wicked sense of the adjuration!

I must add, that now the woman sees me pick up so fast, she uses me worse, and has abridged me of paper, all but one sheet, which I am to show her, written or unwritten, on demand: and has reduced me to one pen: yet my hidden stores stand me in stead. But she is more and more snappish and

cross; and tauntingly calls me Mrs. Williams, and anything she thinks will vex me.

Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. Jewkes has thought fit to give me an airing, for three or four hours, this afternoon; and I am a good deal better: and should be much more so, if I knew for what I am reserved. But health is a blessing hardly to be coveted in my circumstances, since that but exposes me to the calamity I am in continual apprehensions of; whereas a weak and sickly state might possibly move compassion for me. O how I dread the coming of this angry and incensed master; though I am sure I have done him no harm!

Just now we heard, that he had like to have been drowned in crossing the stream, a few days ago, in pursuing his game. What is the matter, that with all his ill usage of me, I cannot hate him? To be sure, I am not like other people! He has certainly done enough to make me hate him; but yet, when I heard his danger, which was very great, I could not in my heart forbear rejoicing for his safety; though his death would have ended my afflictions. Ungenerous master! if you knew this, you surely would not so be so much my persecutor! But, for my late good lady's sake, I must wish him well; and oh, what an angel would he be in my eyes yet, if he would cease his attempts, and reform!

Well, I hear by Mrs. Jewkes, that John Arnold is turned away, being detected in writing to Mr. Williams; and that Mr. Longman, and Mr. Jonathan the butler, have incurred his displeasure, for offering to speak in my behalf. Mrs. Jervis too is in danger; for all these three, probably, went together to beg in my favour; for now it is known where I am.

Mrs. Jewkes has, with the news about my master, received a letter; but she says the contents are too bad for me to know. They must be bad indeed, if they be worse than what I have already known.

Just now the horrid creature tells me, as a secret, that she

had reason to think he has found out a way to satisfy my scruples: It is, by marrying me to this dreadful Colbrand, and buying me of him on the wedding-day, for a sum of money!—Was ever the like heard?—She says it will be my duty to obey my husband; and that Mr. Williams will be forced, as a punishment, to marry us; and that, when my master has paid for me, and I am surrendered up, the Swiss is to go home again, with the money, to his former wife and children; for, she says, it is the custom of those people to have a wife in every nation.

But this, to be sure, is horrid romancing! Yet, abominable as it is, it may possibly serve to introduce some plot now hatching!—With what strange perplexities is my poor mind agitated! Perchance, some sham-marriage may be designed, on purpose to ruin me: But can a husband sell his wife against her own consent?—And will such a bargain stand good in law?

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, the 32d, 33d, and 34th days of my imprisonment.

NOTHING offers these days but squabblings between Mrs. Jewkes and me. She grows worse and worse to me. I vexed her yesterday, because she talked nastily; and told her she talked more like a vile London prostitute, than a gentleman's housekeeper; and she thinks she cannot use me bad enough for it. Bless me! she curses and storms at me like a trooper, and can hardly keep her hands off me. You may believe she must talk sadly, to make me say such harsh words: indeed it cannot be repeated; as she is a disgrace to her sex. And then she ridicules me, and laughs at my notions of honesty; and tells me, impudent creature as she is! what a fine bed-fellow I shall make for my master (and such-like), with such whimsical notions about me!—Do you think this is to be borne? And yet she talks worse than this, if possible! quite filthily! Oh what vile hands am I put into!

Thursday.

I HAVE now all the reason that can be, to apprehend my master will be here soon; for the servants are busy in setting the house to rights; and a stable and coach-house are cleaning out, that have not been used some time. I asked Mrs. Jewkes; but she tells me nothing, nor will hardly answer me when I ask her a question. Sometimes I think she puts on these strange wicked airs to me, purposely to make me wish for, what I dread most of all things, my master's coming down. *He* talk of love!—If he had any the least notion of regard for me, to be sure he would not give this naughty body such power over me:—And if he *does* come, where is his promise of not seeing me without I consent to it? But, it seems, *his honour owes me nothing!* So he tells me in his letter. And why? Because I am willing to keep mine. But, indeed, he says, *he hates me perfectly*: But it is plain he does, or I should not be left to the mercy of this woman: and, what is worse, to my woful apprehensions.

Friday, the 36th day of my imprisonment.

I TOOK the liberty yesterday afternoon, finding the gates open, to walk out before the house; and, ere I was aware, had got to the bottom of the long row of elms; and there I sat myself down upon the steps of a sort of broad stile, which leads into the road, and goes towards the town. And as I sat musing upon what always busies my mind, I saw a whole body of folks running towards me from the house, men and women, as in a fright. At first I wondered what was the matter, till they came nearer; and I found they were all alarmed, thinking I had attempted to get off. There was first the horrible Colbrand, running with his long legs, well nigh two yards at a stride; then there was one of the grooms, poor Mr. Williams's robber; then I spyed Nan, half out of breath, and the cook-maid after her! and lastly, came waddling, as fast as she could, Mrs. Jewkes, exclaiming most bitterly, as I found, against me. Colbrand said, Oh how have you frighted us all! —And went behind me, lest I should run away, as I suppose.

I sat still, to let them see I had no view to get away; for, besides the improbability of succeeding, my last sad attempt has cured me of enterprising again. And when Mrs. Jewkes came within hearing, I found her terribly incensed, and raving about my contrivances. Why, said I, should you be so concerned? Here I have sat a few minutes, and had not the least thought of getting away, or going farther; but to return as soon as it was duskish. She would not believe me; and the barbarous creature struck at me with her horrid fist, and, I believe, would have felled me, had not Colbrand interposed, and said, He saw me sitting still, looking about me, and not seeming to have the least inclination to stir. But this would not serve: She ordered the two maids to take me each by an arm, and lead me back into the house, and up stairs; and there have I been locked up ever since, without shoes. In vain have I pleaded, that I had no design, as indeed I had not the least; and last night I was forced to lie between her and Nan; and I find she is resolved to make a handle of this against me, and in her own behalf.—Indeed, what with her usage, and my own apprehensions of still worse, I am quite weary of my life.

Just now she has been with me, and given me my shoes, and has laid her imperious commands upon me, to dress myself in a suit of clothes out of the portmanteau, which I have not seen lately, against three or four o'clock; for she says, she is to have a visit from Lady Darnford's two daughters, who come purposely to see me; and so she gave me the key of the portmanteau. But I will not obey her; and I told her I would not be made a show of, nor see the ladies. She left me, saying, it would be worse for me, if I did not. But how can that be?

Five o'clock is come.

AND no young ladies!—So that I fancy—But hold! I hear their coach, I believe. I'll step to the window.—I won't go down to them, I am resolved—

Good sirs! good sirs! What will become of me! Here is

my master come in his fine chariot!—indeed he is! What shall I do? Where shall I hide myself?—Oh! what shall I do? Pray for me! But oh! you'll not see this!—Now, good God of heaven, preserve me; if it be Thy blessed will!

Seven o'clock.

THOUGH I dread to see him, yet do I wonder I have not. To be sure something is resolved against me, and he stays to hear all her stories. I can hardly write; yet, as I can do nothing else, I know not how to forbear!—Yet I cannot hold my pen—How crooked and trembling the lines!—I must leave off, till I can get quieter fingers!—Why should the guiltless tremble so, when the guilty can possess their minds in peace?

Saturday morning.

Now let me give you an account of what passed last night; for I had no power to write, nor yet opportunity till now.

This vile woman held my master till half an hour after seven; and he came hither about five in the afternoon. And then I heard his voice on the stairs, as he was coming up to me. It was about his supper; for he said, I shall choose a boiled chicken with butter and parsley.—And up he came!

He put on a stern and majestic air; and he can look very majestic when he pleases. Well, perverse Pamela, ungrateful runaway, said he, for my first salutation!—You do well, don't you, to give me all this trouble and vexation! I could not speak; but throwing myself on the floor, hid my face, and was ready to die with grief and apprehension.—He said, Well may you hide your face! well may you be ashamed to see me, vile forward one, as you are!—I sobbed and wept, but could not speak. And he let me lie, and went to the door, and called Mrs. Jewkes.—There, said he, take up that fallen angel!—Once I thought her as innocent as an angel of light: but I have now no patience with her. The little hypocrite prostrates herself thus, in hopes to move my weakness in her favour, and

that I'll raise her from the floor myself. But I shall not touch her: No, said he, cruel gentleman as he was! let such fellows as Williams be taken in by her artful wiles! I know her now, and see she is for any fool's turn, that will be caught by her.

I sighed, as if my heart would break!—And Mrs. Jewkes lifted me up upon my knees; for I trembled so, I could not stand. Come, said she, Mrs. Pamela, learn to know your best friend; confess your unworthy behaviour, and beg his honour's forgiveness of all your faults. I was ready to faint: And he said, She is mistress of arts, I'll assure you; and will mimic a fit, ten to one, in a minute.

I was struck to the heart at this; but could not speak presently; only lifted up my eyes to heaven!—And at last made shift to say—God forgive you, sir!—He seemed in a great passion, and walked up and down the room, casting sometimes an eye upon me, and seeming as if he would have spoken, but checked himself—And at last he said, When she has *acted* this her *first part* over, perhaps I will see her again, and she shall *soon* know what she has to trust to.

And so he went out of the room: And I was quite sick at heart!—Surely, said I, I am the wickedest creature that ever breathed! Well, said the impertinent, not so wicked as *that* neither; but I am glad you begin to see your faults. Nothing like being humble!—Come, I'll stand your friend, and plead for you, if you'll promise to be more dutiful for the future: Come, come, added the wretch, this may be all made up by to-morrow morning, if you are not a fool.—Begone, hideous woman! said I, and let not my afflictions be added to by thy inexorable cruelty, and unwomanly wickedness.

She gave me a push, and went away in a violent passion: And it seems, she made a story of this; and said, I had such a spirit, there was no bearing it.

I laid me down on the floor, and had no power to stir, till the clock struck nine; and then the wicked woman came up again. You must come down stairs, said she, to my master; that is, if you please, spirit!—Said I, I believe I cannot stand. Then, said she, I'll send Mons. Colbrand to carry you down.

I got up as well as I could, and trembled all the way down stairs: And she went before me into the parlour; and a new servant that he had waiting on him, instead of John, withdrew as soon as I came in: And, by the way, he had a new coachman too, which looked as if Bedfordshire Robin was turned away.

I thought, said he, when I came down, you should have sat at table with me, when I had not company; but when I find you cannot forget your original, but must prefer my menials to me, I call you down to wait on me while I sup, that I may have some talk with you, and throw away as little time as possible upon you.

Sir, said I, you do me honour to wait upon you:—And I never shall, I hope, forget my original. But I was forced to stand behind his chair, that I might hold by it. Fill me, said he, a glass of that Burgundy. I went to do it; but my hand shook so, that I could not hold the plate with the glass in it, and spilt some of the wine. So Mrs. Jewkes poured it for me, and I carried it as well as I could; and made a low courtesy. He took it, and said, Stand behind me, out of my sight!

Why, Mrs. Jewkes, said he, you tell me she remains very sullen still, and eats nothing. No, said she, not so much as will keep life and soul together.—And is always crying, you say, too? Yes, sir, answered she, I think she is, for one thing or another. Ay, said he, your young wenches will feed upon their tears; and their obstinacy will serve them for meat and drink. I think I never saw her look better though, in my life! —But, I suppose, she lives on love. This sweet Mr. Williams, and her little villainous plots together, have kept her alive and well, to be sure: For mischief, love, and contradiction, are the natural aliments of a woman.

Poor I was forced to hear all this, and be silent; and indeed my heart was too full to speak.

And so you say, said he, that she had *another* project, but yesterday, to get away? She denies it herself, said she; but it had all the appearances of one. I'm sure she made me in a fearful pucker about it: And I am glad your honour is come,

with all my heart; and I hope, whatever be your honour's intention concerning her, you will not be long about it; for you'll find her as slippery as an eel, I'll assure you.

Sir, said I, and clasped his knees with my arms, not knowing what I did, and falling on my knees, Have mercy on me, and hear me, concerning that wicked woman's usage of me—

He cruelly interrupted me, and said, I am satisfied she has done her duty: it signifies nothing what you say against Mrs. Jewkes. That you are here, little hypocrite as you are, pleading your cause before me, is owing to her care of you; else you had been with the parson.—Wicked girl! said he, to tempt a man to undo himself, as you have done him, at a time I was on the point of making him happy for his life!

I arose; but said with a deep sigh, I have done, sir!—I have done!—I have a strange tribunal to plead before. The poor sheep in the fable had such an one: when it was tried before the vulture, on the accusation of the wolf!

So, Mrs. Jewkes, said he, you are the wolf, I the vulture, and this the poor innocent lamb on her trial before us.—Oh! you don't know how well this innocent is read in reflection. She has a wit at will, when she has a mind to display her own romantic innocence, at the price of other people's characters.

Well, said the aggravating creature, this is nothing to what she has called me: I have been a Jezebel, a London prostitute, and what not?—But I am contented with her ill names, now I see it is her fashion, and she can call your honour a vulture.

Said I, I had no thought of comparing my master—and was going to say on: but he said, Don't prate, girl!—No, said she, it don't become you, I am sure.

Well, said I, since I must not speak, I will hold my peace; but there is a righteous Judge, who knows the secrets of all hearts; and to Him I appeal.

See there! said he: now this meek, good creature is praying for fire from heaven upon us! Oh she can curse most heartily, in the spirit of Christian meekness, I'll assure you!—Come, saucy-face, give me another glass of wine.

So I did, as well as I could; but wept so, that he said, I suppose I shall have some of your tears in my wine!

When he had supped, he stood up, and said, Oh how happy for you it is, that you can, at will, thus make your speaking eyes overflow in this manner, without losing any of their brilliancy! You have been told, I suppose, that you are *most* beautiful in your tears!—Did you ever, said he to *her* (who all this while was standing in one corner of the parlour), see a more charming creature than this? Is it to be wondered at, that I demean myself thus to take notice of her?—See, said he, and took the glass with one hand, and turned me round with the other, what a shape! what a neck! what a hand! and what a bloom on that lovely face!—But who can describe the tricks and artifices, that lie lurking in her little, plotting, guileful heart! 'Tis no wonder the poor parson was infatuated with her.—I blame him less than I do her; for who could expect such artifice in so young a sorceress?

I went to the farther part of the room, and held my face against the wainscot; and in spite of all I could do to refrain crying, sobbed as if my heart would break. He said, I am surprised, Mrs. Jewkes, at the mistake of the letters you tell me of! But, you see, I am not afraid anybody should read what I write. I don't carry on private correspondences, and reveal every secret that comes to my knowledge, and then corrupt people to carry my letters against their duty, and all good conscience.

Come hither, hussy! said he: You and I have a dreadful reckoning to make. Why don't you come, when I bid you?—Fie upon it, Mrs. Pamela, said she. What! not stir, when his honour commands you to come to him!—Who knows but his goodness will forgive you?

He came to me (for I had no power to stir), and put his arms about my neck, and would kiss me; and said, Well, Mrs. Jewkes, if it were not for the thought of this cursed parson, I believe in my heart, so great is my weakness, that I could *yet* forgive this intriguing little slut, and take her to my bosom.

Oh, said the sycophant, you are very good, sir, very for-

giving, indeed!—But come, added the profligate wretch, I hope you will be so good, as to take her to your bosom; and that, by to-morrow morning, you'll bring her to a better sense of her duty!

Could anything in womanhood be so vile? I had no patience: but yet grief and indignation choked up the passage of my words; and I could only stammer out a passionate exclamation to Heaven, to protect my innocence. But the word was the subject of their ridicule. Was ever poor creature worse beset!

He said, as if he had been considering whether he could forgive me or not, No, I cannot yet forgive her neither.—She has given me great disturbance; has brought great discredit upon me, both abroad and at home; has corrupted all my servants at the other house; has despised my honourable views and intentions to her, and sought to run away with this ungrateful parson.—And surely I ought not to forgive all this!—Yet, with all this wretched grimace, he kissed me again, and would have put his hand into my bosom; but I struggled, and said, I would *die* before I would be used thus.—Consider, Pamela, said he, in a threatening tone, consider where you are! and don't play the fool: If you do, a more dreadful fate awaits you than you expect. But take her upstairs, Mrs. Jewkes, and I'll send a few lines to her to consider of; and let me have your answer, Pamela, in the morning. Till then you have to resolve: and after that your doom is fixed.—So I went upstairs, and gave myself up to grief, and expectation of what he would send: but yet I was glad of this night's reprieve!

He sent me, however, nothing at all. And about twelve o'clock, Mrs. Jewkes and Nan came up, as the night before, to be my bed-fellows; and I would go to bed with some of my clothes on: which they muttered at sadly; and Mrs. Jewkes railed at me particularly. Indeed I would have sat up all night, for fear, if she would have let me. For I had but very little rest that night, apprehending this woman would let my master in. She did nothing but praise him, and blame me: but I answered her as little as I could.

He has Sir Simon Tell-tale, alias Darnford, to dine with him to-day, whose family sent to welcome him into the country; and it seems the old knight wants to see me; so I suppose I shall be sent for, as Samson was, to make sport for him.—Here I am, and must bear it all!

Twelve o'clock, Saturday noon.

JUST now he has sent me up, by Mrs. Jewkes, the following proposals. So here are the honourable intentions all at once laid open. They are, my dear parents, to make me a vile kept mistress: which, I hope, I shall always detest the thoughts of. But you'll see how they are accommodated to what I should have most desired, could I have honestly promoted it, your welfare and happiness. I have answered them, as I am sure you'll approve; and I am prepared for the worst: For though I fear there will be nothing omitted to ruin me, and though my poor strength will not be able to defend me, yet I will be innocent of crime in my intention, and in the sight of God; and to Him leave the avenging of all my wrongs, in His own good time and manner. I shall write to you my answer against his articles; and hope the best, though I fear the worst. But if I should come home to you ruined and undone, and may not be able to look you in the face; yet pity and inspirit the poor Pamela, to make her little remnant of life easy; for long I shall not survive my disgrace: and you may be assured it shall not be my fault, if it be my misfortune.

'To MRS. PAMELA ANDREWS.

'The following ARTICLES *are 'proposed to your serious con- 'sideration; and let me have 'an answer in writing, to 'them, that I may take my*

This is my ANSWER.

Forgive, sir, the spirit your poor servant is about to show in her answer to your ARTICLES. *Not to be warm, and in earnest, on such an occasion*

'resolutions accordingly. Only 'remember, that I will not be 'trifled with; and what you 'give for answer will absolute-'ly decide your fate, without 'expostulation, or further 'trouble.

as the present, would show a degree of guilt, that, I hope, my soul abhors. I will not trifle with you, nor act like a person doubtful of her own mind; for it wants not one moment's consideration with me; and I therefore return the ANSWER *following, let what will be the consequence.*

'I. If you can convince me 'that the hated parson has had 'no encouragement from you in 'his addresses; and that you 'have no inclination for him, in 'preference to me; then I will 'offer the following proposals to 'you, which I will punctually 'make good.

I. As to the first article, sir, it may behove me (that I may not deserve, in your opinion, the opprobrious terms of *forward* and *artful*, and such like) to declare solemnly, that Mr. Williams never had the least encouragement from me, as to what you hint; and I believe his principal motive was the apprehended duty of his function, quite contrary to his apparent interest, to assist a person he thought in distress. You may, sir, the rather believe me, when I declare, that I know not the man breathing I would wish to marry; and that the only one I could honour more than another, is the gentleman, who, of all others, seeks my everlasting dishonour.

'II. I will directly make you 'a present of 500 *guineas*, for 'your own use, which you may 'dispose of to any purpose you 'please: and will give it ab-'solutely into the hands of any 'person you shall appoint to re-'ceive it; and expect no favour 'in return, till you are satisfied 'in the possession of it.

II. As to your second proposal, let the consequence be what it will, I reject it with all my soul. Money, sir, is not my chief good: May God Almighty desert me, whenever it is! and whenever, for the sake of that, I can give up my title to that blessed hope which will stand me in stead, at a time when

millions of gold will not purchase one happy moment of reflection on a past misspent life!

'III. I will likewise directly 'make over to you a purchase I 'lately made in Kent, which 'brings in 250*l.* *per annum*, 'clear of all deductions. This 'shall be made over to you in 'full property for your life, and 'for the lives of any children to 'perpetuity, that you may happen to have: And your father 'shall be immediately put into 'possession of it in trust for 'these purposes: and the management of it will yield a comfortable subsistence to him, and 'your mother, for life; and I 'will make up any deficiencies, 'if such should happen, to that 'clear sum, and allow him 50*l.* 'per annum, besides, for his life, 'and that of your mother, for 'his care and management of 'this your estate.

III. Your third proposal, sir, I reject for the same reason; and am sorry you could think my poor honest parents would enter into their part of it, and be concerned for the management of an estate, which would be owing to the prostitution of their poor daughter. Forgive, sir, my warmth on this occasion; but you know not the poor man, and the poor woman, my ever dear father and mother, if you think, that they would not much rather choose to starve in a ditch, or rot in a noisome dungeon, than accept of the fortune of a monarch, upon such wicked terms. I dare not say all that my full mind suggests to me on this grievous occasion—But, indeed, sir, you know them not; nor shall the terrors of death, in its most frightful form, I hope, through God's assisting grace, ever make me act unworthy of such poor honest parents!

'IV. I will, moreover, extend my favour to any other of 'your relations, that you may 'think worthy of it, or that are 'valued by you.

IV. Your fourth proposal, I take upon me, sir, to answer as the third. If I have any friends that want the favour of the great, may they *ever* want it, if they are capable of desiring it on unworthy terms!

'V. I will, besides, order patterns to be sent to you for 'choosing four complete suits of

V. Fine clothes, sir, become not me; nor have I any ambition to wear them. I have great-

'rich clothes, that you may ap-
'pear with reputation, as if you
'were my wife. And I will give
'you the two diamond rings, and
'two pair of ear-rings, and dia-
'mond necklace, that were
'bought by my mother, to pre-
'sent to Miss Tomlins, if the
'match that was proposed be-
'tween her and me had been
'brought to effect: and I will
'confer upon you still *other* gra-
'tuities, as I shall find myself
'obliged. by your good behaviour
'and affection.

er pride in my poverty and meanness, than I should have in dress and finery. Believe me, sir, I think such things less become the humble-born Pamela, than the rags your good mother raised me from. Your rings, sir, your necklace, and your ear-rings, will better befit ladies of degree, than me: and to lose the best jewel, my virtue, would be poorly recompensed by those you propose to give me. What should I think, when I looked upon my finger, or saw in the glass those diamonds on my neck, and in my ears, but that they were the price of my honesty; and that I *wore* those jewels outwardly, because I had none inwardly.

'VI. Now, Pamela, will you
'see by this, what a value I set
'upon the free-will of a person
'*already* in my power; and who,
'if these proposals are not ac-
'cepted, shall find, that I have
'not taken all these pains, and
'risked my reputation, as I have
'done, without resolving to grat-
'ify my passion for you, at all
'adventures; and if you refuse,
'without making any terms at
'all.

VI. I know, sir, by woful experience, that I am in your power: I know all the resistance I can make will be poor and weak, and, perhaps, stand me in little stead: I dread your *will* to ruin me is as great as your *power*: yet, sir, will I dare to tell you, that I will make no free-will offering of my virtue. All that I *can* do, poor as it is, I *will* do, to convince you, that your offers shall have no part in my choice; and if I cannot escape the violence of man, I hope, by God's grace, I shall have nothing to reproach myself, for not doing all in my power to avoid my disgrace; and then I can safely appeal to the great God, my only refuge and protector, with this consolation, That my will bore no part in my violation.

'VII. You shall be mistress 'of my person and fortune, as 'much as if the foolish ceremony 'had passed. All my servants shall 'be yours; and you shall choose 'any two persons to attend your-'self, either male or female, 'without any control of mine: 'and if your conduct be such, 'that I have reason to be satis-'fied with it, I know not (but 'will not engage for this) that 'I may, after a twelvemonth's 'cohabitation, marry you; for, if 'my love increases for you, as it 'has done for many months past, 'it will be impossible for me to 'deny you anything.

'And now, Pamela, consider well, 'it is in your power to oblige 'me on such terms, as will 'make yourself, and all your 'friends, happy: but this will 'be over this very day, ir-'revocably over; and you 'shall find all you would be 'thought to fear, without the 'least benefit arising from it 'to yourself.

'And I beg you'll well weigh 'the matter, and comply with 'my proposals; and I will in-'stantly set about securing to 'you the full effect of them: 'And let me, if you value 'yourself, experience a grate-'ful return on this occasion, 'and I'll forgive all that's 'past.'

VII. I have not once dared to look so high, as to such a proposal as your seventh article contains. Hence have proceeded all my little abortive artifices to escape from the confinement you have put me in; although you promised to be honourable to me. Your honour, well I know, would not let you stoop to so mean and so unworthy a slave, as the poor Pamela: All I desire is, to be permitted to return to my native meanness unviolated. What have I done, sir, to deserve it should be otherwise? For the obtaining of this, though I would not have *married* your chaplain, yet would I have *run away* with your meanest servant, if I had thought I could have got safe to my beloved poverty. I heard you once say, sir, That a certain great commander, who could live upon lentils, might well refuse the bribes of the greatest monarch: And I hope, as I can contentedly live at the meanest rate, and think not myself above the lowest condition, that I am also above making an exchange of my honesty for all the riches of the Indies. When I come to be proud and vain of gaudy apparel, and outside finery, then (which I hope will never be) may I rest my principal good in such vain trinkets and despise for them the more solid ornaments of a good fame, and a chastity inviolate!

Give me leave to say, sir, in answer to what you hint, That you may in a twelvemonth's time marry me, on the continuance of my good behaviour; that *this* weighs less with me, if possible, than anything else you have said: for in the first place, there is an end of all merit, and all good behaviour, on my side, if I have *now* any, the moment I consent to your proposals: And I should be so far from *expecting* such an honour, that I will pronounce, that I should be most *unworthy* of it. What, sir, would the world say, were you to marry your harlot?—That a gentleman of your rank in life should stoop, not only to the base-born Pamela, but to a base-born prostitute?—Little, sir, as I know of the world, I am not to be caught by a bait so poorly covered as this!

Yet, after all, dreadful is the thought, that I, a poor, weak, friendless, unhappy creature, am too full in your power! But permit me, sir, to pray, as I now write on my bended knees, That before you resolve upon my ruin, you will weigh well the matter. Hitherto, sir, though you have taken large strides to this crying sin, yet are you on *this* side the commission of it.—When once it is done, nothing can recall it! And where will be your triumph?—What glory will the spoils of such a weak enemy yield you? Let me but enjoy my poverty with honesty, is all my prayer; and I will *bless* you, and *pray for* you, every moment of my life! Think, oh think! before it is yet too late! what stings, what remorse will attend your dying hour, when you come to reflect, that you have ruined, perhaps soul and body, a wretched creature, whose only pride was her virtue! And how pleased you will be, on the contrary, if in that tremendous moment you shall be able to acquit yourself of this foul crime, and to plead in your own behalf, that you suffered the earnest supplications of an unhappy wretch to prevail with you to be innocent yourself, and let her remain so!—May God Almighty, whose mercy so lately saved you from the peril of perishing in deep waters (on which, I hope, you will give me cause to congratulate you!) touch your heart in my favour, and save *you* from this *sin*, and *me* from this *ruin!*—And to Him do I commit

my cause; and to Him will I give the glory, and night and day pray for you, if I may be permitted to escape this great evil!——

Your poor oppressed, broken spirited servant.

I TOOK a copy of this for your perusal, my dear parents, if I shall ever be so happy to see you again (for I hope my conduct will be approved of by you); and at night, when Sir Simon was gone, he sent for me down. Well, said he, have you considered my proposals? Yes, sir, said I, I have: and there is my answer: But pray let me not see you read it. Is it your bashfulness, said he, or your obstinancy, that makes you not choose I should read it before you?

I offered to go away; and he said, Don't run from me; I won't read it till you are gone. But, said he, tell me, Pamela, whether you comply with my proposals, or not? Sir, said I, you will see presently; pray don't hold me; for he took my hand. Said he, Did you well consider before you answered?—I did, sir, said I. If it be not what you think will please me, said he, dear girl, take it back again, and reconsider it; for if I have this as your absolute answer, and I don't like it, you are undone; for I will not sue meanly, where I can command. I fear, said he, it is not what I like, by your manner: and let me tell you, that I cannot bear denial. If the terms I have offered are not sufficient, I will augment them to two-thirds of my estate; for, said he, and swore a dreadful oath, I cannot live without you: and, since the thing is gone so far, I *will not!* And so he clasped me in his arms in such a manner as quite frightened me; and kissed me two or three times.

I got from him, and run upstairs, and went to the closet, and was quite uneasy and fearful.

In an hour's time he called Mrs. Jewkes down to him! And I heard him very high in passion: and all about me! And I heard her say, It was his own fault; there would be an end of all my complaining and perverseness, if he was once resolved; and other most impudent aggravations. I am resolved not to go to bed this night, if I can help it!—Lie

still, lie still, my poor fluttering heart!—What will become of me!

Almost twelve o'clock, Saturday night.

He sent Mrs. Jewkes, about ten o'clock, to tell me to come to him. Where? said I. I'll show you, said she. I went down three or four steps, and saw her making to his chamber, the door of which was open: So I said, I cannot go there!—Don't be foolish, said she; but come; no harm will be done to you!—Well, said I, if I die, I cannot go there. I heard him say, Let her come, or it shall be worse for her. I can't bear, said he, to speak to her myself!—Well, said I, I cannot come, indeed I cannot; and so I went up again into my closet, expecting to be fetched by force.

But she came up soon after, and bid me make haste to bed: Said I, I will not go to bed this night, that's certain! —Then, said she, you shall be *made* to come to bed; and Nan and I will undress you. I knew neither prayers nor tears would move this wicked woman: So I said, I am sure you will let master in, and I shall be undone! Mighty piece of undone! she said: but he was too much exasperated against me, to be so familiar with me, she would assure me!—Ay, said she, you'll be disposed of another way soon, I can tell you for your comfort: and I hope your *husband* will have your obedience, though nobody else can have it. No husband in the world, said I, shall make me do an unjust or base thing.—She said, That would be soon tried; and Nan coming in, What! said I, am I to have *two* bed-fellows again, these warm nights? Yes, said she, slippery one, you are, till you can have *one good one* instead of us. Said I, Mrs. Jewkes, don't talk nastily to me: I see you are beginning again; and I shall affront you, may be; for next to bad actions, are bad words; for they could not be spoken, if they were not in the heart.—Come to bed, purity! said she. You are a nonsuch, I suppose. Indeed, said I, I can't come to bed; and it will do you no harm to let me stay all night in the great chair. Nan, said she, undress my young lady. If

she won't let you, I'll help you; and, if neither of us can do it quietly, we'll call my master to do it for us; though, said she, I think it an office worthier of Monsieur Colbrand!—You are very wicked, said I. I know it, said she; I am a Jezebel, and a London prostitute, you know. You did great feats, said I, to tell my master all this poor stuff; but you did not tell him how you beat me. No, lambkin, said she (a word I had not heard a good while), that I left for you to tell; and you was going to do it if the *vulture* had not taken the *wolf's* part, and bid the poor innocent *lamb* be silent!—Ay, said I, no matter for your fleers, Mrs. Jewkes; though I can have neither justice nor mercy here, and cannot be heard in my defense, yet a time will come, may be, when I *shall* be heard, and when your own guilt will strike you dumb.—Ay! spirit, said she; and the vulture too! Must we both be dumb? Why that, lambkin, will be pretty!—Then, said the wicked one, you'll have all the talk to yourself?—Then how will the tongue of the pretty lambkin bleat out *innocence,* and *virtue,* and *honesty,* till the whole trial be at an end!—You're a wicked woman, that's certain, said I; and if you thought anything of another world, could not talk thus. But no wonder!—It shows what hands I'm got into!—Ay, so it does, said she; but I beg you'll undress, and come to bed, or I believe your innocence won't keep you from *still worse* hands. I will come to bed, said I, if you will let me have the keys in my own hand; not else, if I can help it. Yes, said she, and then, hey for another contrivance, another escape!—No, no, said I, all my contrivances are over, I'll assure you! Pray let me have the keys, and I will come to bed. She came to me, and took me in her huge arms, as if I was a feather: Said she, I do this to show you what a poor resistance you can make against me, if I please to exert myself; and so, lambkin, don't say to your wolf, I *won't* come to bed!—And set me down, and tapped me on the neck: Ah! said she, thou art a pretty creature, 'tis true; but so obstinate! so full of spirit! if thy strength was but answerable to that, thou would'st run away with us all, and this great house too on thy back!—But, undress, undress, I tell you.

Well, said I, I see my misfortunes make you very merry, and very witty too: but I will *love* you, if you will humour me with the keys of the chamber-doors.—Are you *sure* you will love me? said she: Now speak your conscience!—Why, said I, you must not put it so close; neither would you, if you thought you had not given reason to doubt it!—But I will love you as well as I can!—I would not tell a wilful lie: and if I did, you would not believe me, after your hard usage of me. Well, said she, that's all fair, I own!—But, Nan, pray pull off my young lady's shoes and stockings.—No, pray don't, said I; I will come to bed presently, since I must.

And so I went to the closet, and scribbled a little about this idle chit-chat. And she being importunate, I was forced to go to bed; but with some of my clothes on, as the former night; and she let me hold the two keys; for there are two locks, there being a double door; and so I got a little sleep that night, having had none for two or three nights before.

I can't imagine what she means; but Nan offered to talk a little once or twice; and she snubbed her, and said, I charge you, wench, don't open your lips before me; and if you are asked any questions by Mrs. Pamela, don't answer her one word, while I am here!—But she is a lordly woman to the maid-servants; and that has always been her character: oh how unlike good Mrs. Jervis in everything!

Sunday morning.

A THOUGHT came into my head; I meant no harm; but it was a little bold. For, seeing my master dressing to go to church; and his chariot getting ready, I went to my closet, and I writ,

> **The prayers of this congregation are earnestly desired for a gentleman of great worth and honour, who labours under a temptation to exert his great power to ruin a poor, distressed, worthless maiden:**

And also,

The prayers of this congregation are earnestly desired by a poor distressed creature, for the preservation of her virtue and innocence.

Mrs. Jewkes came up: Always writing! said she; and would see it: And strait, all that ever I could say, carried it down to my master.—He looked upon it, and said, Tell her, she shall soon see how her prayers are answered; she is very bold: but as she has rejected all my favours, her reckoning for all is not far off. I looked after him out of the window; and he was charmingly dressed: To be sure he is a handsome fine gentleman!—What pity his heart is not as good as his appearance! Why can't I hate him?—But don't be uneasy, if you should see this; for it is impossible I should love him; for his vices all *ugly him over*, as I may say.

My master sends word, that he shall not come home to dinner: I suppose he dines with this Sir Simon Darnford. I am much concerned for poor Mr. Williams. Mrs. Jewkes says, he is confined still, and takes on much. All his trouble is brought upon him for my sake: This grieves me much. My master, it seems, will have his money from him. This is very hard; for it is three fifty pounds, he gave him, as he thought, as a salary for three years that he has been with him: but there was no agreement between them; and he absolutely depended on my master's favour. To be sure, it was the more generous of him to run these risks for the sake of oppressed innocence: and I hope he will meet with his reward in due time. Alas for me! I dare not plead for him; that would raise my oppressor's jealousy more. And I have not interest to save myself!

Sunday evening.

Mrs. Jewkes has received a line from my master: I wonder what it is; for his chariot has come home without him. But she will tell me nothing; so it is in vain to ask her. I am so fearful of plots and tricks, I know not what to do!—Everything I suspect; for, now my disgrace is avowed, what

can I think!—To be sure, the worst will be attempted! I can only pour out my soul in prayer to God, for His blessed protection. But, if I must suffer, let me not be long a mournful survivor!—Only let me not shorten my own time sinfully!——

This woman left upon the table, in the chamber, this letter of my master's to her; and I bolted myself in, till I had transcribed it. You'll see how tremblingly, by the lines. I wish poor Mr. Williams's release at any rate; but this letter makes my heart ache. Yet I have another day's reprieve, thank God!

'Mrs. Jewkes,—I have been so pressed on Williams's 'affair, that I shall set out this afternoon, in Sir Simon's 'chariot, and with Parson Peters, who is his intercessor, 'for Stamford; and shall not be back till to-morrow even-'ing, if then. As to your ward, I am thoroughly incensed 'against her: She has withstood her time; and now, would 'she sign and seal to my articles, it is too late. I shall 'discover something, perhaps, by him; and will, on my 'return, let her know, that all her ensnaring loveliness shall 'not save her from the fate that awaits her. But let her 'know nothing of this, lest it put her fruitful mind upon 'plots and artifices. Be sure trust her not without another 'with you at night, lest she venture the window in her 'foolish rashness: for I shall require her at your hands.

'Yours, &c.'

I had but just finished taking a copy of this, and laid the letter where I had it, and unbolted the door, when she came up in a great fright, for fear I should have seen it; but I being in my closet, and that lying as she left it, she did not mistrust. Oh, said she, I was afraid you had seen my master's letter here, which I carelessly left on the table. I wish, said I, I had known that. Why sure, said she, if you had, you would not have offered to read my letters! Indeed, said I, I should, at this time, if it had been in my way:—Do let me see it.—Well, said she, I wish poor Mr. Williams well off: I understand my master is gone to make up matters

with him; which is very good. To be sure, added she, he is a very good gentleman, and very forgiving!—Why, said I, as if I had known nothing of the matter, how can he make up matters with him? Is not Mr. Williams at Stamford? Yes, said she, I believe so; but Parson Peters pleads for him, and he is gone with him to Stamford, and will not be back to-night: so we have nothing to do, but to eat our suppers betimes, and go to bed. Ay, that's pure, said I; and I shall have good rest this night, I hope. So, said she, you might every night, but for your own idle fears. You are afraid of your friends, when none are near you. Ay, that's true, said I; for I have not one near me.

So I have one more good honest night before me: What the next may be I know not, and so I'll try to take in a good deal of sleep, while I can be a little easy. Therefore, here I say, Good night, my dear parents; for I have no more to write about this night: and though his letter shocks me, yet I will be as brisk as I can, that she mayn't suspect I have seen it.

Tuesday night.

For the future, I will always mistrust most when appearances look fairest. Oh your poor daughter! what has she not suffered since what I wrote on Sunday night!—My worst trial, and my fearfullest danger! Oh how I shudder to write you an account of this wicked interval of time! For, my dear parents, will you not be too much frightened and affected with my distress, when I tell you, that his journey to Stamford was all abominable pretence! for he came home privately, and had well nigh effected all his vile purposes, and the ruin of your poor daughter! and that by such a plot as I was not in the least apprehensive of: And, oh! you'll hear what a vile and unwomanly part that wicked wretch, Mrs. Jewkes, acted in it!

I left off with letting you know how much I was pleased that I had one night's reprieve added to my honesty. But I had less occasion to rejoice than ever, as you will judge by

what I have said already. Take, then, the dreadful story, as well as I can relate it.

The maid Nan is a little apt to drink, if she can get at liquor; and Mrs. Jewkes happened, or designed, as is too probable, to leave a bottle of cherry-brandy in her way, and the wench drank some of it more than she should; and when she came in to lay the cloth, Mrs. Jewkes perceived it, and fell a rating at her most sadly; for she has too many faults of her own, to suffer any of the like sort in anybody else, if she can help it; and she bid her get out of her sight, when we had supped, and go to bed, to sleep off her liquor, before we came to bed. And so the poor maid went muttering upstairs.

About two hours after, which was near eleven o'clock, Mrs. Jewkes and I went up to go to bed; I pleasing myself with what a charming night I should have. We locked both doors, and saw poor Nan, as I thought (but, oh! 'twas my abominable master, as you shall hear by and by), sitting fast asleep, in an elbow-chair, in a dark corner of the room, with her apron thrown over her head and neck. And Mrs. Jewkes said, There is that beast of a wench fast asleep, instead of being a-bed! I knew, said she, she had taken a fine dose. I'll wake her, said I. No, don't, said she; let her sleep on; we shall lie better without her. Ay, said I, so we shall; but won't she get cold?

Said she, I hope you have no writing to-night. No, replied I, I will go to bed with you, Mrs. Jewkes. Said she, I wonder, what you can find to write about so much! and am sure you have better conveniences of that kind, and more paper than I am aware of: and I had intended to rummage you, if my master had not come down; for I 'spyed a broken tea-cup with ink, which gave me suspicion: but as he is come, let him look after you, if he will; and if you deceive him, it will be his own fault.

All this time we were undressing ourselves: And I fetched a deep sigh! What do you sigh for? said she. I am thinking, Mrs. Jewkes, answered I, what a sad life I live, and how hard is my lot. I am sure, the thief that has robbed is much better off than I, 'bating the guilt; and I should, I think, take it for

a mercy, to be hanged out of the way, rather than live in these cruel apprehensions. So, being not sleepy, and in a prattling vein, I began to give a little history of myself, as I did, once before, to Mrs Jervis; in this manner:

Here, said I, were my poor honest parents; they took care to instil good principles into my mind, till I was almost twelve years of age; and taught me to prefer goodness and poverty to the highest condition of life; and they confirmed their lessons by their own practice; for they were, of late years, remarkably poor, and always as remarkably honest, even to a proverb: for, *As honest as goodman* ANDREWS, was a bye-word.

Well then, said I, comes my late dear good lady, and takes a fancy to me, and said, she would be the making of me, if I was a good girl; and she put me to sing, to dance, to play on the spinnet, in order to divert her melancholy hours; and also taught me all manner of fine needle-work; but still this was her lesson, *My good Pamela, be virtuous, and keep the men at a distance.* Well, so I was, I hope, and so I did; and yet, though I say it, they all loved me and respected me; and would do anything for me, as if I was a gentlewoman.

But, then, what comes next?—Why, it pleased God to take my good lady; and then comes my master: and what says he?—Why in effect, it is, *Be not virtuous, Pamela.*

So here I have lived about sixteen years in virtue and reputation; and all at once, when I come to know what is good, and what is evil, I must renounce all the good, all the whole sixteen years' innocence, which, next to God's grace, I owed chiefly to my parents, and my lady's good lessons and examples, and choose the evil; and so, in a moment's time, become the vilest of creatures! And all this, for what, I pray? Why, truly, for a pair of diamond earrings, a necklace, and a diamond ring for my finger; which would not become me: for a few paltry fine clothes, which, when I wore them, would make but my former poverty more ridiculous to everybody that saw me; especially when they knew the base terms I wore them upon. But, indeed, I was to have a great parcel of guineas besides; I forget how many; for had there been ten

times more, they would have been not so much to me, as the honest six guineas you tricked me out of, Mrs. Jewkes.

Well, forsooth! but then I was to have I know not how many pounds a year for my life; and my poor father (there was the jest of it!) was to be the manager for the abandoned prostitute his daughter: and then (there was the jest again!) my kind, forgiving, virtuous master, would pardon me all my misdeeds!

Yes, thank him for nothing, truly. And what, pray, are all these violent misdeeds?—Why, they are for daring to adhere to the good lessons that were taught me; and not learning a new one, that would have reversed all my former: for not being contented when I was run away with, in order to be ruined; but contriving, if my poor wits had been able, to get out of danger, and preserve myself honest.

Then was he once jealous of poor John, though he knew John was his own creature, and helped to deceive me.

Then was he outrageous against poor Parson Williams! and him has his good, merciful master thrown into gaol; and for what? Why, truly, for that, being a divine, and a good man, he had the fear of God before his eyes, and was willing to forego all his expectations of interest, and assist an oppressed poor creature.

But, to be sure, I must be forward, bold, saucy, and what not! to dare to run away from certain ruin, and to strive to escape from an unjust confinement; and I must be married to the parson, nothing so sure!

He would have had but a poor catch of me, had I consented: but he, and *you* too, know I did not want to marry *anybody*. I only wanted to go to my poor parents, and to have my own liberty, and not to be confined by such an unlawful restraint; and which would not have been inflicted upon me, but only that I am a poor, destitute young body, and have no friend that is able to right me.

So, Mrs. Jewkes, said I, here is my history in brief. And I am a very unhappy young creature, to be sure!—And why am I so?—Why, because my master sees something in my person that takes his present fancy; and because I would not be

undone.—Why, therefore to choose, I must, and I shall be undone!—And this is all the reason that can be given!

She heard me run on all this time, while I was undressing, without any interruption; and I said, Well, I must go to the two closets, ever since an affair of the closet at the other house, though he is so far off. And I have a good mind to wake this poor maid. No, don't, said she, I charge you. I am very angry with her, and she'll get no harm there; and if she wakes, she may come to bed well enough, as long as there is a candle in the chimney.

So I looked into the closet, and kneeled down in my own, as I used to do, to say my prayers, and this with my underclothes in my hand, all undressed; and passed by the poor sleeping wench, as I thought, in my return. But, oh! little did I think it was my wicked, wicked master, in a gown and petticoat of hers, and her apron over his face and shoulders. What meanness will not Lucifer make his votaries stoop to, to gain their abominable ends!

Mrs. Jewkes, by this time, was got to bed, on the farther side, as she used to be; and, to make room for the maid, when she should awake, I got into bed, and lay close to her. And I said, Where are the keys? though, said I, I am not so much afraid to-night. Here, said the wicked woman, put your arm under mine, and you shall find them about my wrist, as they used to be. So I did, and the abominable designer held my hand with her right hand, as my right arm was under her left.

In less than a quarter of an hour, I said, There's poor Nan awake; I hear her stir. Let us go to sleep, said she, and not mind her: she'll come to bed, when she's quite awake. Poor soul! said I, I'll warrant she will have the head-ache finely to-morrow for this! Be silent, said she, and go to sleep; you keep me awake; and I never found you in so talkative a humour in my life. Don't chide me, said I; I will but say one thing more: Do you think Nan could hear me talk of my master's offers? No, no, said she; she was dead asleep. I'm glad of that, said I; because I would not expose my master to his common servants; and I knew *you* were no stranger to his *fine* articles. Said she, I think they were *fine* articles, and

I tremble to relate it! the pretended she came into bed, but trembled like an aspen leaf.

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you were bewitched you did not close with them: but let us go to sleep. So I was silent? and the pretended Nan (oh wicked, base, villainous designer! what a plot, what an unexpected plot was this!) seemed to be waking; and Mrs. Jewkes, abhorred creature! said, Come, Nan:—what, are you awake at last?—Pr'ythee come to bed; for Mrs. Pamela is in a talking fit, and won't go to sleep one while.

At that, the pretended she came to the bedside; and, sitting down in a chair, where the curtain hid her, began to undress. Said I, Poor Mrs. Anne, I warrant your head aches most sadly! How do you do?—She answered not a word. Said the superlatively wicked woman, You know I have ordered her not to answer you. And this plot, to be sure, was laid when she gave her these orders the night before.

I heard her, as I thought, breathe all quick and short: Indeed, said I, Mrs. Jewkes, the poor maid is not well. What ails you, Mrs. Anne? And still no answer was made.

But, I tremble to relate it! the pretended she came into bed, but trembled like an aspen-leaf; and I, poor fool that I was! pitied her much—but well might the barbarous deceiver tremble at his vile dissimulation, and base designs.

What words shall I find, my dear mother (for my father should not see this shocking part), to describe the rest, and my confusion, when the guilty wretch took my left arm, and laid it under his neck, and the vile procuress held my right; and then he clasped me round the waist!

Said I, is the wench mad? Why, how now, confidence! thinking still it had been Nan. But he kissed me with frightful vehemence; and then his voice broke upon me like a clap of thunder. Now, Pamela, said he, is the dreadful time of reckoning come, that I have threatened.—I screamed out in such a manner, as never anybody heard the like. But there was nobody to help me: and both my hands were secured, as I said. Sure never poor soul was in such agonies as I. Wicked man! said I; wicked abominable woman! O God! my God! this *time!* this *one time!* deliver me from this distress! or strike me dead this moment! And then I screamed again and again.

Says he, One word with you, Pamela; one word hear me but; and hitherto you see I offer nothing to you. Is this *nothing*, said I, to be in bed here? to hold my hands between you! I will hear, if you will instantly leave the bed, and take this villainous woman from me!

Said she (oh disgrace of womankind!), What you do, sir, do; don't stand dilly-dallying. She cannot exclaim worse than she has done: and she'll be quieter, when she knows the worst.

Silence! said he to her; I must say one word to you, Pamela! it is this: You see now you are in my power!—You cannot get from me, nor help yourself: yet have I not offered anything amiss to you. But if you resolve not to comply with my proposals, I will not lose this opportunity: if you do, I will yet leave you.

Oh, sir, said I, leave me, leave me but, and I will do anything I ought to do.—Swear then to me, said he, that you will accept my proposals! and then (for this was all detestable grimace) he put his hand in my bosom. With struggling, fright, terror, I fainted away quite, and did not come to myself soon; so that they both, from the cold sweats that I was in, thought me dying.—And I remember no more, than that, when with great difficulty they brought me to myself, she was sitting on one side of the bed, with her clothes on; and he on the other with his, and in his gown and slippers.

Your poor Pamela cannot answer for the liberties taken with her in her deplorable state of death. And when I saw them there, I sat up in my bed, without any regard to what appearance I made, and nothing about my neck; and he soothing me, with an aspect of pity and concern, I put my hand to his mouth, and said, Oh tell me, yet tell me not, what have I suffered in this distress? And I talked quite wild, and knew not what; for, to be sure, I was on the point of distraction.

He most solemnly, and with a bitter imprecation, vowed that he had not offered the least indecency; that he was frightened at the terrible manner I was taken with the fit; that he should desist from his attempt; and begged but to see

me easy and quiet, and he would leave me directly, and go to his own bed. Oh then, said I, take with you this most wicked woman, this vile Mrs. Jewkes, as an earnest that I may believe you!

And will you, sir, said the wicked wretch, for a fit or two, give up such an opportunity as this?—I thought you had known the sex better. She is now, you see, quite well again!

This I heard; more she might say; but I fainted away once more, at these words, and at his clasping his arms about me again. And, when I came a little to myself, I saw him sit there, and the maid Nan, holding a smelling-bottle to my nose, and no Mrs. Jewkes.

He said, taking my hand, Now will I vow to you, my dear Pamela, that I will leave you the moment I see you better, and pacified. Here's Nan knows, and will tell you, my concern for you. I vow to God, I have not offered any indecency to you: and, since I found Mrs. Jewkes so offensive to you, I have sent her to the maid's bed, and the maid shall lie with you to-night. And but promise me that you will compose yourself, and I will leave you. But, said I, will not Nan also hold my hand? And will not she let you come in again to me?—He said, By heaven! I will not come in again to-night. Nan, undress yourself, go to bed, and do all you can to comfort the dear creature: And now, Pamela, said he, give me but your hand, and say you forgive me, and I will leave you to your repose. I held out my trembling hand, which he vouchsafed to kiss; and I said, God forgive you, sir, as you *have been* just in my distress; and as you *will be* just to what you promise! And he withdrew, with a countenance of remorse, as I hoped; and she shut the doors, and, at my request, brought the keys to bed.

This, oh my dear parents! was a most dreadful trial. I tremble still to think of it; and dare not recall all the horrid circumstances of it. I hope, as he assures me, he was not guilty of indecency; but have reason to bless God, who, by disabling me in my facilities, empowered me to preserve my innocence; and, when all my strength would have signified nothing, magnified himself in my weakness.

I was so weak all day on Monday, that I could not get out of my bed. My master showed great tenderness for me; and I hope he is really sorry, and that this will be his last attempt; but he does not say so neither.

He came in the morning, as soon as he heard the door open: and I began to be fearful. He stopped short of the bed, and said, Rather than give you apprehensions, I will come no farther. I said, Your honour, sir, and your mercy, is all I have to beg. He sat himself on the side of the bed, and asked kindly, how I did!—begged me to be composed; said, I still looked a little wildly. And I said, Pray, good sir, let me not see this infamous Mrs. Jewkes; I doubt I cannot bear her sight. She shan't come near you all this day, if you'll promise to compose yourself. Then, sir, I will try. He pressed my hand very tenderly, and went out. What a change does this show!—Oh may it be lasting!—But, alas! he seems only to have altered his method of proceeding; and retains, I doubt, his wicked purpose.

On Tuesday, about ten o'clock, when my master heard I was up, he sent for me down into the parlour. As soon as he saw me, he said, Come nearer to me, Pamela. I did so, and he took my hand, and said, You begin to look well again: I am glad of it. You little slut, how did you frighten me on Sunday night!

Sir, said I, pray name not that night; and my eyes overflowed at the remembrance, and I turned my head aside.

Said he, Place some little confidence in me: I know what those charming eyes mean, and you shall not need to explain yourself: for I do assure you, that as soon as I saw you change, and a cold sweat bedew your pretty face, and you fainted away, I quitted the bed, and Mrs. Jewkes did so too. And I put on my gown, and she fetched her smelling-bottle, and we both did all we could to restore you; and my passion for you was all swallowed up in the concern I had for your recovery; for I thought I never saw a fit so strong and violent in my life: and feared we should not bring you to life again; for what I saw you in once before was nothing to it. This, said he, might be my folly, and my unacquaintedness with

what passion your sex *can* show when they are in earnest. But this I repeat to you, that your mind may be entirely comforted —whatever I offered to you, was before you fainted away, and that, I am sure, was innocent.

Sir, said I, that was very bad: and it was too plain you had the worst designs. When, said he, I tell you the truth in one instance, you may believe me in the other. I know not, I declare, beyond this lovely bosom, your sex: but that I did intend what you call the *worst* is most certain: and though I would not too much alarm you now, I could curse my weakness, and my folly, which makes me own, that I love you beyond all your sex, and cannot live without you. But if I am master of myself, and my own resolution, I will not attempt to force you to anything again.

Sir, said I, you may easily keep your resolution, if you'll send me out of your way, to my poor parents; that is all I beg.

'Tis a folly to talk of it, said he. You must not, shall not go! And if I could be assured you would not attempt it, you should have better usage, and your confinement should be made easier to you.

But to what end, sir, am I to stay? said I: You yourself seem not sure you can keep your own present good resolutions; and do you think, if I was to stay, when I *could* get away, and be safe, it would not look, as if either I confided too much in my own strength, or would tempt my ruin? And as if I was not in earnest to wish myself safe, and out of danger?—And then, how long am I to stay? And to what purpose? And in what light must I appear to the world? Would not *that* censure me, although I might be innocent? And you will allow, sir, that, if there be anything valuable or exemplary in a good name, or fair reputation, one must not despise the world's censure, if one can avoid it.

Well, said he, I sent not for you on this account, just now; but for two reasons. The first is, That you promise me, that for a fortnight to come you will not offer to go away without my express consent; and this I expect for *your own* sake, that I may give you a little more liberty. And the second is, that

you will see and forgive Mrs. Jewkes: she takes on much, and thinks that, as all her fault was her obedience to me, it would be very hard to sacrifice her, as she calls it, to your resentment.

As to the first, sir, said I, it is a hard injunction, for the reasons I have mentioned. And as to the second, considering her vile, unwomanly wickedness, and her endeavours to instigate you more to ruin me, when your returning goodness seemed to have some compassion upon me, it is still harder. But, to show my obedience to your commands (for you know, my dear parents, I might as well make a merit of my compliance, when my refusal would stand me in no stead), I will consent to both; and to everything else, that you shall be pleased to enjoin, which I can do with innocence.

That's my good girl! said he, and kissed me: This is quite prudent, and shows me, that you don't take insolent advantage of my favour for you; and will, perhaps, stand you in more stead than you are aware of.

So he rung the bell, and said, Call down Mrs. Jewkes. She came down, and he took my hand, and put it into hers; and said, Mrs. Jewkes, I am obliged to you for all your diligence and fidelity to me; but Pamela, I must own, is not; because the service I employed you in was not so very obliging to her, as I could have wished she would have thought it: and you were not to favour her, but obey me. But yet I'll assure you, at the very first word, she has *once* obliged me, by consenting to be friends with you; and if she gives me no great cause, I shall not, perhaps, put you on such disagreeable service again. —Now, therefore, be you once more bed-fellows and board-fellows, as I may say, for some days longer; and see that Pamela sends no letters nor messages out of the house, nor keeps a correspondence unknown to me, especially with that Williams; and, as for the rest, show the dear girl all the respect that is due to one I must love, if she will deserve it, as I hope she will yet; and let her be under no unnecessary or harsh restraints. But your watchful care is not, however, to cease; and remember that you are not to disoblige me, to oblige her; and that I will not, cannot, yet part with her.

Mrs. Jewkes looked very sullen, and as if she would be glad still to do me a good turn, if it lay in her power.

I took courage then to drop a word or two for poor Mr. Williams; but he was angry with me for it, and said he could not endure to hear his name in *my* mouth; so I was forced to have done for that time.

All this time, my papers, that I buried under the rosebush, lay there still; and I begged for leave to send a letter to you. So I should, he said, if he might read it first. But this did not answer my design; and yet I would have sent you such a letter as he might see, if I had been sure my danger was over. But that I cannot; for he now seems to take another method, and what I am more afraid of, because, may be, he may watch an opportunity, and join force with it, on occasion, when I am least prepared: for now he seems to abound with kindness, and talks of love without reserve, and makes nothing of allowing himself in the liberty of kissing me which he calls innocent; but which I do not like, and especially in the manner he does it: but for a master to do it at all to a servant has meaning too much in it, not to alarm an honest body.

Wednesday morning.

I FIND I am watched and suspected still very close; and I wish I was with you; but that must not be, it seems, this fortnight. I don't like this fortnight; and it will be a tedious and a dangerous one to me, I doubt.

My master just now sent for me down to take a walk with him in the garden: but I like him not at all, nor his ways; for he would have, all the way, his arm about my waist, and said abundance of fond things to me, enough to make me proud, if his design had not been apparent. After walking about, he led me into a little alcove, on the farther part of the garden; and really made me afraid of myself, for he began to be very teasing and made me sit on his knee; and was so often kissing me, that I said, Sir, I don't like to be here at all, I assure you. Indeed you make me afraid!—And what made me

the more so, was what he once said to Mrs. Jewkes, and did not think I heard him, and which, though always uppermost with me, I did not mention before, because I did not know how to bring it in, in my writing.

She, I suppose, had been encouraging him in his wickedness; for it was before the last dreadful trial: and I only heard what he answered.

Said he, I will try *once* more; but I have begun wrong: for I see terror does but add to her frost; but she is a charming girl, and may be thawed by kindness; and I should have melted her by love, instead of freezing her by fear.

Is he not a wicked, sad man for this?—To be sure, I blush while I write it. But I trust that that God, who has delivered me from the paw of the lion and the bear; that is, his and Mrs. Jewkes's violences, will soon deliver me from this Philistine, that I may not *defy the commands of the living God!*

But as I was saying, this expression coming into my thoughts, I was of opinion, I could not be too much on my guard, at all times: more especially when he took such liberties: for he professed honour all the time with his mouth, while his actions did not correspond. I begged and prayed he would let me go: and had I not appeared quite regardless of all he said, and resolved not to stay, if I could help it, I know not how far he would have proceeded; for I was forced to fall down upon my knees.

At last he walked out with me, still bragging of his honour and his love. Yes, yes, sir, said I, your honour is to destroy mine: and your love is to ruin me; I see it too plainly. But, indeed, I will not walk with you, sir, said I, any more. Do you know, said he, whom you talk to, and where you are?

You may well believe I had reason to think him not so decent as he should be; for I said, As to where I am, sir, I know it too well; and that I have no creature to befriend me: and as to whom I talk to, sir, let me ask you, what you would have me answer?

Why, tell me, said he, what answer you would make? It will only make you angry, said I; and so I shall fare worse, if

possible. I won't be angry, said he. Why then, sir, said I, you cannot be my late good lady's son; for she loved me, and taught me virtue. You cannot then be my master; for no master demeans himself so to his poor servant.

He put his arm round me, and his other hand on my neck, which made me more angry and bold: and he said, What then am I? Why, said I (struggling from him, and in a great passion), to be sure you are Lucifer himself, in the *shape* of my master, or you could not use me thus. These are too great liberties, said he, in anger; and I desire that you will not repeat them, for your own sake: For if you have no decency towards *me* I'll have none towards *you*.

I was running from him, and he said, Come back, when I bid you.—So, knowing every place was alike dangerous to me, and I had nobody to run to, I came back, at his call; and seeing him look displeased, I held my hands together, and wept, and said, Pray, sir, forgive me. No, said he, rather say, Pray, Lucifer, forgive me! And, now, since you take me for the devil, how can you expect any good from me?—How, rather, can you expect anything but the worst treatment from me?—You have given me a character, Pamela; and blame me not that I act up to it.

Sir, said I, let me beg you to forgive me: I am really sorry for my boldness; but indeed you don't use me like a gentleman: and how can I express my resentment, if I mince the matter, while you are so indecent?

Precise fool! said he, what indecencies have I offered you?—I was bewitched I had not gone through my purpose last Sunday night; and then your licentious tongue had not given the worst name to little puny freedoms, that shows my love and my folly at the same time. But, begone, said he, taking my hand, and tossing it from him, and learn another conduct and more wit; and I will lay aside my foolish regard for you, and assert myself. Begone! said he, again, with a haughty air.

Indeed, sir, said I, I cannot go, till you pardon me, which I beg on my bended knees. I am truly sorry for my boldness, —but I see how you go on: you creep by little and little upon

me; and now soothe me, and now threaten me; and if I should forbear to show my resentment, when you offer incivilities to me, would not that be to be lost by degrees? Would it not show, that I could bear anything from you, if I did not express all the indignation I *could* express, at the first approaches you make to what I dread? And have you not as good as avowed my ruin?—And have you once made me hope you will quit your purposes against me? How then, sir, can I act, but by showing my abhorrence of every step that makes toward my undoing? And what is left me but words?—And can these words be other than such strong ones, as shall show the detestation which, from the bottom of my heart, I have for every attempt upon my virtue? Judge for me, sir, and pardon me.

Pardon you! said he, what! when you don't repent?—When you have the boldness to justify yourself in your fault; why don't you say, you never will again offend me? I will endeavour, sir, said I, always to preserve that decency towards you, which becomes me. But really, sir, I must beg your excuse for saying, That when you forget what belongs to decency in your actions, and when words are all that are left me, to show my resentment of such actions, I will not promise to forbear the strongest expressions that my distressed mind shall suggest to me: nor shall your angriest frowns deter me, when my honesty is in question.

What, then, said he, do you beg pardon for? Where is the promise of amendment, for which I should forgive you? Indeed, sir, said I, I own that must absolutely depend on your usage of me: for I will bear anything you can inflict, upon me with patience, even to the laying down of my life, to show my obedience to you in other cases; but I cannot be patient, I cannot be passive, when my virtue is at stake! It would be criminal in me, if I was.

He said, he never saw such a fool in his life. And he walked by the side of me some yards without saying a word, and seemed vexed; and at last walked in, bidding me attend him in the garden, after dinner. So having a little time, I went up, and wrote thus far.

Wednesday night.

If, my dear parents, I am not destined more surely than ever for ruin, I have now more comfort before me than ever I yet knew: and am either nearer my *happiness*, or my misery, than ever I was. God protect me from the latter, if it be His blessed will! I have now such a scene to open to you, that, I know, will alarm both your hopes and your fears, as it does mine. And this it is:—

After my master had dined, he took a turn into the stables to look at his stud of horses; and, when he came in, he opened the parlour-door, where Mrs. Jewkes and I sat at dinner; and, at his entrance, we both rose up; but he said, Sit still, sit still, and let me see how you eat your victuals, Pamela. Oh, said Mrs. Jewkes, very poorly, indeed, sir! No, said I, pretty well, sir, *considering*. None of your *considerings*, said he, pretty face; and tapped me on the cheek. I blushed, but was glad he was so good-humoured; but I could not tell how to sit before him, nor to behave myself. So he said, I know, Pamela, you are a nice carver: my mother used to say so. My lady, sir, said I, was very good to me in everything, and would always make me do the honours of her table for her, when she was with her few select friends that she loved. Cut up, said he, that chicken. I did so. Now, said he, and took a knife and fork, and put a wing upon my plate, let me see you eat that. Oh, sir, said I, I have eaten a whole breast of chicken already, and cannot eat so much. But he said, I must eat it for his sake, and he would teach me to eat heartily. So I did eat it; but was much confused at his so kind and unusual freedom and condescension. And good lack! you can't imagine how Mrs. Jewkes looked and stared, and how respectful she seemed to me, and called me *good madam*, I'll assure you, urging me to take a little bit of tart.

My master took two or three turns about the room, musing and thoughtful, as I had never before seen him; and at last he went out, saying, I am going into the garden: you know, Pamela, what I said to you before dinner. I rose,

and courtesied, saying, I would attend his honour; and he said, Do, good girl!

Well, said Mrs. Jewkes, I see how things will go. O madam, as she called me again, I am sure you are to be our mistress! And then I know what will become of me. Ah! Mrs. Jewkes, said I, if I can but keep myself virtuous, 'tis the most of my ambition; and, I hope, no temptation shall make me otherwise.

Notwithstanding I had no reason to be pleased with his treatment of me before dinner, yet I made haste to attend him; and I found him walking by the side of that pond, which for want of grace, and through a sinful despondence, had like to have been so fatal to me, and the sight of which, ever since, has been a trouble and reproach to me. And it was by the side of this pond, and not far from the place where I had that dreaded conflict, that my present hopes, if I am not to be deceived again, began to dawn: which I presume to flatter myself with being a happy omen for me, as if God Almighty would show your poor sinful daughter how well I did to put my affiance in His goodness, and not to throw away myself, because my ruin seemed inevitable, to my short-sighted apprehension.

So he was pleased to say, Well, Pamela, I am glad you are come of your own accord, as I may say: give me your hand. I did so; and he looked at me very steadily, and pressing my hand all the time, at last said, I will now talk to you in a serious manner.

You have a good deal of wit, a great deal of penetration much beyond your *years,* and, as I thought, your *opportunities.* You are possessed of an open, frank, and generous mind; and a person so lovely, that you excel all your sex, in my eyes. All these accomplishments have engaged my affections so deeply, that, as I have often said, I cannot live without you; and I would divide, with all my soul, my estate with you, to make you mine upon my own terms. These you have absolutely rejected; and that, though in saucy terms enough, yet in such a manner as makes me admire you the more. Your pretty chit-chat to Mrs. Jewkes, the last

Sunday night, so innocent, and so full of beautiful simplicity, half disarmed my resolution before I approached your bed: and I see you so watchful over your virtue, that though I hoped to find it otherwise, I cannot but confess my passion for you is increased by it. But now what shall I say farther, Pamela?—I will make you, though a party, my adviser in this matter, though not, perhaps, my definitive judge.

You know I am not a very abandoned profligate; I have hitherto been guilty of no very enormous or vile actions. This of seizing you, and confining you thus, may perhaps be one of the worst, at least to persons of real innocence. Had I been utterly given up to my passions, I should before now have gratified them, and not have shown that remorse and compassion for you, which have reprieved you, more than once, when absolutely in my power; and you are as inviolate a virgin as you were when you came into my house.

But what can I do? Consider the pride of my condition. I cannot endure the thought of marriage, even with a person of equal or superior degree to myself; and have declined several proposals of that kind. How then, with the distance between us in the world's judgment, can I think of making you my wife?—Yet I must have you; I cannot bear the thoughts of any other man supplanting me in your affections: and the very apprehension of that has made me hate the name of Williams, and use him in a manner unworthy of my temper.

Now, Pamela, judge for me; and, since I have told you, thus candidly, my mind, and I see yours is big with some important meaning, by your eyes, your blushes, and that sweet confusion which I behold struggling in your bosom, tell me, with like openness and candour, what you think I ought to do, and what you would have me do.

It is impossible for me to express the agitations of my mind, on this unexpected declaration, so contrary to his former behaviour. His manner too had something so noble, and so sincere, as I thought, that, alas for me! I found I had need of all my poor discretion, to ward off the blow which this treatment gave to my most guarded thoughts. I threw

myself at his feet; for I trembled, and could hardly stand: Oh, sir, said I, spare your poor servant's confusion! Oh spare the poor Pamela!—Speak out, said he, and tell me, when I bid you, what you think I ought to do? I cannot say what you *ought* to do, answered I: but I only beg you will not ruin me; and, if you think me virtuous, if you think me sincerely honest, let me go to my poor parents. I will vow to you, that I will never suffer myself to be engaged without your approbation.

Still he insisted upon a more explicit answer to his question, of what I thought he ought to do. And I said, As to *my* poor thoughts of what you ought to do, I must needs say, that indeed I think you ought to regard the world's opinion, and avoid doing anything disgraceful to your birth and fortune; and, therefore, if you really honour the poor Pamela with your respect, a little time, absence, and the conversation of worthier persons of my sex, will effectually enable you to overcome a regard so unworthy your condition: And this, good sir, is the best advice I can offer.

Charming creature! lovely Pamela! said he (with an ardour that was never before so agreeable to me), this generous manner is of a piece with all the rest of your conduct. But tell me, still more explicitly, what you would advise me to, in the case.

Oh, sir! said I, take not advantage of my credulity, and these my weak moments: but were I the first lady in the land, instead of the poor abject Pamela, I would, I *could* tell you. But I can say no more——

Oh my dear father and mother! now I know you will indeed be concerned for me;—for now I am for myself.—And now I begin to be afraid I know too well the reason why all his hard trials of me, and my black apprehensions, would not let me hate him.

But be assured still, by God's grace, that I shall do nothing unworthy of your Pamela; and if I find that he is still capable of deceiving me, and that this conduct is only put on to delude me more, I shall think nothing in this world so vile, and so odious; and nothing, if he be not the worst of

his kind (as he says, and, I hope, he is not), so desperately guileful, as the heart of man.

He generously said, I will spare your confusion, Pamela. But I hope I may promise myself, that you can love me preferably to any other man; and that no one in the world has had any share in your affections; for I am very jealous of what I love; and if I thought you had a secret whispering in your soul, that had not yet come up to a wish, for any other man breathing, I should not forgive *myself* to persist in my affection for you; nor *you,* if you did not frankly acquaint me with it.

As I still continued on my knees, on the grass border by the pond side, he sat himself down on the grass by me, and took me in his arms: Why hesitates my Pamela? said he.—Can you not answer me with truth, as I wish? If you cannot, speak, and I will forgive you.

Oh, good sir, said I, it is not *that;* indeed it is not: but a frightful word or two that you said to Mrs. Jewkes, when you thought I was not in hearing, comes cross my mind; and makes me dread that I am in more danger than ever I was in my life.

You have never found me a common liar, said he (too fearful and foolish Pamela!)—nor will I answer how long I may hold in my present mind; for my pride struggles hard within me, I'll assure you; and if you doubt me, I have no obligation to your confidence or opinion. But, at present, I am really sincere in what I say: And I expect you will be so too; and answer directly my question.

I find, sir, said I, I know not myself; and your question is of such a nature, that I only want to tell you what I heard, and to have your kind answer to it; or else, what I have to say to your question, may pave the way to my ruin, and show a weakness that I did not believe was in me.

Well, said he, you may say what you have overheard; for, in not answering me directly, you put my soul upon the rack; and half the trouble I have had with *you* would have brought to my arms one of the finest ladies in England.

Oh, sir, said I, my virtue is as dear to me, as if I was of

the highest quality; and my doubts (for which you know I have had too much reason) have made me troublesome. But now, sir, I will tell you what I heard, which has given me great uneasiness.

You talked to Mrs. Jewkes of having begun wrong with me, in trying to subdue me with terror, and of frost, and such like.—You remember it well:—And that you would, for the future, change your conduct, and try to *melt* me, that was your word, by kindness.

I fear not, sir, the grace of God supporting me, that any acts of kindness would make me forget what I owe to my virtue: but, sir, I may, I find, be made more miserable by such acts, than by terror; because my nature is too frank and open to make me wish to be ungrateful: and if I should be taught a lesson I never yet learnt, with what regret should I descend to the grave, to think that I could not hate my undoer: and that, at the last great day, I must stand up as an accuser of the poor unhappy soul, that I could wish it in my power to save!

Exalted girl! said he, what a thought is that!—Why, now, Pamela, you excel yourself! You have given me a hint that will hold me long. But, sweet creature, said he, tell me what is this lesson, which you never yet learnt, and which you are so afraid of learning?

If, sir, said I, you will again generously spare my confusion, I need not speak it: But this I will say, in answer to the question you seem most solicitous about, that I know not the man breathing that I would wish to be married to, or that ever I thought of with such an idea. I had brought my mind so to love poverty, that I hoped for nothing but to return to the best, though the poorest of parents; and to employ myself in serving God, and comforting them; and you know not, sir, how you disappointed those hopes, and my proposed honest pleasures, when you sent me hither.

Well then, said he, I may promise myself, that neither the parson, nor any other man, is any the least secret motive to your steadfast refusal of my offers? Indeed, sir, said I, you may; and, as you was pleased to ask, I answer, that I

have not the least shadow of a wish, or thought, for any man living.

But, said he (for I am foolishly jealous, and yet it shows my fondness for you), have you not encouraged Williams to think you will have him? Indeed, sir, said I, I have not; but the very contrary. And would you not have had him, said he, if you had got away by his means? I had resolved, sir, said I, in my mind, otherwise; and he knew it; and the poor man—I charge you, said he, say not a word in his favour! You will excite a whirlwind in my soul, if you name him with kindness; and then you'll be borne away with the tempest.

Sir, said I, I have done!—Nay, said he, but do not have done; let me know the whole. If you have any regard for him, speak out; for it would end fearfully for *you*, for *me*, and for *him*, if I found that you disguised any secret of your soul from me, in this nice particular.

Sir, said I, if I have ever given you cause to think me sincere——Say then, said he, interrupting me with great vehemence, and taking both my hands between his, Say, that you now, in the presence of God, declare that you have not any the most hidden regard for Williams, or any other man.

Sir, said I, I do. As God shall bless me, and preserve my innocence, I have not. Well, said he, I will believe you, Pamela; and in time, perhaps, I may better bear that man's name. And, if I am convinced that you are not prepossessed, my vanity makes me assured, that I need not to fear a place in your esteem, equal, if not preferable, to any man in England. But yet it stings my pride to the quick, that you was so easily brought, and at such a short acquaintance, to run away with that college novice!

Oh, good sir, said I, may I be heard one thing? And though I bring upon me your highest indignation, I will tell you, perhaps, the unnecessary and imprudent, but yet the whole truth.

My honesty (I am poor and lowly, and am not entitled to call it *honour*) was in danger. I saw no means of securing

Ah, sir! replied I, what can I say? I have already said too much, if this dreadful *hereafter* should take place. Don't bid me say how well I can—And then, my face glowing as the fire, I, all abashed, leaned upon his shoulder, to hide my confusion.

He clasped me to him with great ardour, and said, Hide your dear face in my bosom, my beloved Pamela! your innocent freedoms charm me!—But then say, How well—what?

If you will be good, said I, to your poor servant, and spare her, I cannot say too much! But if not, I am doubly undone!—Undone indeed!

Said he, I hope my present temper will hold; for I tell you frankly, that I have known, in this agreeable hour, more sincere pleasure than I have experienced in all the guilty tumults that my desiring soul compelled me into, in the hopes of possessing you on my own terms. And, Pamela, you must pray for the continuance of this temper; and I hope your prayers will get the better of my temptations.

This sweet goodness overpowered all my reserves. I threw myself at his feet, and embraced his knees: What pleasure, sir, you give me at these gracious words, is not lent your poor servant to express!—I shall be too much rewarded for all my sufferings, if this goodness hold! God grant it may, for your own soul's sake as well as mine. And oh! how happy should I be, if——

He stopt me, and said, But, my dear girl, what must we do about the world, and the world's censure?—Indeed, I cannot marry!

Now was I again struck all of a heap. However, soon recollecting myself, Sir, said I, I have not the presumption to hope such an honour. If I may be permitted to return in peace and safety to my poor parents, to pray for you there, it is all I at present request! This, sir, after all my apprehensions and dangers, will be a great pleasure to me. And, if I know my own poor heart, I shall wish you happy in a lady of suitable degree; and rejoice most sincerely in every circumstance that shall make for the happiness of my late good lady's most beloved son.

Well, said he, this conversation, Pamela, is gone farther than I intended it. You need not be afraid, at this rate, of trusting yourself with *me*: but it is I that ought to be doubtful of myself, when I am with *you*.—But, before I say anything farther on this subject, I will take my proud heart to task; and, till then, let everything be as if this conversation had never passed. Only, let me tell you, that the more confidence you place in me, the more you'll oblige me: but your doubts will only beget *cause* of doubts. And with this ambiguous saying, he saluted me with a more formal manner, if I may so say, than before, and lent me his hand; and so we walked toward the house, side by side, he seeming very thoughtful and pensive, as if he had already repented him of his goodness.

What shall I do, what steps take, if all this be designing! —Oh the perplexities of these cruel doubtings!—To be sure, if he be false, as I may call it, I have gone too far, much too far!—I am ready, on the apprehension of this, to bite my forward tongue (or rather to beat my more forward heart, that dictated to that poor machine) for what I have said. But sure, at least, he must be sincere for the *time!*— He could not be such a practised dissembler!—If he could, oh how desperately wicked is the heart of man!—And where could he learn all these barbarous arts?—If so, it must be native surely to the sex!—But, silent be my rash censurings; be hushed, ye stormy tumults of my disturbed mind! for have I not a father who is a man?—A man who knows no guile! who would do no wrong!—who would not deceive or oppress, to gain a kingdom!—How then can I think it is native to the sex? And I must also hope my good lady's son cannot be the *worst* of men!—If he is, hard the lot of the excellent woman that bore him!—But much harder the hap of your poor Pamela, who has fallen into such hands!—But yet I will trust in God, and hope the best: and so lay down my tired pen for this time.

Thursday morning.

SOMEBODY rapped at our chamber-door this morning, soon after it was light: Mrs. Jewkes asked, who it was? My master said, Open the door, Mrs. Jewkes! Oh, said I, for God's sake, Mrs. Jewkes, don't! Indeed, said she, but I must. Then, said I, and clung about her, let me slip on my clothes first. But he rapped again, and she broke from me; and I was frightened out of my wits, and folded myself in the bed-clothes. He entered, and said, What, Pamela, so fearful, after what passed yesterday between us! Oh, sir, sir, said I, I fear my prayers have wanted their wished effect! Pray, good sir, consider——He sat down on the bedside, and interrupted me; No need of your foolish fears; I shall say but a word or two, and go away.

After you went upstairs, said he, I had an invitation to a ball, which is to be this night at Stamford, on occasion of a wedding; and I am going to call on Sir Simon, and his lady and daughters; for the bride is a relation of theirs: so I shall not be at home till Saturday. I come, therefore, to caution *you,* Mrs. Jewkes, before Pamela (that she may not wonder at being closer confined, than for these three or four days past), that nobody sees her, nor delivers any letter to her, in that space; for a person has been seen lurking about, and inquiring after her, and I have been well informed, that either Mrs. Jervis, or Mr. Longman, has written a letter, with a design of having it conveyed to her: And, said he, you must know, Pamela, that I have ordered Mr. Longman to give up his accounts, and have dismissed Jonathan and Mrs. Jervis, since I have been here; for their behaviour has been intolerable; and they have made such a breach between my sister Davers and me, as we shall never, perhaps, make up. Now, Pamela, I shall take it kindly in you, if you will confine yourself to your chamber pretty much, for the time I am absent, and not give Mrs Jewkes cause of trouble or uneasiness; and the rather, as you know she acts by my orders.

Alas! sir, said I, I fear all these good people have suffered for my sake!—Why, said he, I believe so too; and there was never a girl of your innocence, that set a large family in such an uproar, surely.—But let that pass. You know both of you my mind, and, in part, the reason of it. I shall only say, that I have had such a letter from my sister, as I could not have expected; and, Pamela, said he, neither you nor I have reason to thank her, as you shall know, perhaps, at my return.—I go in my coach, Mrs. Jewkes, because I take Lady Darnford, and Mrs. Peters's niece, and one of Lady Darnford's daughters, along with me; and Sir Simon and his other daughter go in his chariot: so let all the gates be fastened; and don't take any airing in either of the chariots, nor let anybody go to the gate, without you, Mrs. Jewkes. I'll be sure, said she, to obey your honour.

I will give Mrs. Jewkes no trouble, sir, said I; and will keep pretty much in my chamber, and not stir so much as into the garden without her; to show you I will obey in everything I *can*. But I begin to fear—Ay, said he, more plots and contrivances, don't you?—But I'll assure you, you never had less reason; and I tell you the truth; for I am really going to *Stamford this time;* and upon the occasion I tell you. And so, Pamela, give me your hand, and one kiss; and then I am gone.

I durst not refuse, and said, God bless you, sir, wherever you go!—But I am sorry for what you tell me about your servants!

He and Mrs. Jewkes had a little talk without the door; and I heard her say, You may depend, sir, upon my care and vigilance.

He went in his coach, as he said he should, and very richly dressed, which looks as if what he said was likely: but really I have been used to so many tricks, and plots, and surprises, that I know not what to think. But I mourn for poor Mrs. Jervis.—So here is Parson Williams; here's poor naughty John; here is good Mrs. Jervis, and Mr. Longman, and Mr. Jonathan, turned away for me!—Mr. Longman is rich, indeed, and so need the less matter it;

A gipsy-like body made up to us, and said, If, madam, you will give me some broken victuals, I will tell you both your fortunes.

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but I know it will grieve him: and for poor Mr. Jonathan, I am sure it will cut that good old servant to the heart. Alas for me! what mischiefs am I the occasion of!—Or, rather, my master, whose actions towards me have made so many of my kind friends forfeit his favour, for my sake!

I am very sad about these things: If he really loved me, methinks he should not be so angry, that his servants loved me too.—I know not what to think!

Friday night.

I HAVE removed my papers from under the rose-bush; for I saw the gardener begin to dig near that spot; and I was afraid he would find them.

Mrs. Jewkes and I were looking yesterday through the iron gate that fronts the elms; and a gipsy-like body made up to us, and said; If, madam, you will give me some broken victuals, I will tell you both your fortunes. I said, Let us hear our fortunes, Mrs. Jewkes. She said, I don't like these sort of people; but we will hear what she'll say to us, however. I shan't fetch you any victuals, woman; but I will give you some pence, said she.

But Nan coming out, she said, Fetch some bread, and some of the cold meat, and you shall have your fortune told, Nan.

This, you'll think, like some of my other matters, a very trifling thing to write about. But mark the discovery of a dreadful plot, which I have made by it. Oh, bless me! What can I think of this naughty, this very naughty gentleman!—Now will I hate him most heartily. Thus it was:—

Mrs. Jewkes had no suspicion of the woman, the iron gate being locked, and she on the outside, and we on the inside; and so put her hand through. She said, muttering over a parcel of cramp words, Why, madam, you will marry soon, I can tell you. At that she seemed pleased, and said,

I am glad to hear that; and shook her fat sides with laughing. The woman looked most earnestly at *me,* all the time, and as if she had meaning. Then it came into my head, from my master's caution, that possibly this woman might be employed to try to get a letter into my hands; and I was resolved to watch all her motions. So Mrs. Jewkes said, What sort of a man shall I have, pray?—Why, said she, a man younger than yourself; and a very good husband he'll prove.—I am glad of that, said she: and laughed again. Come, madam, let us hear *your* fortune.

The woman came to me, and took my hand. Oh! said she, I cannot tell your fortune: your hand is so white and fine, I cannot see the lines: but, said she, and, stooping, pulled up a litle tuft of grass, I have a way for that; and so rubbed my hand with the mould part of the tuft: Now, said she, I can see the lines.

Mrs. Jewkes was very watchful of all her ways, and took the tuft, and looked upon it, lest anything should be in that. And then the woman said, Here is the line of Jupiter crossing the line of life; and Mars—Odd! my pretty mistress, said she, you had best take care of yourself; for you are hard beset, I'll assure you. You will never be married, I can see; and will die of your first child. Out upon thee, woman! said I, better thou hadst never come here.

Said Mrs. Jewkes, whispering, I don't like this: it looks like a cheat: Pray, Mrs. Pamela, go in, this moment. So I will, said I; for I have enough of fortune-telling. And in I went.

The woman wanted sadly to tell me more, which made Mrs. Jewkes threaten her, suspecting still the more; and away the woman went, having told Nan her fortune, and she would be drowned.

This thing ran strongly in all our heads; and we went, an hour after, to see if the woman was lurking about, and took Mr. Colbrand for our guard. Looking through the iron gate, he 'spyed a man sauntering about the middle of the walk; which filled Mrs. Jewkes with still more suspicions; and she said, Mr. Colbrand, you and I will walk towards this fellow,

and see what he saunters there for: And, Nan, do you and madam stay at the gate.

So they opened the iron gate and walked down towards the man; and guessing the woman, if employed, must mean something by the tuft of grass, I cast my eye that way, whence she pulled it, and saw more grass seemingly pulled up: then I doubted not something was there for me; and I walked to it, and standing over it, said to Nan, That's a pretty sort of wild flower, that grows yonder, near the elm, the fifth from us on the left; pray pull it for me. Said she, It is a common weed. Well, said I, but pull it for me; there are sometimes beautiful colours in a weed.

While she went on, I stooped, and pulled up a good handful of the grass, and in it a bit of paper, which I put instantly in my bosom, and dropt the grass: and my heart went pit-a-pat at the odd adventure. Said I, Let's go in, Mrs. Anne. No, said she, we must stay till Mrs. Jewkes comes.

I was all impatience to read this paper: and when Colbrand and she returned, I went in. Said she, Certainly there is some reason for my master's caution: I can make nothing of this sauntering fellow; but, to be sure, there was some roguery in the gipsy. Well, said I, if there was, she lost her aim, you see! Ay, very true, said she; but that was owing to my watchfulness; and you was very good to go away, when I spoke to you.

I hastened up stairs to my closet, and found the billet to contain, in a hand that seemed disguised, and bad spelling, the following words:—

'TWENTY contrivances have been thought of to let you know 'your danger; but all have proved in vain. Your friends 'hope it is not yet too late to give you this caution, if it 'reaches your hands. The 'squire is absolutely determined to 'ruin you; and, because he despairs of any other way, he 'will pretend great love and kindness to you, and that he 'will marry you. You may expect a parson, for this purpose, 'in a few days; but it is a sly artful fellow of a broken 'attorney, that he has hired to personate a minister. The man

'has a broad face, pitted much with the small-pox, ar
'a very great companion. So take care of yourself. D
'not this advice. Perhaps you'll have had but too r
'reason already to confirm you in the truth of it. I
'your zealous well-wisher,

'SOMEBOD

Now, my dear father and mother, what shall we s
this truly diabolical master! Oh, how shall I find wor
paint my griefs, and his deceit! I have as good as con
I love him; but, indeed, it was on supposing him gc
This, however, has given him too much advantage.
now I will break this wicked forward heart of mine, if i
not be taught to hate him! Oh, what a black dismal
must *he* have! So here is a plot to ruin me, and by m
consent too!—No wonder he did not improve his
opportunities (which I thought owing to remorse for h
and compassion for me), when he had such a project
in reserve!—Here should I have been deluded with the
of a happiness that my highest ambition could hav
aspired to!—But how dreadful must have been my lot
I had found myself an undone creature, and a guilty
instead of a lawful wife! Oh! this is indeed too mu
much, for your poor Pamela to support! This is the
as I hoped all the worst was over; and that I had the p
of beholding a reclaimed man, and not an abandoned lil
What *now* must your poor daughter do? Now all he
are dashed! And if this fails him, then comes, to
my forced disgrace! for this shows he will never leave
has ruined me!—Oh, the wretched, wretched Pamela

Saturday noon, one c

MY master is come home; and, to be sure, has bee
he said. So *once* he has told truth; and this matte
to be gone off without a plot: No doubt he depen
his sham wicked marriage! He has brought a ge
with him to dinner; and so I have not seen him yet.

Two o'clock.

I AM very sorrowful, and still have greater reason; for, just now, as I was in my closet, opening the parcel I had hid under the rose-bush, to see if it was damaged by lying so long, Mrs. Jewkes came upon me by surprise, and laid her hands upon it; for she had been looking through the keyhole, it seems.

I know not what I shall do! For now he will see all my private thoughts of him and all my secrets, as I may say. What a careless creature I am!—To be sure I deserve to be punished.

You know I had the good luck, by Mr. Williams's means, to send you all my papers down to Sunday night, the 17th day of my imprisonment. But now these papers contain all my matters from that time, to Wednesday the 27th day of my distress: And which, as you may now, perhaps, never see, I will briefly mention the contents to you.

In these papers, then, are included, 'An account of Mrs. 'Jewkes's arts to draw me in to approve of Mr. Williams's 'proposal for marriage; and my refusing to do so; and 'desiring you not to encourage his suit to me. Mr. Williams's 'being wickedly robbed, and a visit of hers to him; whereby 'she discovered all his secrets. How I was inclined to get 'off, while she was gone; but was ridiculously prevented 'by my foolish fears, &c. My having the key of the back-door. 'Mrs. Jewkes's writing to my master all the secrets she had 'discovered of Mr. Williams, and her behaviour to me and 'him upon it. Continuance of my correspondence with Mr. 'Williams by the tiles; begun in the parcel you had. My 'reproaches to him for his revealing himself to Mrs. Jewkes; 'and his letter to me in answer, threatening to expose my 'master, if he deceived him; mentioning in it John Arnold's 'correspondence with him; and a letter which John sent, 'and was intercepted, as it seems. Of the correspondence 'being carried on by a friend of his at Gainsborough. Of

'the horse he was to provide for me, and one for himself. 'Of what Mr. Williams had owned to Mrs. Jewkes; and of 'my discouraging his proposals. Then it contained a pressing 'letter of mine to him, urging my escape before my master 'came; with his half-angry answer to me. Your good letter 'to me, my dear father, sent to me by Mr. Williams's con-'veyance; in which you would have me encourage Mr. Wil-'liams, but leave it to me; and in which, fortunately enough, 'you take notice of my being uninclined to marry.—My 'earnest desire to be with you. The substance of my 'answer to Mr. Williams, expressing more patience, &c. A 'dreadful letter of my master to Mrs. Jewkes; which, by 'mistake, was directed to me; and one to me, directed by 'like mistake to her; and very free reflections of mine upon 'both. The concern I expressed for Mr. Williams's being 'taken in, deceived, and ruined. An account of Mrs. Jewkes's 'glorying in her wicked fidelity. A sad description I gave 'of Monsieur Colbrand, a person he sent down to assist Mrs. 'Jewkes in watching me. How Mr. Williams was arrested, 'and thrown into gaol; and the concern I expressed upon 'it; and my free reflections on my master for it. A projected 'contrivance of mine, to get away out of the window, and by 'the back-door; and throwing my petticoat and handkerchief 'into the pond to amuse them, while I got off: An attempt 'that had like to have ended very dreadfully for me! My 'further concern for Mr. Williams's ruin, on my account: 'And, lastly, my over-hearing Mrs. Jewkes brag of her 'contrivance to rob Mr. Williams, in order to get at my 'papers; which, however, he preserved, and sent safe to 'you.'

These, down to the execution of my unfortunate plot to escape, are, to the best of my remembrance, the contents of the papers which this merciless woman seized: For, how badly I came off, and what followed, I still have safe, as I hope, sewed in my under-coat, about my hips.

In vain were all my prayers and tears to her, to get her not to show them to my master. For she said, It had now come out, why I affected to be so much alone; and why I

A gipsy-like body made up to us, and said, If, madam, you will give me some broken victuals, I will tell you both your fortunes.

hands, by that false John Arnold! for should such a gentleman as you mind what your poor servant writes?—Yes, said he, by all means, mind what such a servant as *my* Pamela writes.

Your Pamela! thought I. Then the sham marriage came into my head; and indeed it has not been out of it, since the gipsy affair.—But, said he, have you anything in these papers you would not have me see? To be sure, sir, said I, there is; for what one writes to one's father and mother, is not for everybody to see. Nor, said he, am I everybody.

Those letters, added he, that I did see by John's means, were not to your disadvantage, I'll assure you; for they gave me a very high opinion of your wit and innocence: And if I had not loved you, do you think I would have troubled myself about your letters?

Alas! sir, said I, great pride to me *that!* For they gave you such an opinion of my innocence, that you was resolved to ruin me. And what advantage have they brought *me?* —Who have been made a prisoner, and used as I have been between you and your housekeeper.

Why, Pamela, said he, a little seriously, why this behaviour, for my goodness to you in the garden?—This is not of a piece with your conduct and softness there, that quite charmed me in your favour: And you must not give me cause to think that you will be the more insolent, as you find me kinder. Ah! sir, said I, you know best your own heart and designs! But I fear I was too open-hearted then; and that you still keep your resolution to undo me, and have only changed the form of your proceedings.

When I tell you once again, said he, a little sternly, that you cannot oblige me more, than by placing some confidence in me, I will let you know, that these foolish and perverse doubts are the worst things you can be guilty of. But, said he, I shall possibly account for the cause of them, in these papers of yours; for I doubt not you have been sincere to your *father* and *mother,* though you begin to make *me* suspect you: For I tell you, perverse girl, that it is impossible you should be thus cold and insensible, after what has passed in

I expect, continued he, that you will answer me direc and plainly to every question I shall ask you.—In the f place, here are several love-letters between you and Willia Love-letters! sir, said I—Well, call them what you will, he, I don't entirely like them, I'll assure you, with all allowances you desire me to make for you. Do you f sir, said I, that I encouraged his proposal, or do you Why, said he, you discourage his address in appearance; no otherwise than all your cunning sex do to ours, to n us more eager in pursuing you.

Well, sir, said I, that is your comment; but it does appear so in the text. Smartly said! says he: Where a gottest thou, at these years, all this knowledge? And thou hast a memory, as I see by your papers, that not escapes. Alas! sir, said I, what poor abilities I have, only to make me more miserable!—I have no pleasu my memory, which impresses things upon me, that I be glad never *were,* or everlastingly to *forget.*

Well, said he, so much for that.—But where are the acc (since you have kept so exact a journal of all tha befallen you) *previous* to these here in my hand? My f has them, sir, said I.—By whose means? said he.—B Williams's, said I. Well answered, said he. But cann contrive to get me a sight of them? That would be p said I. I wish I could have contrived to have kept you have from your sight. Said he, I *must* see them, P or I shall never be easy; for I must know how this pondence between you and Williams began: and if see them, it shall be better for you, if they answer these give me hope they will.

I can tell you, sir, very faithfully, said I, what the ning was; for I was bold enough to be the *beginner.* won't do, said he; for though this may appear a pu to *you,* to *me* it is of high importance. Sir, said I, please to let me go to my father, I will send them to any messenger you shall send for them. Will you so I daresay, if you will write for them, they will send t you, without the trouble of such a journey to yourse I beg you will.

I think, sir, said I, as you have seen all my *former* letters through John's baseness, and now *these,* through your faithful housekeeper's officious watchfulness, you *might* see *all the rest*: But I hope you will not desire it, till I can see how much my pleasing you in this particular will be of use to myself.

You must trust to my honour for that. But tell me, Pamela, said the sly gentleman, since I have seen these, would you have voluntarily shown me *those,* had they been in your possession?

I was not aware of this inference, and said, Yes, truly, sir, I think I should, if you commanded it. Well then, Pamela, said he, as I am sure you have found means to continue your journal, I desire, till the *former part* can come, that you will show me the *succeeding.*—Oh sir, sir, said I, have you caught me so?—But indeed you must excuse me there.

Why, said he, tell me truly, have you not continued your account till now? Don't ask me, sir, said I. But I insist upon your answer, replied he. Why then, sir, I will not tell an untruth; I have.—That's my good girl! said he, I love sincerity at my heart.—In *another,* sir, said I, I presume you mean!—Well, said he, I'll allow you to be a little witty upon me; because it is *in you,* and you cannot help it: but you will greatly oblige me, to show me voluntarily what you have written. I long to see the particulars of your plot, and your disappointment, where your papers leave off: for you have so beautiful a manner, that it is partly that, and partly my love for you, that has made me desirous of reading all you write; though a great deal of it is against myself; for which you must expect to suffer a little: and as I have furnished you with the subject, I have a title to see the fruits of your pen.—Besides, said he, there is such a pretty air of romance, as you relate them, in *your* plots, and *my* plots, that I shall be better directed in what manner to wind up the catastrophe of the pretty novel.

If I was your equal, sir, said I, I should say this is a very provoking way of jeering at the misfortunes you have brought upon me.

Oh, said he, the liberties you have taken with my chara in your letters, sets us upon a par, at least in that resp Sir, I could not have taken those liberties, if you had given me the cause: and the *cause,* sir, you know, is be the *effect.*

True, Pamela, said he; you chop logic very prettily. W the deuce do we men go to school for? If our wits were e to women's, we might spare much time and pains in education: for nature teaches your sex, what, in a long co of labour and study, ours can hardly attain to.—But, in every lady is not a Pamela.

You delight to banter your poor servant, said I.

Nay, continued he, I believe I must assume to myself the merit of your wit, too; for the innocent exercises have had for it, from me, have certainly sharpened invention.

Sir, said I, could I have been without those *innocen* ercises, as you are pleased to call them, I should have glad to have been as dull as a beetle. But then, Pa said he, I should not have loved you so well. But sir, I should have been safe, easy, and happy.—Ay, may and may be not; and the wife, too, of some clouterly pl boy.

But then, sir, I should have been content and inn and that's better than being a princess, and not so. may be not, said he; for if you had had that pretty face of us keen fox-hunters should have found you out; a spite of your romantic notions (which then, too, pe would not have had so strong a place in your mind), have been more happy with the ploughman's wife, have been with my mother's Pamela. I hope, sir, God would have given me more grace.

Well, but, resumed he, as to these writings of you follow your fine plot, I *must* see them. Indeed, s *must not,* if I can help it. Nothing, said he, plea better, than that, in all your arts, shifts, and stratage have had a great regard to truth; and have, in all yo pieces of deceit, told very few *wilful* fibs. Now I

you'll continue this laudable rule in your conversation with me.—Let me know then, where you have found supplies of pen, ink, and paper, when Mrs. Jewkes was so vigilant, and gave you but two sheets at a time?—Tell me truth.

Why, sir, little did I think I should have such occasion for them; but, when I went away from your house, I begged some of each of good Mr. Longman, who gave me plenty. Yes, yes, said he, it must be *good* Mr. Longman! All your confederates are good, every one of them: but such of my servants as have done their duty, and obeyed my orders, are painted out by you as black as devils! nay, so am I too, for that matter.

Sir, said I, I hope you won't be angry, but, saving yourself, do you think they are painted worse than they deserve? or worse than the parts they acted require?

You say, saving myself, Pamela; but is not that saving a mere compliment to me, because I am present, and you are in my hands? Tell me truly.—Good sir, excuse me; but I fancy I might ask you, why you should think so, if there was not a little bit of conscience that told you, there was but too much reason for it?

He kissed me, and said, I must either do thus, or be angry with you; for you are very saucy, Pamela.—But, with your bewitching chit-chat, and pretty impertinence, I will not lose my question. Where did you hide your paper, pens, and ink?

Some, sir, in one place, some in another; that I might have some left, if others should be found.—That's a good girl! said he; I love you for your sweet veracity. Now tell me where it is you hide your written papers, your saucy journal?—I must beg your excuse for that, sir, said I. But indeed, answered he, you will not have it: for I *will* know, and I will *see* them. —This is very hard, sir, said I; but I must say, you shall not, if I can help it.

We were standing most of this time; but he then sat down, and took me by both my hands, and said, Well said, my pretty Pamela, *if you can help it!* But I will not let you help it. Tell me, are they in your pocket? No, sir, said I; my heart up at my mouth. Said he, I know you won't tell a downright

fib for the world: but for *equivocation!* no Jesuit ever w
beyond you. Answer me then, are they in neither of y
pockets? No, sir, said I. Are they not, said he, about y
stays? No, sir, replied I: But pray no more questions:
ask me ever so much, I will not tell you.

Oh, said he, I have a way for that. I can do as they
abroad, when the criminals won't confess; torture them
they do.—But pray, sir, said I, is this fair, just, or hon
I am no criminal; and I won't confess.

Oh, my girl! said he, many an innocent person has been
to the torture. But let me know where they are, and you
escape the *question*, as they call it abroad.

Sir, said I, the torture is not used in England, and I
you won't bring it up. Admirably said! said the nav
gentleman.—But I can tell you of as good a punishment
a criminal won't plead with us, here in England, we press
to death, or till he does plead. And so now, Pamela, tha
punishment shall certainly be yours, if you won't tell wit

Tears stood in my eyes, and I said, This, sir, is very
and barbarous.—No matter, said he; it is but like your
fer, you know, in my shape! And, after I have done so
heinous things by you as *you* think, you have no great
to judge so hardly of this; or, at least, it is but of a piec
the rest.

But, sir, said I (dreadfully afraid he had some notio
were about me), if you will be obeyed in this unreas
manner, though it is sad tyranny, to be sure!—let me go
them, and read them over again, and you shall see so fa
the end of the sad story that follows those you have.

I'll see them all, said he, down to this time, if you hav
ten so far:—Or, at least, till within this week.—Then
go up to them, said I, and see what I have written,
what day, to show them to you; for you won't desire
everything. But I will, replied he.—But say, Pame
me truth: Are they *above?* I was much affrighted.
my confusion. Tell me truth, said he. Why, sir, answ
I have sometimes hid them under the dry mould
garden; sometimes in one place, sometimes in anothe

those you have in your hand were several days under a rose-bush, in the garden. Artful slut! said he, what's this to my question?—Are they not *about* you?—If, said I, I must pluck them out of my hiding-place behind the wainscot, won't you see me?—Still more and more artful! said he—Is this an answer to my question?—I have searched every place above, and in your closet, for them, and cannot find them; so I *will* know where they are. Now, said he, it is my opinion they are about you; and I never undressed a girl in my life; but I will now begin to strip my pretty Pamela; and I hope I shall not go far before I find them.

I fell a crying, and said, I will not be used in this manner. Pray, sir, said I (for he began to unpin my handkerchief), consider! Pray, sir, do!—And pray, said he, do *you* consider. For I *will* see these papers. But may be, said he, they are tied about your knees, with your garters, and stooped. Was ever anything so vile and so wicked?—I fell on my knees, and said, What *can* I do? What *can* I do? If you'll let me go up I'll fetch them to you. Will you, said he, on your honour, let me see them uncurtailed, and not offer to make them away; no not a single paper?—I will, sir.—On your honour? Yes, sir. And so he let me go upstairs, crying sadly for vexation to be so used. Sure nobody was ever so served as I am!

I went to my closet, and there I sat me down, and could not bear the thoughts of giving up my papers. Besides, I must all undress me, in a manner, to untack them. So I writ thus:

'SIR,—To expostulate with such an arbitrary gentleman, I 'know will signify nothing; and most hardly do you use the 'power you so wickedly have got over me. I have heart enough, 'sir, to do a deed that would make you regret using me thus; 'and I can hardly bear it, and what I am further to undergo. 'But a superior consideration withholds me; thank God, it 'does!—I will, however, keep my word, if you insist upon it 'when you have read this; but, sir, let me beg of you to give 'me time till to-morrow morning, that I may just run them 'over, and see what I put into your hands against me: and I

'will then give my papers to you, without the least alterat
'or adding or diminishing: But I should beg still to be
'cused, if you please: But if not, spare them to me but til
'morrow morning: and this, so hardly am I used, shal
'thought a favour, which I shall be very thankful for.'

I guessed it would not be long before I heard from him:
he accordingly sent up Mrs. Jewkes for what I had prom
So I gave her this note to carry to him. And he sent word,
I must keep my promise, and he would give me till morr
but that I must bring them to him without his asking a
So I took off my under-coat, and, with great troub
mind, unsewed them from it. And there is a vast quanti
it. I will just slightly touch upon the subjects; beca
may not, perhaps, get them again for you to see.

They begin with an account of 'my attempting to get
'out of the window first, and then throwing my petticos
'handkerchief into the pond. How sadly I was disappo
'the lock of the back-door being changed. How, in try
'climb over the door, I tumbled down, and was pit
'bruised; the bricks giving way, and tumbling upon me.
'finding I could not get off, and dreading the hard u
'should receive, I was so wicked as to think of throwir
'self into the water. My sad reflections upon this r
'How Mrs. Jewkes used me upon this occasion, wh
'found me. How my master had like to have been drow
'hunting; and my concern for his danger, notwithst
'his usage of me. Mrs. Jewkes's wicked reports, to f
'me, that I was to be married to the ugly Swiss; who
'sell me on the wedding-day to my master. Her vile
'talking to me, like a London prostitute. My appreh
'of seeing preparations made for my master's coming
'causeless fears that I was trying to get away again,
'had no thoughts of it; and my bad usage upon i
'master's dreadful arrival; and his hard, very hard tr
'of me; and Mrs. Jewkes's insulting of me. His jea
'Mr. Williams and me. How Mrs. Jewkes vilely in

'him to wickedness.' And down to here, I put into one parcel, hoping that would content him. But for fear it should not, I put into another parcel the following, viz.:

'A copy of his proposals to me, of a great parcel of gold, 'and fine clothes and rings, and an estate of I can't tell what 'a year; and 50*l.* a year for the life of both you, my dear 'parents, to be his mistress; with an insinuation, that, may 'be, he would marry me at the year's end: All sadly vile: 'With threatenings, if I did not comply, that he would ruin 'me, without allowing me anything. A copy of my answer, 'refusing all, with just abhorrence: But begging at last his 'goodness towards me, and mercy on me, in the most moving 'manner I could think of. An account of his angry behav-'iour, and Mrs. Jewkes's wicked advice hereupon. His trying 'to get me to his chamber; and my refusal to go. A deal of 'stuff and chit-chat between me and the odious Mrs. Jewkes; in 'which she was very wicked and very insulting. Two notes I 'wrote, as if to be carried to church, to pray for his reclaim-'ing, and my safety; which Mrs. Jewkes seized, and officiously 'showed him. A confession of mine, that notwithstanding his 'bad usage, I could not hate him. My concern for Mr. Wil-'liams. A horrid contrivance of my master's to ruin me; be-'ing in my room, disguised in clothes of the maid's, who lay 'with me and Mrs. Jewkes. How narrowly I escaped (it makes 'my heart ache to think of it still!) by falling into fits. Mrs. 'Jewkes's detestable part in this sad affair. How he seemed 'moved at my danger, and forbore his abominable designs; 'and assured me he had offered no indecency. How ill I was 'for a day or two after; and how kind he seemed. How he 'made me forgive Mrs. Jewkes. How, after this, and great 'kindness pretended, he made rude offers to me in the garden, 'which I escaped. How I resented them.' Then I had writ-ten, 'How kindly he behaved himself to me; and how he prais-'ed me, and gave me great hopes of his being good at last. Of 'the too tender impression this made upon me; and how I 'began to be afraid of my own weakness and consideration for 'him, though he had used me so ill. How sadly jealous he was

'of Mr. Williams; and how I, as justly could, cleared my
'as to his doubts on that score. How, just when he had rai
'me up to the highest hope of his goodness, he dashed
'sadly again, and went off more coldly. My free reflecti
'upon this trying occasion.'

This brought down matters from Thursday, the 20th da
my imprisonment, to Wednesday the 41st, and here I was
solved to end, let what would come; for only Thursday,
day, and Saturday, remain to give an account of; and Th
day he set out to a ball at Stamford; and Friday was
gipsy story; and this is Saturday, his return from Stam
And truly, I shall have but little heart to write, if he is t
all.

So these two parcels of papers I have got ready for
against to-morrow morning. To be sure I have always
him very freely in my writings, and showed him no me
but yet he must thank himself for it; for I have only
truth; and I wish he had deserved a better character a
hands, as well for his own sake as mine.—So, though I
know whether ever you'll see what I write, I must say,
I will go to bed, with remembering you in my prayers,
always do, and as I know you do me: And so, my dear pa
good night.

Sunday morn

I REMEMBERED what he said, of not being obliged to ask
for my papers; and what I should be forced to do, and
not help, I thought I might as well do in such a man
might show I would not disoblige on purpose: tho
stomached this matter very heavily too. I had therefore
readiness my two parcels; and he, not going to church
morning, bid Mrs. Jewkes tell me he was gone into the g

I knew that was for me to go to him; and so I went
how can I help being at his beck? which grieves me
little, though he is my master, as I may say; for I
wholly in his power, that it would do me no good to i

him; and if I refused to obey him in little matters, my refusal in greater would have the less weight. So I went down to the garden; but as he walked in one walk, I took another, that I might not seem too forward neither.

He soon 'spyed me, and said, Do you expect to be courted to come to me? Sir, said I, and crossed the walk to attend him, I did not know but I should interrupt you in your meditations this good day.

Was that the case, said he, truly, and from your heart? Why, sir, said I, I don't doubt but you have very good thoughts sometimes; though not towards me. I wish, said he, I could avoid thinking so well of you as I do. But where are the papers?—I daresay you had them about you yesterday; for you say in those I have, that you will bury your writings in the garden, for fear you should be *searched,* if you did not escape. This, added he, gave me a glorious pretence to search you; and I have been vexing myself all night, that I did not strip you garment by garment, till I had found them. Oh fie, sir, said I; let me not be scared, with hearing that you had such a thought in earnest.

Well, said he, I hope you have not now the papers to give me; for I had rather find them myself, I'll assure you.

I did not like this way of talk; and thinking it best not to dwell upon it, said, Well, but, sir, you will excuse me, I hope, giving up my papers.

Don't trifle with me, said he; where are they?—I think I was very good to you last night, to humour you as I did. If you have either added or diminished, and have not strictly kept your promise, woe be to you! Indeed, sir, said I, I have neither added nor diminished. But there is the parcel that goes on with my sad attempt to escape, and the terrible consequences it had like to have been followed with. And it goes down to the naughty articles you sent me. And as you know all that has happened since, I hope these will satisfy you.

He was going to speak; but I said, to drive him from thinking of any more, And I must beg you, sir, to read the matter favourably, if I have exceeded in any liberties of my pen.

I think, said he, half smiling, you may wonder at my

patience, that I can be so easy to read myself abused as I a
by such a saucy slut.—Sir, said I, I have wondered you shou
be so desirous to see my bold stuff; and, for that very reas
I have thought it a very *good,* or a very *bad* sign. What, s
he, is your *good* sign?—That it may have an effect upon y
temper, at last, in my favour, when you see me so sincere. Y
bad sign? Why, that if you can read my reflections and
servations upon your treatment of me, with tranquillity,
not be moved, it is a sign of a very cruel and determined he
Now, pray, sir, don't be angry at my boldness in telling yo
freely my thoughts. You may, perhaps, said he, be least
taken, when you think of your bad sign. God forbid! sai

So I took out my papers; and said, Here, sir, they are.
if you please to return them, without breaking the seal, it
be very generous: and I will take it for a great favour, a
good omen.

He broke the seal instantly, and opened them: So mucl
your *omen!* replied he. I am sorry for it, said I, very ser
ly; and was walking away. Whither now? said he. I
going in, sir, that you might have time to read them, i
thought fit. He put them into his pocket, and said, You
more than these. Yes, sir: but all they contain, *you* kn
well as *I*.—But I don't know, said he, the light you put t
in; and so give them me, if you have not a mind
searched.

Sir, said I, I can't stay, if you won't forbear that ugly
—Give me then no reason for it. Where are the other pa
Why, then, unkind sir, if it must be so, here they are.
so I gave him, out of my pocket, the second parcel, seal
as the former, with this superscription; *From the na
articles, down, through sad attempts, to* Thursday *the* 4
of my imprisonment. This is last *Thursday,* is it? Ye
but now you *will* see what I write, I will find some oth
to employ my time: for how can I write with any face
must be for your perusal, and not for those I intended t
my melancholy stories.

Yes, said he, I would have you continue your penm
by all means; and, I assure you, in the mind I am

will not ask you for any after these; except anything very extraordinary occurs. And I have another thing to tell you, added he, that if you send for those from your father, and let me read them, I may, very probably, give them all back again to you. And so I desire you will do it.

This a little encourages me to continue my scribbling; but, for fear of the worst, I will, when they come to any bulk, contrive some way to hide them, if I can, that I may protest I have them not about me, which, before, I could not say of a truth; and that made him so resolutely bent to try to find them upon me; for which I might have suffered frightful indecencies.

He led me, then, to the side of the pond; and sitting down on the slope, made me sit by him. Come, said he, this being the scene of part of your project, and where you so artfully threw in some of your clothes, I will just look upon that part of your relation. Sir, said I, let me then walk about, at a little distance; for I cannot bear the thought of it. Don't go far, said he.

When he came, as I suppose, to the place where I mentioned the bricks falling upon me, he got up, and walked to the door, and looked upon the broken part of the wall; for it had not been mended; and came back, reading on to himself, towards me; and took my hand, and put it under his arm.

Why, this, said he, my girl, is a very moving tale. It was a very desperate attempt, and, had you got out, you might have been in great danger; for you had a very bad and lonely way: and I had taken such measures, that, let you have been where you would, I should have had you.

You may see, sir, said I, what I ventured, rather than be ruined; and you will be so good as hence to judge of the sincerity of my profession, that my honesty is dearer to me than my life. Romantic girl! said he, and read on.

He was very serious at my reflections, on what God had enabled me to escape. And when he came to my reasonings about throwing myself into the water, he said, Walk gently before; and seemed so moved, that he turned away his face from me; and I blessed this good sign, and began

not so much to repent at his seeing this mournful part of my story.

He put the papers in his pocket, when he had read my reflections, and thanks for escaping from *myself;* and said, taking me about the waist, Oh, my dear girl! you have touched me sensibly with your mournful relation, and your sweet reflections upon it. I should truly have been very miserable had it taken effect. I see you have been used too roughly; and it is a mercy you stood proof in that fatal moment.

Then he most kindly folded me in his arms: Let us, say I too, my Pamela, walk from this accursed piece of water; for I shall not, with pleasure, look upon it again, to think how near it was to have been fatal to my fair one. I thought, added he, of terrifying you to my will, since I could not move you by love; and Mrs. Jewkes too well obeyed me, when the terrors of your return, after your disappointment, were so great, that you had hardly courage to withstand them; but had like to have made so fatal a choice, to escape the treatment you apprehended.

Oh, sir, said I, I have reason, I am sure, to bless my dear parents, and my good lady, your mother, for giving me something of a religious education; for, but for that, and God's grace, I should, more than upon one occasion, have attempted, at least, a desperate act: and I the less wonder how poor creatures, who have not the fear of God before their eyes, and give way to despondency, cast themselves into perdition.

Come, kiss me, said he, and tell me you forgive me for pushing you into so much danger and distress. If my mind hold, and I can see those former papers of yours, and that these in my pocket give me no cause to alter my opinion, I will endeavour to defy the world and the world's censures, and make my Pamela amends, if it be in the power of my whole life, for all the hardships I have made her undergo.

All this looked well; but you shall see how strangely it was all turned. For this sham marriage then came into my mind again; and I said, Your poor servant is far

unworthy of this great honour; for what will it be but to create envy to herself, and discredit to you? Therefore, sir, permit me to return to my poor parents, and that is all I have to ask.

He was in a fearful passion then. And is it *thus,* said he, in my fond conceding moments, that I am to be despised and answered?—Precise, perverse, unseasonable Pamela! begone from my sight! and know as well how to behave in a hopeful prospect, as in a distressful state; and then, and not till then, shalt thou attract the shadow of my notice.

I was startled, and going to speak: but he stamped with his foot, and said, Begone! I tell you: I cannot bear this stupid romantic folly.

One word, said I; but one word, I beseech you, sir.

He turned from me in great wrath, and took down another alley, and so I went, with a very heavy heart; and fear I was too unseasonable, just at a time when he was so condescending: but if it was a piece of art of his side, as I apprehended, to introduce the sham-wedding (and, to be sure, he is very full of stratagem and art), I think I was not so much to blame.

So I went up to my closet; and wrote thus far, while he walked about till dinner was ready; and he is now sat down to it, as I hear by Mrs. Jewkes, very sullen, thoughtful, and out of humour; and she asks, What I have done to him?—Now, again, I dread to see him!—When will my fears be over?

Three o'clock.

WELL, he continues exceedingly wrath. He has ordered his travelling chariot to be got ready with all speed. What is to come next, I wonder!

Sure I did not say *so much!*— But see the lordliness of a high condition!—A poor body must not put in a word, when they take it into their heads to be angry! What a fine time a person of an equal condition would have of it, if

she were even to marry such a one!—His poor dear mother spoiled him at first. Nobody must speak to him or contradict him, as I have heard, when he was a child; and so he has not been used to be controlled, and cannot bear the least thing that crosses his violent will. This is one of the blessings attending men of high condition! Much good may do them with their pride of birth, and pride of fortune! say I:—All that it serves for, as far as I can see, is, to multiply their disquiets, and everybody's else that has to do with them.

So, so! where will this end?—Mrs. Jewkes has been with me from him, and she says, I must get out of the house this moment. Well, said I, but whither am I to be carried next? Why, home, said she, to your father and mother. And can it be? said I; No, no, I doubt I shall not be so happy as that!—To be sure some bad design is on foot again! To be sure it is!—Sure, sure, said I, Mrs. Jewkes, he has not found out some other housekeeper *worse than you!* She was very angry, you may well think. But I know she can't be made worse than she is.

She came up again. Are you ready? said she. Bless me, said I, you are very hasty! I have heard of this not a quarter of an hour ago. But I shall be soon ready; for I have but little to take with me, and no kind friends in this house to take leave of, to delay me. Yet, like a fool, I can't help crying. Pray, said I, just step down, and ask if I may not have my papers.

So, I am quite ready now, against she comes up with an answer; and so I will put up these few writings in my bosom, that I have left.

I don't know what to think—nor how to judge; but I shall never believe I am with you, till I am on my knees before you, begging both your blessings. Yet I am sorry he is so *angry* with me! I thought I did not say so *much*.

There is, I see, the chariot drawn out, the horses too, the grim Colbrand going to get on horseback. What will be the end of all this?

Monday.

WELL, where this will end, I cannot say. But here I am, at a little poor village, almost such a one as yours! I shall learn the name of it by and by: and Robin assures me, he has orders to carry me to you, my dear father and mother. Oh that he may say truth, and not deceive me again! But having nothing else to do, and I am sure I shall not sleep a wink to-night, if I was to go to bed, I will write my time away, and take up my story where I left off, on Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. Jewkes came up to me, with this answer about my papers: My master says, he will not read them yet, lest he should be moved by anything in them to alter his resolution. But if he should think it worth while to read them, he will send them to you, afterwards, to your father's. But, said she, here are your guineas that I borrowed: for all is over now with you, I find.

She saw me cry, and said, Do you repent?—Of what? said I.—Nay, I can't tell, replied she; but, to be sure, he has had a taste of your satirical flings, or he would not be so angry. Oh! continued she, and held up her hand, thou hast a spirit!—But I hope it will now be brought down.—I hope so too, said I.

Well, added I, I am ready. She lifted up the window, and said, I'll call Robin to take your portmanteau: Bag and baggage! proceeded she, I'm glad you're going. I have no words, said I, to throw away upon *you,* Mrs. Jewkes; but, making her a very low courtesy, I most heartily thank you for all your *virtuous* civilities to me. And so adieu; for I'll have no portmanteau, I'll assure you, nor anything but these few things that I brought with me in my handkerchief, besides what I have on. For I had all this time worn my own bought clothes, though my master would have had it otherwise often: but I had put up paper, ink, and pens, however.

So down I went, and as I passed by the parlour, she

stepped in, and said, Sir, you have nothing to say to the girl before she goes? I heard him reply, though I did not see him, Who bid you say, *the girl,* Mrs. Jewkes, in that manner? She has offended only me.

I beg your honour's pardon, said the wretch; but if I was your honour, she should not, for all the trouble she has cost you, go away scot-free. No more of this, as I *told you before,* said he: What! when I have such proof, that her virtue is all her pride, shall I rob her of that?—No, added he, let her go, perverse and foolish as she is; but she *deserves* to go honest, and she *shall* go so!

I was so transported with this unexpected goodness, that I opened the door before I knew what I did; and said, falling on my knees at the door, with my hands folded, and lifted up, Oh thank you, thank your honour, a million of times!—May God bless you for this instance of your goodness to me! I will pray for you as long as I live, and so shall my dear father and mother. And, Mrs. Jewkes, said I, I will pray for *you* too, poor wicked wretch that you are!

He turned from me, and went into his closet, and shut the door. He need not have done so; for I would not have gone nearer to him!

Surely I did not say *so much,* to incur all this displeasure.

I think I was loath to leave the house. Can you believe it?—What could be the matter with me, I wonder?—I felt something so strange, and my heart was so lumpish!—I wonder what ailed me!—But this was so *unexpected!*—I believe that was all!—Yet I am very strange still. Surely, surely, I cannot be like the old murmuring Israelites, to long after the onions and garlic of Egypt, when they had suffered there such heavy bondage?—I'll take thee, oh lumpish, contradictory, ungovernable heart! to severe task, for this thy strange impulse, when I get to my dear father's and mother's; and if I find anything in thee that should not be, depend upon it thou shalt be humbled, if strict abstinence, prayer, and mortification, will do it!

But yet, after all, this last goodness of his has touched me too sensibly. I wish I had not heard it, almost; and yet,

methinks, I am glad I did; for I should rejoice to think the best of him, for *his own* sake.

Well, and so I went out to the chariot, the same that brought me down. So, Mr. Robert, said I, here I am again! a poor sporting-piece for the great! a mere tennis-ball of fortune! You have your orders, I hope. Yes, madam, said he. Pray, now, said I, don't madam me, nor stand with your hat off to such a one as I. Had not my master, said he, *ordered* me not to be wanting in respects to you, I would have shown you all I could. Well, said I, with my heart full, that's very kind, Mr. Robert.

Mr. Colbrand, mounted on horseback, with pistols before him, came up to me, as soon as I got in, with *his* hat off too. What, monsieur! said I, are *you* to go with me?—Part of the way, he said, to see you safe. I *hope* that's kind too, in you, Mr. Colbrand, said I.

I had nobody to wave my handkerchief to now, nor to take leave of; and so I resigned myself to my contemplations, with this strange wayward heart of mine, that I never found so ungovernable and awkward before.

So away drove the chariot!—And when I had got out of the elm-walk, and into the great road, I could hardly think but I was in a dream all the time. A few hours before, in my master's arms almost, with twenty kind things said to me, and a generous concern for the misfortunes he had brought upon me; and only by *one* rash half-word exasperated against me, and turned out of doors, at an hour's warning; and all his kindness changed to hate! And I now, from three o'clock to five, several miles off! But if I am going to you, all will be well again, I hope.

Lack-a-day, what strange creatures are men! *gentlemen,* I should say, rather! For, my dear deserving good mother, though poverty be both your lots, has had better hap, and you are, and have always been, blest in one another!—Yet this pleases me too; he was so good, he would not let Mrs. Jewkes speak ill of me, and scorned to take her odious unwomanly advice. Oh, what a black heart has this poor wretch! So I need not rail against *men* so much; for my

master, bad as I have thought him, is not half so bad as this woman.—To be sure she must be an atheist!—Do you think she is not?——

We could not reach further than this little poor place and sad alehouse, rather than inn; for it began to be dark, and Robin did not make so much haste as he might have done; and he was forced to make hard shift for his horses.

Mr. Colbrand, and Robert too, are very civil. I see he has got my portmanteau lashed behind the coach. I did not desire it; but I shall not come quite empty.

A thorough riddance of me, I see!—Bag and baggage! as Mrs. Jewkes says. Well, my story surely would furnish out a surprising kind of novel, if it was to be well told.

Mr. Robert came up to me, just now, and begged me to eat something: I thanked him; but said, I could not eat. I bid him ask Mr. Colbrand to walk up; and he came; but neither of them would sit; nor put their hats on. What mockado is this, to such a poor soul as I! I asked them, if they were at liberty to tell me the truth of what they were to do with me? If not, I would not desire it.—They both said, Robin was ordered to carry me to my father's; and Mr. Colbrand was to leave me within ten miles, and then strike off for the other house, and wait till my master arrived there. They both spoke so solemnly, that I could not but believe them.

But when Robin went down, the other said, he had a letter to give me next day at noon, when we baited, as we were to do, at Mrs. Jewkes's relation's.—May I not, said I, beg the favour to see it to-night? He seemed so loath to deny me, that I have hopes I shall prevail on him by and by.

Well, my dear father and mother, I have got the letter, on great promises of secrecy, and making no use of it. I will try if I can open it without breaking the seal, and will take a copy of it by and by; for Robin is in and out: there being hardly any room in this little house for one to be long alone. Well, this is the letter:—

'When these lines are delivered to you, you will be far 'on your way to your father and mother, where you have 'so long desired to be; and, I hope, I shall forbear thinking 'of you with the least shadow of that fondness my foolish 'heart had entertained for you: I bear you, however, no ill 'will; but the end of my detaining you being over, I would 'not that you should tarry with me an hour more than 'needed, after the ungenerous preference you gave, at a 'time that I was inclined to pass over all other considerations, 'for an honourable address to you; for well I found the 'tables entirely turned upon me, and that I was in far more 'danger from *you* than you were from *me;* for I was just 'upon resolving to defy all the censures of the world, and 'to make you my wife.

'I will acknowledge another truth: That, had I not 'parted with you as I did, but permitted you to stay till I 'had read your journal, reflecting, as I doubt not I shall 'find it, and till I had heard your bewitching pleas in your 'own behalf, I feared I could not trust myself with my own 'resolution. And this is the reason, I frankly own, that I 'have determined not to see you, nor hear you speak; for 'well I know my weakness in your favour.

'But I will get the better of this fond folly: Nay, I hope 'I have already done it, since it was likely to cost me so 'dear. And I write this to tell you, that I wish you well 'with all my heart, though you have spread such mischief 'through my family.—And yet I cannot but say that I 'could wish you would not think of marrying in haste; 'and, particularly, that you would not have this cursed 'Williams.—But what is all this to me now?—Only, my 'weakness makes me say, That as I had already looked 'upon you as *mine,* and you have so soon got rid of your 'first husband; so you will not refuse, to my *memory,* the 'decency that every common person observes, to pay a 'twelvemonth's compliment, though but a *mere* compliment, 'to my ashes.

'Your papers shall be faithfully returned you; and I have 'paid so dear for my curiosity in the affection they have

'riveted upon me for you, that you would look upon yourself 'amply revenged if you knew what they have cost me.

'I thought of writing only a few lines; but I have run 'into length. I will now try to recollect my scattered 'thoughts, and resume my reason; and shall find trouble 'enough to replace my affairs, and my own family, and to 'supply the chasms you have made in it: For, let me tell 'you, though I can forgive *you*, I never can my *sister*, nor 'my domestics; for my vengeance must be wreaked some-'where.

'I doubt not your prudence in forbearing to expose me 'any more than is necessary for your own justification; and 'for *that* I will suffer myself to be accused by you, and will 'also accuse myself, if it be needful. For I am and ever will be,

'Your affectionate well-wisher.'

This letter, when I expected some new plot, has affected me more than anything of *that* sort could have done. For here is plainly his great value for me confessed, and his rigorous behaviour accounted for in such a manner, as tortures me much. And all this wicked gipsy story is, as it seems, a forgery upon us both, and has quite ruined me: For, oh my dear parents, forgive me! but I found, to my grief, before, that my heart was too partial in his favour; but *now* with so much openness, so much affection; nay, so much *honour* too (which was all I had before doubted, and kept me on the reserve), I am quite overcome. This was a happiness, however, I had no reason to expect. But, to be sure, I must own to you, that I shall never be able to think of anybody in the world but him.—Presumption! you will say; and so it is: But love is not a voluntary thing: *Love*, did I say?—But come, I hope not:—At least it is not, I hope, gone so far as to make me *very* uneasy: For I know not *how* it came, nor *when* it began; but crept, crept it has, like a thief, upon me; and before I knew what was the matter, it looked like love.

I wish, since it is too late, and my lot determined, that I had not had this letter, nor heard him take my part to

that vile woman; for then I should have blessed myself in having escaped so happily his designing arts upon my virtue: but *now* my poor mind is all topsy-turvied, and I have made an escape to be more a prisoner.

But I hope, since thus it is, that all will be for the best; and I shall, with your prudent advice, and pious prayers, be able to overcome this weakness.—But, to be sure, my dear sir, I will keep a longer time than a twelvemonth, as a *true* widow, for a compliment, and *more* than a compliment, to your ashes! Oh the dear word!—How kind, how moving, how affectionate is the word! Oh why was I not a duchess, to show my gratitude for it! But must labour under the weight of an obligation, even had this happiness befallen me, that would have pressed me to death, and which I never could return by a whole life of faithful love, and cheerful obedience.

Oh forgive your poor daughter!—I am sorry to find this trial so sore upon me; and that all the weakness of my weak sex, and tender years, who never before knew what it was to be so touched, is come upon me, and too mighty to be withstood by me.—But time, prayer, and resignation to God's will, and the benefits of your good lessons, and examples, I hope, will enable me to get over this so heavy a trial.

Oh my treacherous, treacherous heart! to serve me thus! and give no notice to me of the mischief thou wast about to bring upon me!—But thus foolishly to give thyself up to the proud invader, without ever consulting thy poor mistress in the least! But thy punishment will be the *first* and the *greatest;* and well deservest thou to smart, oh perfidious traitor! for giving up so weakly thy *whole self,* before a summons came; and to one, too, who had used me so hardly; and when, likewise, thou hadst so well maintained thy post against the most violent and avowed, and, therefore, as I thought, more dangerous attacks!

After all, I must either not show you this my weakness, or tear it out of my writing. *Memorandum:* to consider of this, when I get home.

Monday morning, eleven o'clock.

We are just come in here, to the inn kept by Mrs. Jewkes's relation. The first compliment I had, was in a very impudent manner, How I liked the 'squire?—I could not help saying, Bold, forward woman! Is it for *you*, who keep an inn, to treat passengers at this rate? She was but in jest, she said, and asked pardon: And she came, and begged excuse again, very submissively, after Robin and Mr. Colbrand had talked to her a little.

The latter here, in great form, gave me, before Robin, the letter which I had given him back for that purpose. And I retired, as if to read it; and so I did; for I think I can't read it too often; though, for my peace of mind's sake, I might better try to forget it. I am sorry, methinks, I cannot bring you back a sound heart; but, indeed, it is an honest one, as to anybody but me; for it has deceievd nobody else: Wicked thing that it is!

More and more surprising things still——

Just as I had sat down, to try to eat a bit of victuals, to get ready to pursue my journey, came in Mr. Colbrand, in a mighty hurry. O madam! madam! said he, here be de groom from de 'Squire B——, all over in a lather, man and horse! Oh how my heart went pit-a-pat! What now, thought I, is to come next! He went out, and presently returned with a letter for me, and another, enclosed, for Mr. Colbrand. This seemed odd, and put me all in a trembling. So I shut the door; and never, sure, was the like known! found the following agreeable contents:—

'In vain, my Pamela, do I find it to struggle against my 'affection for you. I must needs, after you were gone, 'venture to entertain myself with your Journal, when I 'found Mrs. Jewkes's bad usage of you, after your dreadful 'temptations and hurts; and particularly your generous 'concern for me, on hearing how narrowly I escaped drown-'ing (though my death would have been your *freedom*, and 'I had made it your *interest* to wish it); and your most

'agreeable confession in another place, that, notwithstand-
'ing all my hard usage of you, you could not *hate* me; and
'that expressed in so sweet, so soft, and so innocent a
'manner, that I flatter myself you may be brought to *love*
'me (together with the other parts of your admirable
'Journal): I began to repent my parting with you; but,
'God is my witness! for no unlawful end, as *you* would call
'it; but the very contrary: and the rather, as all this was
'improved in your favour, by your behaviour at leaving my
'house: For, oh! that melodious voice praying for me at
'your departure, and thanking me for my rebuke to Mrs.
'Jewkes, still hangs upon my ears, and delights my memory.
'And though I went to bed, I could not rest; but about
'two got up, and made Thomas get one of the best horses
'ready, in order to set out to overtake you, while I sat down
'to write this to you.

'Now, my dear Pamela, let me beg of you, on the receipt
'of this, to order Robin to drive you back again to my
'house. I would have set out myself, for the pleasure of
'bearing you company back in the chariot; but am really
'indisposed; I believe, with vexation that I should part
'thus with my soul's delight, as I now find you are, and
'must be, in spite of the pride of my own heart.

'You cannot imagine the obligation your return will lay
'me under to your goodness; and yet, if you will not so far
'favour me, you shall be under no restraint, as you will
'see by my letter enclosed to Colbrand; which I have not
'sealed, that you may read it. But spare me, my dearest
'girl! the confusion of following you to your father's;
'which I must do, if you persist to go on; for I find I can-
'not live a day without you.

'If you are the generous Pamela I imagine you to be
'(for hitherto you have been all goodness, where it has *not*
'been merited), let me see, by this new instance, the further
'excellence of your disposition; let me see you can forgive
'the man who loves you more than himself; let me see, by
'it, that you are not preposessed in any other person's
'favour: And one instance more I would beg, and then I

'am all gratitude; and that is, that you would despatch 'Monsieur Colbrand with a letter to your father, assuring 'him that all will end happily; and to desire, that he will 'send to you, at my house, the letters you found means, by 'Williams's conveyance, to send him. And when I have all 'my proud, and, perhaps, *punctilious* doubts answered, I 'shall have nothing to do, but to make you happy, and be 'so myself. For I must be

'Yours, and only yours.

'Monday morn, near three o'clock.'

Oh my exulting heart! how it throbs in my bosom, as if it would reproach me for so lately upbraiding it for giving way to the love of so dear a gentleman!—But take care thou art not too credulous neither, oh fond believer! Things that we wish, are apt to gain a too ready credence with us. This sham marriage is not yet cleared up: Mrs. Jewkes, the vile Mrs. Jewkes! may yet instigate the mind of this master: his pride of heart, and pride of condition, may again take place: And a man that could in so *little* a space, first love me, then hate, then banish me his house, and send me away disgracefully; and now send for me again, in such affectionate terms, may *still* waver, may *still* deceive thee. Therefore will I not acquit thee yet, oh credulous, fluttering, throbbing mischief! that art so ready to believe what thou wishest! And I charge thee to keep better guard than thou hast lately done, and lead me not to follow too implicitly thy flattering and desirable impulses. Thus foolishly dialogued I with my heart; and yet, all the time, this heart is Pamela.

I opened the letter to Monsieur Colbrand; which was in these words:—

'MONSIEUR,—I am sure you'll excuse the trouble I give 'you. I have, for good reasons, changed my mind; and I 'have besought it, as a favour, that Mrs. Andrews will 'return to me the moment Tom reaches you. I hope, for

'the reasons I have given her, she will have the goodness 'to oblige me. But, if not, you are to order Robin to 'pursue his directions, and set her down at her father's 'door. If she *will* oblige me in her return, perhaps she'll 'give you a letter to her father, for some papers to be delivered 'to you for her; which you'll be so good, in that case, to 'bring to her *here:* But if she will *not* give you such a 'letter, you'll return with her to me, if she please to favour me 'so far; and that with all expedition, that her health and 'safety will permit; for I am pretty much indisposed; but 'hope it will be but slight, and soon go off. I am

'Yours, &c.

'On second thoughts, let Tom go forward with Mrs. 'Andrews's letter, if she pleases to give one; and you 'return with her, for her safety.'

Now this is a dear generous manner of treating me. Oh how I love to be generously used!—Now, my dear parents, I wish I could consult you for your opinions, how I should act. Should I go back, or should I not?—I doubt he has got too great hold in my heart, for me to be easy presently, if I should refuse: And yet this gipsy information makes me fearful.

Well, I will, I think, trust in his generosity! Yet is it not too great a trust?—especially considering how I have been used!—But then that was while he avowed his bad designs; and now he gives great hope of his good ones. And I *may be* the means of making many happy, as well as myself, by placing a generous confidence in him.

And then, I think, he might have sent to Colbrand, or to Robin, to carry me back, whether I would or not. And how different is his behaviour to that! And would it not look as if I was *prepossessed,* as he calls it, if I don't oblige him; and as if it was a silly female piece of pride, to make him follow me to my father's; and as if I would use him hardly in *my* turn, for his having used me ill in *his?* Upon the whole, I resolved to obey him; and if he uses me ill after-

wards, double will be his ungenerous guilt!—Though ha
will be my lot, to have my credulity so justly blamable,
it will then seem. For, to be sure, the world, the *wise* worl
that never is wrong itself, judges always by events. A
if he should use me ill, then I shall be blamed for trusti
him: If well, oh then I did right, to be sure!—But h
would my censurers act in my case, before the event justi
or condemns the action, is the question?

Then I have no notion of obliging by halves; but
doing things with a grace, as one may say, where they
to be done; and so I wrote the desired letter to you, assur
you, that I had before me happier prospects than eve
had; and hoped all would end well: And that I beg
you would send me, by the bearer, Mr. Thomas, my mas
groom, those papers, which I had sent you by Mr. Willia
conveyance: For that they imported me much, for clea
up a point in my conduct, that my master was desirou
know, before he resolved to favour me, as he had intende
But you will have *that* letter, before you can have *this*
I would not send you this without the preceding; which
is in my master's hands.

And so, having given the letter to Mr. Thomas for
to carry to you, when he had baited and rested afte
great fatigue, I sent for Monsieur Colbrand, and R
and gave to the former his letter; and when he had
it, I said, You see how things stand. I am resolv
return to our master; and as he is not so well as we
be wished, the more haste you make the better: and
mind my fatigue, but consider only yourselves, and the h
Robin, who guessed the matter, by his conversation
Thomas (as I suppose), said, God bless you, madam
reward you, as your obligingness to my good master des
and may we all live to see you triumph over Mrs. Jewk

I wondered to hear him say so; for I was always c
of exposing my master, or even that naughty woman,
the common servants. But yet I question whether
would have said this, if he had not guessed, by Th
message, and my resolving to return, that I might star

with his master. So selfish are the hearts of poor mortals, that they are ready to change as favour goes!

So they were not long getting ready; and I am just setting out, back again: and I hope I shall have no reason to repent it.

Robin put on very vehemently; and when we came to the little town, where we lay on Sunday night, he gave his horses a bait, and said, he would push for his master's that night, as it would be moonlight, if I should not be too much fatigued: because there was no place between that and the town adjacent to his master's, fit to put up at, for the night. But Monsieur Colbrand's horse beginning to give way, made a doubt between them: wherefore I said (hating to lie on the road), if it could be done, I should bear it well enough, I hoped; and that Monsieur Colbrand might leave his horse, when it failed, at some house, and come into the chariot. This pleased them both; and, about twelve miles short, he left the horse, and took off his spurs and holsters, &c., and, with abundance of ceremonial excuses, came into the chariot; and I sat the easier for it; for my bones ached sadly with the jolting, and so many miles travelling in so few hours, as I have done, from Sunday night, five o'clock. But, for all this, it was eleven o'clock at night, when we came to the village adjacent to my master's; and the horses began to be very much tired, and Robin too: but I said, It would be pity to put up only three miles short of the house.

So about one we reached the gate; but everybody was a-bed. But one of the helpers got the keys from Mrs. Jewkes, and opened the gates; and the horses could hardly crawl into the stable. And I, when I went to get out of the chariot, fell down, and thought I had lost the use of my limbs.

Mrs. Jewkes came down with her clothes huddled on, and lifted up her hands and eyes, at my return; but showed more care of the horses than of me. By that time the two maids came; and I made shift to creep in, as well as I could.

It seems my poor master was very ill indeed, and had been upon the bed most part of the day; and Abraham (who succeeded John) sat up with him. And he was got

into a fine sleep, and heard not the coach come in, nor t
noise we made; for his chamber lies towards the gard
on the other side of the house. Mrs. Jewkes said, He ha
feverish complaint, and had been blooded; and, very p
dently, ordered Abraham, when he awaked, not to tell h
I was come, for fear of surprising him, and augment
his fever; nor, indeed, to say anything of me, till she h
self broke it to him in the morning, as she should see h
he was.

So I went to bed with Mrs. Jewkes, after she had ca
me to drink almost half a pint of burnt wine, made
rich and cordial, with spices; which I found very refresh
and set me into a sleep I little hoped for.
